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And fate's severest rage disarm;  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please;  
Our joys below it can improve  
And antedate the bliss above.      POPE.

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**MDCCLXXXV.**

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Hope, thou source of every blessing . . .	394	I am a young virgin, who oft has been . . .	394
How blest has my time been . . .	394	I am marry'd and happy, with wonder . . .	394
How blest the maid whose bosom . . .	394	<i>Icarus</i> , the lovely, the joy of my plain . . .	394
How blithely all the live-long day . . .	394	I ask not beauty quite complete . . .	394
How blithe was I each morn to see . . .	394	I could never lustre see . . .	394
blithe within my native wild . . .	394	I crave not <i>Gygis</i> boundless power . . .	394
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little beauty . . .	87	In pity, <i>Celia</i> , to my pain . . .	148
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Late when love I seem'd to flight	336	Lovely <i>Phyllis</i> , when thou'rt kind	373
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Let care be a stranger to each jovial soul	280	Love's a bubble, court'ing trouble	43
Let court lovers pay adoration to crowns	116	Love's a dream of mighty treasure	402
Let coxcombs boast of painted belles	140	Love's a gentle, generous passion	242
Let fops pretend in flames to melt	43	Love's a pleasing, noble passion	221
Let fusty old grey beards of apathy boast	402	Love's but the frailty of the mind	341
Let heroes delight in the toils of war	242	Love sounds the alarm	194
Let letter'd bards sing lofty strains	5	Love ! sweet poison, torment pleasing	242
Let me live remov'd from noise	209	Love ! thou bane of soft content	5
Let misers hug their darling <i>flowe</i>	32	Lo ! what dreary darksome morning	14
Let others <i>Damon's</i> praise rehearse	14	M	
Let poets praise the flowery mead	145	Maidens, let your lover languish	355
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Let rakes and libertines resign'd	351	Master <i>Tommy's</i> married	351
Let soldiers fight for prey or praise	41	May the ambitious ever find	366
Let the ambitious favour find	366	Mirth, admit me of thy crew	355
Let the declining damask rose	355	Miss <i>Fannie</i> , when fair and young	41
Let the gay ones and great	366	Mistaken fair, lay <i>Sberlock</i> by	355
Let the grave and the gay	355	More bright the sun begins to dawn	209
Let the nymph still avoid and be deaf	355	Morals, learn your lives to measure	14
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Let the waiter bring clean glasses	355	My bliss too long my bride desires	407
Let us fly to cooling bow'rs	351	My bonny sailor's to my mind	351
Let us laugh at the common distinctions	41	My cautious mother t'other day	366
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Little muses come and cry	355	My dearest life, were you my wife	355
Live and love, enjoy the fair	355	My dear midn'ess has a heart	209
Long at thy altar, god of love	355	My <i>Dolly</i> was the fairest thing	88
Long, long, I despair'd a young shepherd I find	355	My eyes may speak pleasure	384
Long time had <i>Lysander</i> told <i>Daphne</i>	355	My fair has nature's charms alone	88
Long time I've enj'y'd the soft transports	355	My fair, ye swains, is gone astray	220
Look time my heart has rovd	355	My <i>Fanny</i> was as fair a maid	81
Look young <i>Fanny</i> toy'd and sported	355	My father and mother for ever they chide	57
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Lydia, heavenly fair . . .	209	No nymph that trips the verdant plain . . .	126
my own, my will is free . . .	31	No scornful beauty e'er shall boast . . .	216
is fled from the plain . . .	69	No sport to the chase can compare . . .	1
is the blithest lad . . .	39	No swain e'er prov'd half so faithful . . .	106
and I have toil'd . . .	227	Not <i>Celia</i> that I juster am . . .	241
is gang'd far away . . .	75	Not long ago how blythe was I . . .	176
was sickle once and changing . . .	209	Not on beauties transient pleasure . . .	142
expects me and I will go to her . . .	306	Now faintly glimm'ring in the east . . .	24
cries, <i>Bessy</i> , be thy . . .	91	Now gilded groves with verdure clad . . .	281
oft chides me and tells me . . .	80	Now nature's beauties bloom around . . .	293
inspire me to impart . . .	241	No woman her envy can smother . . .	41
<i>Ted Blarney</i> ! I'll be bound . . .	378	Now peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain . . .	10
quits the rural train . . .	243	Now <i>Phæbus</i> sinketh in the west . . .	321
emanding the aid of my pen . . .	215	Now pleasure unbounded refounds . . .	179
in vain I attempt . . .	220	Now's the time for mirth and glee . . .	352
is a young thing . . .	161	Now summer approaches . . .	259
is to hold all mankind . . .	67	Now the hill tops are burnish'd . . .	7
heart has oft with pride . . .	243	Now the snow-drops lift their heads . . .	241
is the sweetest swain . . .	90	Now the sun is gone to bed . . .	352
rd is gone far away . . .	47	Now the wordland choirists sing . . .	282
is the blithest last . . .	243	Nymphs and shepherds, come away . . .	260
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is with clusters of grapes . . .	327	O <i>Bessy Bell</i> and <i>Mary Gray</i> . . .	257
oh ye muses, was happily spent . . .	173	O <i>Bessy</i> , wilt thou gang with me . . .	148
is died last <i>Saturday</i> night . . .	401	Odds my life! search <i>England</i> over . . .	241
N . . .		O'er desert plains and rushy meers . . .	290
ishes when I woo her . . .	253	O'er moorlands and mountains rude . . .	274
e all creatures arms . . .	375	O'er the lawns, up the hills as with ardour . . .	7
andring river's side . . .	216	O'er the seas my love's sailing . . .	106
ck grove whose deep . . .	299	Of all my experience how vast the amount . . .	66
side of a stream there liv'd . . .	220	Of all the swains around the <i>Tweed</i> . . .	55
pretty feet for dancing . . .	203	Of all the various states of life . . .	217
I now I knew love's smart . . .	204	Oft had I laugh'd at female pow'r . . .	217
day the anxious lover . . .	373	Of thy sex the fairest . . .	257
mes her gloomy reign . . .	297	Of woman to tell you my mind . . .	136
ns around in sleep's soft arms . . .	297	Oh! could the various power of sound . . .	257
over's joys a friend . . .	91	Oh! <i>Damon</i> , still you strive in vain . . .	302
I covet nor riches I want . . .	174	Oh! give me that fatal delight . . .	58
along the daisied mead . . .	75	Oh greedy <i>Midas</i> ! I've been told . . .	317
of my <i>Harriet</i> , of <i>Polly</i> no more . . .	138	Oh! had I been by fate decreed . . .	155
shall meads be deck'd with flow'rs . . .	133	Oh! had my love ne'er smil'd on me . . .	213
he festive train I'll join . . .	281	Oh! happy hour, all hours exceeding . . .	213
by <i>gay</i> <i>Joan</i> at delight . . .	197	Oh! hear me, kind and graceful swain . . .	213

Oh! how shall I in language weak	131	On <i>Thames'</i> fair bank a gentle youth
Oh! how to bid my love adieu	162	On thy banks, gentle <i>Stour</i> , when I breath'd
Oh! how vain is ev'ry blessing	388	Oons, neighbour! ne'er blush'd for a trifle
Oh! how weak will power and reason	66	Our glass'd, waiter, once again supply
Oh! how wouldst thou know what sacred charm	119	Our rock'ning we've paid, here's to all
Oh! let me unrev'd declare	76	Our wives at home, your husband gone
Oh Love! thou bitter foe to rest	94	Out of sight are the hounds, boys
Oh! never be one of those sad silly fellows	372	P
Oh <i>Sandy</i> ! why leav'st thou thy <i>Nelly</i> to mourn	25	Partners of my toils and pleasures
Oh! take this wreath my hand has wove	105	<i>Patie</i> is a lover gay
Oh! tell me ye shepherd, that live on the lee	117	<i>Philira's</i> charms poor <i>Damon</i> took
Oh! the days when I was young	320	<i>Phillis</i> , I pray, what did I say
Oh! the little god of love	320	<i>Phæbus</i> , meaner themes disdain
Oh! the sultry month of <i>June</i>	327	Pho! pox o' this nonsense, I pry'thee give o'
Oh! <i>Venus</i> , queen of soft delights	120	Pious <i>Selinda</i> goes to prayers
Oh! waft me, <i>Zephyr</i> , give me ease	296	Pr'ythee, <i>Susan</i> , what dost muse on
Oh! welcome, my shepherd, how welcome	76	Pursuing beauty, men decry
Oh! what a change in my fortune is this	49	Push about the brisk bowl
Oh! what joy does conquest yield	27	Push the bumpers about
Oh! what pleasures will abound	343	R
Oh! where shall I wander, how shall I reveal	241	Rail no more, ye learned asses
Oh! where will you hurry my dearest	76	Resolv'd as her puppet of <i>Celia</i> to sing
Oh! wouldst thou know what sacred charms	189	Rise, rise, brother bucks, see how ruddy
Oh! why should we sorrow who never knew sin	59	Rouse, rouse, jolly sportsmen, the hounds
Old <i>Homer</i> , but with him what have we to do	309	S
On a bank, beside a willow	64	Say, cruel <i>Iris</i> , pretty rake
On <i>Belvidera's</i> bosom lying	195	Say, little, foolish, flutt'ring thing
On by the spur of valour goaded	363	Say, <i>Myra</i> , why is gentle love
Once more I'll tune the vocal shell	133	Say not, <i>Oiinda</i> , I despise
Once the Gods of the <i>Greeks</i> , at amb'rosial feast	355	Say, oh! too lovely creature
One <i>April</i> morn, young <i>Damn</i> fought	83	Says <i>Colin</i> to me, I've a thought in my head
One day, at her toilet, as <i>Venus</i> began	350	Says my uncle, I pray now discover
One day, with my friends, all jollity rise	343	Says <i>Phæbe</i> , why is gentle love
One <i>Midsummer</i> morning, when nature	92	Says <i>Plato</i> , why should man be vain
One morning young <i>Roger</i> accosted me thus	114	Say, why must the poet's soft lays
One night, having nothing to do, nor to drink	345	See <i>Bacchus</i> ascending astride on his tun
On <i>Etrick's</i> banks, in a summer's night	217	See, <i>Daphne</i> , see, <i>Florella</i> -cried
On every hill, in every grove	282	See <i>Nerissa</i> , the young, and the fair
On every tree, in every plain	290	See, <i>Phæbus</i> begins to enliven the east
On his face the vernal rose	106	See, see, <i>Aurora</i> 'gins to rise
On <i>Monday</i> young <i>Colin</i> who liv'd in the dale	105	See, she wakes, <i>Sabina</i> wakes
On old <i>England's</i> eldest shore	328	See, the conqu'ring hero comes
On <i>pleasure's</i> smooth wing how old time	119	See, with roly banners streaming
On <i>Thy's</i> green banks I'll boldly tell	92	See yon fair prospect, how lovely it seems

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morn, the lark leaves his nest	258	Spring renewing all things gay	189
an hermit, dwell	218	Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak	321
ing in despair	162	Still in hopes to get the better	135
case your lost complaining	45	<i>Strephon</i> arose at early dawn	286
have lost my love	238	<i>Strephon</i> has fashion, wit and youth	68
ould you here obtain	383	<i>Strephon</i> , when you see me fly	63
ould you hope to please us	21	<i>Strephon</i> who me now or never	56
with claret she cannot agree	344	Sure a lass in her bloom at the age of nineteen	46
ld gain a constant lover	107	Sure never poor shepherd was to tur'd like me	139
by the force of good wine	329	Sure <i>Sally</i> is the loveliest lass	125
ed of lost affection	383	Swain, thy hopeless passion smother	250
thou waste thy prime	168	Sweet are the charms of her I love	239
ban, cease complaining	56	Sweet bud, to <i>Laura</i> 's bosom go	239
niceely take offence	57	Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen	383
who sue for the trophies of fame	121	Sweetest of pretty maids, let <i>Cupid</i> incline thee	249
I am free	346	Sweet mercy is the loveliest flower	51
taught my roving eye	218	Sweet, oh sweet the flowers in <i>May</i>	76
harm on earth's cabin'd	123	T	
proves ungrateful no further	84	Talk no more of love to me	84
I am growing old	404	Take, oh! take those lips away	250
thinks mean her heart's love	107	Tax my tongue, it is a shame	105
en has prov'd so untrue	399	Teach me, ye mims, to sing of tea	389
peace of mind serene	47	Tell me, cruel <i>Cupid</i> , tell me	44
the plan	73	Tell me, lassies, have you seen	38
e's in fashion and life's but a jest	337	Tell me, lovely shepherd, where	50
ve has had possession	106	Tell me no more I am deceiv'd	196
w me alone with a swain	28	Tell me no more of pointed darts	65
ke in yoke and hale virgins	26	Tell me not I may time mispend	225
can to hire for service	344	Tell my <i>Strephon</i> that I die	64
also of human hope	239	Tell not me of your roses and lilies	212
ing, the zephyrs awaken the grove	370	Tell, oh! tell my lover true	50
the martial trumpets	265	Tell me when, inconstant lover	216
pains, unknown before	246	Tender virgins, shun deceivers	50
y spindle I spind	76	That I might not be plagued with the nonsense	61
range, so fond of change	322	That <i>Jenny</i> 's my friend, my delight	127
praise of a friend or a glass	286	That little rogue <i>Cupid</i> , I view	208
in, fast'd in story	319	That <i>May</i> , day of life is for pleasure	49
busy day is o'er	377	That the world is a stage, and the stage	358
from begins to sleep	291	The bird that hears her nestlings cry	228
I'll my love forgo	58	The blithest bird that sings in <i>May</i>	214
in gay circles move	329	The blooming damsel whose defence	
s, the little horn	7	The blush of <i>Aure</i> : & now tinges the morn	
to meet the drum, to my standard	207		



The breed came forth frae the bairn	397	The morning fresh, the sun in east	
The card invites, in crouds we fly	387	The morning is charming, all nature looks	
The cards were sent, the muses came	343	The morning young Jocky would make me	
The chace was o'er, <i>Alexis</i> fought a feat	8	The new flown birds, the shepherds sang	
The court is a fountain of honour and fame	363	Then farewell, my trim-built wherry	
The crimson morn bids hence the night	306	Then bey for a frolicsome life	
The dusky night rides down the sky	23	The noblest heart like purest gold	
The early horn salutes the morn	4	The nymph that I love was as cheerful	
The echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad	3	The patriot in the senate burns	
The faithless <i>Jesus</i> scarce had got on board	303	The pleasures of a lady's smiles	
The farmer's dog leapt over the stile	399	The poachers for fortune, who damfels enslave	
The fatal hours are wond'rous near	293	The ponderous cloud was black and low	
The festive board was met	313	The pride of all nature was sweet <i>Willy O</i>	
The fields now are looking so gay	43	The pride of every grove I chose	
The fields were green, the hills were gay	27	The prospect clear'd, around is heard	
The fife and drum sound merrily	103	There is one dark and fullen hour	
The flame of love sincere I felt	145	There was a jolly miller once	
The fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride	151	There was a maid and she went to the mill	
The fragrant lily of the vale	149	There was an old man, and tho' its not com	
The gaudy tulip swells with pride	153	There was once it is said,	
The gentle primrose of the vale	298	The rooks in the neigh'ring grove	
The gentle swan with graceful pride	140	The rosy morn blink'd o'er the brae	
The glittering sun begins to rise	153	The rosy morn, with crimson dye	
The goodness of women some men will dispute	122	The sages of old	
The great folks are noble and proud let 'em be	364	These mortals say right	
The happy moments now are near	232	The shepherds, who rove the wood throu'	
The heavy hours are almost past	155	The silver-moon's enamour'd beam	
The honest heart whose thoughts are clear	345	The silver moon that shines so bright	
The hounds are all out and the morning does peep	17	The summer it was smiling, nature roams	
The kind appointment <i>Celia</i> made	317	The sluggish morn, as yet undrest	
The lark proclaim'd return of morn	387	The smiling morn, the blooming spring	
The lark's shrill note awakes the morn	339	The smiling plains, profusely gay	
The lass of <i>Patie's</i> mill	283	The sportsman goes out with his dog and	
The lass that would know how to manage	112	The sprightly horn awakes the morn	
The last time I came o'er the moor	233	The spring newly dawning invites ev'ry	
The lily and the blushing rose	255	The stag through the forest	
The little bark by tempest toss'd	366	The story goes that sister <i>Bet</i>	
The lovely <i>Delia</i> smiles again	289	The summer, gay delightful scene	
The lowland lads think they are fine	40	The summer was over, my flocks	
The man, who for life	349	The sun from the east tips the mountai	
The man, who in his breast contains	345	The sun just glancing through the trees	
The mind of a woman can never be known	374	The sun now peeps o'er yonder hill	
The miser thus a shilling fees	379	The sun was sunk beneath the hill	
The mouth of <i>September</i>	349	The swain with his flock by a brook	

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peace shall be our own	179	Thy fatal haister overr'ing move	192
river in the wind	170	Thy origin divine, I see	138
rare-flaw, some say	342	Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair	98
that through deserts ride	250	'Tis a maxim I hold whilst I live	225
it I sing none deny me	339	'Tis a twelvemonth ago, nay perhaps	48
hen soften'd by <i>May</i>	273	'Tis done, I've rais'd a rural pow'r	250
sailor ploughs the main	377	'Tis for landmen to prate	349
ed, who pierces hearts	68	'Tis not my <i>Patty's</i> sparkling eyes	250
cy was purpled o'er	271	'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes	193
ploughman hails the blushing	10	'Tis now, since I sat down before	251
leary scene is o'er	134	'Tis the birth-day of <i>Phillis</i> , hark!	261
whistles through the grove	160	'Tis woman that seduces all mankind	233
dear <i>Mira</i> , is full of deceit	132	To <i>Anacree</i> in heav'n, where he sat	190
horn I to save would die	59	To a stage coach we aptly may liken	365
it is an echo here	398	To chase o'er the plain the fox or the hare	16
rest, how delay	233	To court at one time three young males	407
think within my breast	160	To court me young <i>Celia</i> came many a mile	111
heart it is you who have warm'd	25	To curb the will with vain pretence	143
maitre's day	375	To ease his heart and own his flame	224
a fair, where the croud is bent	357	To ease my heart I own'd my flame	103
suspicion appears	213	To excel in bon-ton, both as genius	368
it of fashion	142	To fly like bird from grove to grove	24
seem to pain	175	To <i>Handel's</i> pleasing notes as <i>Chloe</i> sung	303
old age seems in part to impair	349	To heal the smart a bee had made	116
o my warm desire	232	To hear the jar of noisy war	77
ce to place I'm ranging	370	To keep my gentle <i>Jesse</i>	121
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*To the Ladies and Gentlemen of Great Britain.*

**T**O compile a volume of Songs for the entertainment of the public, with sending against the laws of decency, has been particularly attended to which purpose industry alone was requisite. In this refined age, the the public gardens, and every place of musical entertainment, affords an ample for selecting a pleasing collection, both as to the music and words. It is too that the public have been manifested with volumes of songs, which are the disgrace our language. The general encouragement that has been given to musical tainment, has naturally excited men of genius to exert their abilities in composing very excellent pieces, and whilst the ear is pleased with the harmony numbers, the heart is improved by the delicacy of the sentiment. This Collection the Ladies may safely open, without the start of a blush upon their cheek, or giving the most rigid virtue; nor can the Gentlemen be more pleased by the presentation shewn to the *Ladies*, than by the compliment we pay to their good by an omission of all indecent ribaldry. We are sorry to see so many public that are equally a disgrace to the understanding of the publisher, as an insult judgment of the public; but of these it is sufficient to say,

Immodest words admit of no defence,  
For want of decency is want of sense.

By this Compilation we pretend to no other merit, than having made a devotion for the hours of mirth, by affording to every musical person an opportunity to the most approved English, Scotch, and Irish Songs; and if by this collection we have put into the hands of the Ladies and Gentlemen of this cheerful, entertaining Companion, we have every reason to hope that our *will not go unrewarded*, but that we may truly subscribe ourselves,

Their very much obliged humble servants,

Febr. 1, 1784.

The Proprietors

## E N T I S H S O N G S.

## SONG 1.

THE MAN of KENT.

*Harold* was invaded,  
 'alling lost his crown,  
*William* waded  
 : to pull him down,  
 and, with tears profound,  
 r sad condition,  
 ave, they homage paid,  
 ade no submission.  
 in praise of Men of *Kent*,  
 yal, brave, and free;  
 n's race, if one surpass,  
 n of *Kent* is he.

Freeholders,  
 tyrants near,  
 on their shoulders  
 ks did bear,  
 e saw in battle draw,  
 that he might need 'em,  
 me, comply'd with terms,  
 noble freedom.

! the race too;  
 by vigour shew;  
 ne chase too,  
 he *Kentish* beau.  
 ish, and blest with health,  
 kind embraces,  
 -surpass far  
 other places.

! of blessing  
 have meant,

Is now in right possessing,  
 For *Canaan* sure is *Kent* :  
 The Dome of *Knout*, by fame enroll'd,  
 The church of *Canterbury*,  
 The hops, the beer, the cherries there,  
 Oft' serve to make us merry.

Then, &c.

Augmented still in story,  
 Our ancient fame shall rise,  
 And *Wolfe*, in matchless glory,  
 Shall soaring reach the skies;  
*Quebec* shall own, with great renown,  
 And *France*, with awful wonder,  
 His deeds can tell, how great he fell  
 Amidst his god-like thunder.

Then, &c.

And tho' despotic power  
 With iron reins do check,  
 Our *British* sons of freedom  
 Their parent cause will back :  
 With voice and pen they forthwith stand,  
 Brave *Sagubridge* soon will tell them,  
 That virtue's cause and *British* laws,  
 Bold Men of *Kent* won't fail them.

Then, &c.

When royal *George* commanded  
*Militia* to be rais'd,  
 The *French* would sure have landed,  
 But for such youths as these;  
 Their oxen stall, and cricket ball,  
 They left for martial glory,  
 The *Kentish* lads shall win the odds  
 Your fathers did before you.

Then, &c.



THE noble GAME OF CRICKET.

*Written in consequence of a Match between Hampshire and Kent, August 19, 1772, which was decided in favour of the latter.*

ATTEND all ye muses, and join to rehearse  
An Old English sport never prais'd yet in verse,  
'Tis cricket I sing, of illustrious name,  
No nation e'er boasted so noble a game.

Derry down, &c.

Great Pindar has brag'd of his heroes of old, [bold  
Some were swift in the race, some in battle were  
The brows of the victor with olive were crown'd,  
Hark! they shout! & Olympia retounds the glad sound  
What boasting of *Caesar*, and *Pollux* his brother,  
The one fam'd for riding, for bruising the other;  
Their lustre's eclips'd by the lads in the field,  
To *Minshall* and *Miller* these brothers must yield.

Here's guarding & catching, & throwing & tossing,  
And bowling and striking, & running & crossing;  
Each man must excel in some principal part,  
The Pentathlon of Greece could not shew so much art.

The parties are met, and array'd all in white,  
Fam'd *Elis* ne'er boasted so pleasing a sight,  
Each nymph looks askew at her favourite swain,  
And views him half stripp'd, both with pleasure & pain  
The wicket's ere pitch'd now, & measur'd the ground  
Then they form a large ring, & standing firm around;  
Since *Ajax* fought Hector, the sight of all 'Tis try,  
No contest was seen with such fear and such joy.

Ye bowlers take heed, to my precepts attend,  
On you the whole fate of the game must depend;  
Spare your vigour at first, nor exert all your strength  
But measure each step, and be sure pitch a length.

Ye strikers! berve when the foe shall draw nigh,  
Mark the bowler advancing with vigilant eye;  
*Your skill all depends upon distance, and sight,*  
*Stand firm to your scratch, let your bat be upright.*  
*Bold men look sharp, lest your pains be beguile*  
*More, like an arrow, in rank and in file;*

When the ball is return'd, back it sure, I  
Whole states have been ruin'd by one own  
The sport is now o'er, 10 victory rings,  
Echo doubles the chorus, & Fame spreads it  
Let us now hail our champions, all steady  
Such as *Hamer* ne'er sung of, nor *Pindar* e

*Minshall*, *Miller*, and *Parmore*, with *Lump*,  
Fresh laurels have gain'd by their conque  
*Wood*, *Pattenden*, *Simmons*, with *Fuggles* an  
With *Boreman* we'll join, & we'll toast then

With heroes like these even *Hampshire* &  
And bring down the pride of the *Humble*  
The *Duke* with *Sir Horace*, are men of  
And nobly support such brave fellows wi

Then fill up the glass, he's the best who dr  
The *Duke* and *Sir Horace* in bumpers we  
Let us join in the praise of the bat and the  
And sing in full chorus the praises of cri

And when the game's o'er & our fate shall  
(For the heroes of cricket, like others, be  
Our bats we'll resign, neither troubled w  
And give up our wickets to those that co

Derry down

3

THE HOT-SHOES.

AROUND the brown beard of the farmer  
Where plenty of all we could wish for was  
His hops were all pick'd, and of corn his  
Man and wife were till joy, 'twas a sin to

Derry doe

He blest with his friends with his children  
Gave freely, drank freely, and bid us ea  
By *Joan*, we enjoy'd it, as sons of true th  
We drank him success in the fruits of the

But the farmer's large bowl, & his flaggon  
(As brown as a silver, and ag'd & full y  
Made our eyes (like the stars in a frosty ni  
Not a brow of threescore had that night

Of Dorset. & Man.

ing and the gotten to our presence had kept,  
w'd. with our joy, what decorum we kept,  
with'd to have join'd us, when we with their  
pow'r,  
have settled the nation in less than an hour.  
nk, sung, and danc'd, & told stories of fun-  
cedd old time, nor his sands how they run;  
he farmer's good will we of joy should be full  
w'd to be so, and hang all that were dull.  
ath, thou destroyer of good and of evil,  
ed by providence) be to us civil;  
e of the worthy pray lengthen the span,  
are this good farmer as long as you can.  
Derry down, &c.

THE ALLIANCE.

*The Harwich Camp* was form'd;  
*Kent* and *York* did meet,  
when they accorded;  
aid each other great,  
ship's bands, they joined hands,  
ken of alliance;  
all foes, that dar'd oppose,  
y boldly bid defiance.  
ing in praise of *Harwich Camp*,  
which we all agree,  
f soldiers brave, if one you'd have,  
*Harwich Camp* is he.  
have left our houses;  
countries far behind,  
w' our vengeance roars'd is;  
fear not storm or wind.  
reap to fight we both unite,  
country's rights maintaining;  
er they come, we'll send some home  
r heartily complaining.  
ing in praise, &c. &c.  
our gallant leaders;  
if we have any more,  
o where do they need us;  
re of wounds or death,

When *Dorset* bids, as *Harvey* leads,  
We'll prove our king's defenders,  
With bold *Thornton*, and *Dallison*,  
We'll baffle all pretenders.  
Then sing in praise, &c. &c.

We love our Majors, Captains;  
Lieutenants, Ensigns too,  
Nor would forget our Chaplains;  
Could we their faces view,  
They cure our souls o'er flowing bowls,  
Their business is not fighting;  
At home they stay, receive their pay,  
Perchance their sermons writing.  
Then sing in praise, &c. &c.

As *Mex* of *Kent* so fam'd;  
And *Yorkshire* so renown'd,  
We will not be sham'd;  
To boast our native ground;  
Our meat we'll dress, together mess,  
And know no prostitution;  
We'll drink and sing, God save the King,  
And eke our constitution.  
Then sing in praise, &c. &c.

And tho' we've lost our *Essex* friends;  
We never can forget them,  
We hope they'll make us some amends;  
Where'er the wind will let them;  
In the mean time, we'll meet in rhyme,  
And with them mirth and pleasure,  
With every sport, within the fort,  
They can have without measure;  
Then sing in praise, &c. &c.

And when the wars are over,  
Again we'll tend the plough,  
From soldiers we'll turn lovers,  
With laurels on our brow;  
Our wives we'll kiss, our friends caress,  
And every toil forgetting;  
We'll cure our wounds, with the cream of bounds,  
From sun-rise to the setting;  
Then sing, &c.

— 5 —

O D E in Praise of K E N T.

SWEET Melody! the charm repeat!  
We watch the birth of sound.  
To please the mind's a feast complete:  
*Kent's* sons must ev'ry way with harmony be crown'd  
Again inform the willing lyre,  
With notes that might *Apollo* charm,  
Sweet and prevailing, like his fire,  
That please and melt us as they warm.

Along thy fertile sides,  
The swelling *Thames*, with plenty loaded, glides,  
Enriching thee with tributary tides.  
Safe there, and in thy *Medway's* wat'ry bed,  
The floating guard of *Britain's* wealth and trade,  
In state triumphant rides.  
Her fleets their being owe to thee;  
Thou her sure bulwark; *Europe's* she.

Nor dost thou raise those giant frames alone,  
(Whose pow'r e'en *Neptune's* self must own:)  
To rule where'er expanded ocean rolls;  
Thou fillst those bodies with heroic souls. [sphere  
They journey with the sun, they join each hemi-  
And spread alike thy pow'r & blessings every where.  
So well set out for peace or war,  
What may not *Albion* dare!

Sweet liberty, thy *Britain's* boast,  
To thy sons indulgent most,  
Bids here succession be secure,  
And titles still endure:  
For virtues with estates come down,  
And from the father blest the son.  
Great souls with plenty rais'd, aspire:  
A gen'rous spirit, e'en in swains,  
Enlarg'd with ease, and freedom reigas,  
That heav'n's double gift, the food of manly fire.  
The blessing flows, as pleasure glides with health,  
From thy reviving springs;  
And shad' by all the happy subject's wealth,  
The magicians the kings,

*Kent*, early pious, early great,  
Fair *Albion's* front, her awful head,  
Her neighbour's envy, with, and dread's  
Thyself a royal state!  
All rock, all fortress, to their sight;  
To thy blest sons, all, *Eden*, all delight!  
While fond of thee, untaught to yield,  
They're first to take, and last to quit the tie  
Secure the eastern world you face,  
Nor can the greater mate the less.

The first great *William*, fortunate and brave,  
Who came to conquer, as the last to save,  
When on to *Kent* with victor troops he rode  
Late of a thousand ships the load,  
*Britain*, which he who half the world cou'  
Great *Cæsar* little more than saw,  
Bow'd to the *Norman* law.  
The sons of *Kent* alone the tide withst  
Of right tenacious, singular in good;  
Unshaken, tho' the only unsubdu'd.

In arms collected all agree,  
To live and die, like their great fathers, free  
Grasp'd with one hand, the threaten'ing sea  
The other, verdant boughs display'd. [t  
In dire array, thus dreadful from afar,  
Invasion's living bar,  
On the brow of the threaten'd land,  
The moving forest made a dreadful stand.

The warrior king, mov'd at the doubtful  
So equal both for friendship, or for fight  
A parley sounds; pleas'd even in foes to see  
Spirits so worthy to be free.

They come, they answer'd, negligent of life  
By friendly peace and generous strife,

To claim their dearer liberty and right.  
Undaunted race, the hero cry'd,  
Such virtue cannot be deny'd;  
Take more from me than foes can claim,  
My friendship; nay, my conqueror's name  
Thrust to your rights, and valour true,  
'Tis more like you to dare than kingdoms to

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# S O N G S.

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## UNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

port to the chase can compare,  
So manly the pleasure it yields;  
as, how refreshing that air,  
in the woods and the fields!  
in pursuit, new scenes still appear,  
scapes encounter the eye;  
sweeter music more pleases the ear,  
of the hounds in full cry.

strength from the chase we derive;  
cise-purges the blood;  
by that mortal must live,  
sport yields both physic and food!  
in varied its charms, they ne'er cloy  
of the bottle and face;  
the harder, the more we enjoy,  
we're in love with the chase.

---

At the morning peeps forth, and the ze-  
phyr's cool gale  
brings and health *over mountains and dale,*

Up, ye nymphs and ye swains, and together we'll rove  
Up hill and down valley, by thicket and grove;  
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds  
With the notes of the horn and the cry of the hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth,  
All the blessings I ask, is the blessing of health;  
So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys,  
No envy disturbs, no dependance destroys.

Then follow, &c.

O'er hill, dale and woodlands with raptures we roam,  
Yet returning still find the dear pleasures at home;  
Where the cheerful good humour gives honesty grace,  
And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the face  
Then follow, &c.

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**H**ARK! hark! the joy-inspiring horn,  
Salutes the rosy, rising morn,  
And echoes thro' the dale;

## HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

With clam'rous peals the hills resound,  
The hounds quick-scented scour the ground,  
And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede  
The brisk, high-mettled, starting steed,  
The jovial pack pursue;  
Like lightning darting o'er the plains,  
The distant hills with speed he gains,  
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,  
And to the copse for shelter makes,  
There pants a while for breath;  
When now the noise alarms her ear,  
Her haunts descry, her fate is near,  
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,  
The hounds their trembling victim seize,  
She falls, she falls, she dies;  
The distant coursers now come in,  
And join the loud triumphant din,  
'Till echo rends the skies.

**H**ARK! away! 'tis the merry ton'd horn,  
Calls the hunters all up in the morn,  
To the hills and the woodlands we steer,  
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.

And all the day long,  
This, this is our song;  
Still hallowing  
And following,  
So frolic and free;  
Our joys know no bounds,  
While we're after the hounds,  
No mortals on earth are so happy as we.

Round the woods when we beat how we glow,  
While the hills they all echo, hillo!  
*'Tis a hound from his cover he flies,  
Then our hounds shall resound to the skies,  
And all the day long, &c.*

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb  
Up the health breathing mountain sublime,  
What a joy from our labours we feel?  
Which alone they who taste can reveal.  
And all the day long, &c.

At night when our labour is done,  
Then we will go halloing home,  
With hallo, hallo, and huzza,  
Resolving to meet the next day,  
And all the day long, &c.

**C**OME, rouse, brother sportsmen, the hun  
cry,

We've got a good scent, and a sav'ring sky;  
The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early  
Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so late.  
Bright *Phœbus* has shewn us the glimpse of his  
Peep'd in at our windows, and calls to the chase.  
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,  
And makes the fields blush with the beams of day.

Sweet *Molly* may tease you, perhaps to lie dov  
And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown;  
But tell her, that love must to hunting give place.  
For as well as her charms, there are charms  
chase.

Look yonder, look yonder, old *Reynard* I spy;  
At his brush nimbly follow brisk *Chamber* and  
They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they  
We're in at the death—now let's home to the  
There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the  
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;  
To *George* peace and glory may heaven dispense!  
And foxhunters flourish a thousand years hence.

**T**HE sprightly horn awakes the morn,  
And bide the hunter rise.  
The opening hound returns the sound,  
And echo fills the skies;  
And echo fills the skies,

## HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

ly health more dear than wealth,  
in blue mountain's brow ;  
ghing steed invokes our speed,  
*Reynard* trembles now ;  
e neighing steed, &c.

ent days, as story says,  
woods our fathers fought ;  
tic race ador'd the chase,  
hunted as they fought.  
t's away, make no delay,  
r the forest's charms ;  
er the howl expand the soul,  
rest in *Chloe's* arms.

Echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,  
To horse, my brave boys, and away ;  
rning is up, and the cry of the hounds  
aids our too tedious delay.  
leasure we find in pursuing the fox,  
hill and o'er valley he flies ;  
llow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza !  
traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

hant returning at night with the spoil,  
Bacchanals shouting and gay,  
et is the bottle and lafs to refresh,  
ofe the fatigues of the day :  
ort, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,  
wisdom, all happiness sours :  
fe is no more than a passage at best,  
strew the way over with flow'rs.

E morning is charming, all nature looks gay,  
away, my brave boys, to your horses away,  
prime of our humour's in quest of the hare ;  
e not so much as a moment to spare.

ie lively ton'd horn, how melodious it sounds,  
musical tone of the merry-mouth'd hounds.

ghlands, and lowlands, and woodlands we fly,  
fes full speed, and our hounds in full cry,  
h'd in their mouth, and so swiftly they run,  
e trine of the spheres, and the race of the sun ;

Health, joy and felicity dance in the rounds,  
And blest the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,  
That the hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline :  
A chase of two hours, or more, she has led ;  
She's down-look about you—they have her—she's dead.  
How glorious a death ! to be honour'd with sounds  
Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with  
gold,  
And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold ;  
How the lark's shrilly matin proclaims the new day,  
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay !  
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,  
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,  
follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,  
follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,  
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the  
Court,

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,  
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,  
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,  
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,  
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame,  
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name,  
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,  
Yet, in spite of her airs she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold, and the busy, hunt glory and wealth,  
All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health,  
With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands to  
roam,

And when tir'd abroad find contentment at home.

With the sports of the field, &c.

## HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

THE early horn salutes the morn  
That gilds this charming place,  
cheerful cries bids echo rise,  
And join the jovial chase.

On vocal hills around,  
The waving woods,  
The crystal floods,  
return the enlivening sound.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,  
And hie to my woodland walks away;  
Up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,  
ie to my forehead a waxing morn;  
shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky,  
who turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

WAY to the field, see the morning looks grey,  
And, sweetly bedappled, forbodes a fine day,  
ounds are all eager the sport to embrace,  
and loud to be led to the chase.  
hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,  
d join with the jovial crew;  
the season invites, with all its delights,  
the health-giving chase to pursue.  
charming the sight when *Aurora* first dawns,  
the bright beagles spread over the lawns;  
comes the sun, now returning from rest,  
matrons they chant as they merrily quest.  
in hark, &c.

How each bosom with transport it fills,  
at just a *Phœbus* peeps over the hills;  
joyous from valley to valley resounds  
the shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.  
in hark, &c.

With the brave hunters, with courage elate,  
dges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate,  
by their bold courses no danger they fear,  
to the winds all vexation and care.

*hark, &c.*

*For the chase quit the joys of the town,  
the dull pleasure of sleeping in down;*

Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,  
Ours still is repaid with contentment and health  
Then hark, &c.

COME, rouse from your trances!  
The fly morn advances,  
To catch sluggish mortals in bed;  
Let the horn's jocund note  
In the wind sweetly float,  
While the fox from the brake lifts his head;

Now creeping,  
Now peeping,  
The fox from the brake lifts his head;  
Each away to his steed,  
Your goddess shall lead,  
Come follow, my worshippers, follow,  
For the chase all prepare,  
See the hounds snuff the air,  
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hallo!

Hark *Jowler*, hark *Rover*,  
See *Reynard* breaks cover,  
The hunters fly over the ground;  
Now they skim o'er the plain,  
Now they dart down the lane,  
And the hills, woods, and vallies resound;  
With dashing,  
And splashing,

The hills, woods, and vallies resound:  
Then away with full speed,  
Your goddess shall lead,  
Come follow, my worshippers, follow;  
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,  
If you stop you're too late,  
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hallo!

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the sound o' horns,  
And yet the sweet pleasure decline?  
For shame, rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,  
With me the sweet melody join.

and the valley the traitor we'll rally,  
till panting he lies;  
a full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,  
e swift hare till he dies.

or feed, to the meadows and fields,  
and joyous repair;  
if greater happiness yields,  
g the fox or the hare.

ts, my friend, on the sportsman attend,  
like hunting is found;  
o'er, as brisk as before,  
g we spurn up the ground.

ark ye, how echoes the horn in the vale,  
notes do so sportingly dance on the gale,  
o barter for ignoble rest,  
h true pleasure can raise in the breast,  
is fair, and in labour with day,  
the huntsman is hark, hark away,  
re defer we one moment our joys?  
s away, so to horse my brave boys.

can equal the joys of the chase,  
delights to more noble give place?  
we press, and each sorrow defy,  
valley re-echoes the cry:  
ll sterling, no sorrow we fear,  
the lawn, and look back on old care;  
labour, we leap o'er the mounds,  
horn, and the cry of the hounds.

*Phœbus* the tops of the hills does adorn,  
sweet is the sound of the echoing horn,  
ling flag is rous'd with the sound,  
are nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,  
e has left us behind on the plain:  
urful and now come in view of the glo-  
ams.

ain he rears up his head,  
with fear he redoubles his speed:  
vain that he flies,  
tote the huntsman, his ears lose the cries,

For now his strength fails him, he heavily lies,  
And he pants, till with well scented hounds surrounded  
he dies.

**L**ET the gay ones and great  
Make the most of their fate,  
From pleasure to pleasure they run,  
Well, who cares a jot?  
I envy them not,  
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,  
To the fields I repair,  
With spirits unclouded and light;  
The blisses I find,  
No strings leave behind,  
But health and diversion unite.

**C**OME, ye sportsmen so brave, who delight in the  
field,  
Where the bud-barren mountain fresh raptures can  
yield,  
With the health-breathing chase rouse the soul with  
delight,  
With the jolly god, *Bacchus*, be jovial at night.  
See the high mettled steeds! where sporting they fly!  
While, staunch, the dogs cover the ground in full cry!  
While, staunch, while staunch, the dogs cover the  
ground in full cry!

How can ye, my boys, from such sports now refrain,  
When the horn's cheerful sound calls you forth to the  
plain?

Poor *Pussy*! she flies, and seems danger to scorn,  
Then redoubles her speed as the bounds o'er the lawn.  
See the high-mettled steeds, &c.

She has cunningly cheated the scent of the hounds;  
Through hedge-rows she creeps, and sculks o'er the  
downs:

Brush them in, my bold hearts! she sits panting for  
breath!

The victim is seiz'd-Hark! the horn sounds her death  
See the high-mettled steeds, &c.



## HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

*ST Valentine's* day when bright *Phæbus* shone  
clear,

not been hunting for more than a year :  
nited black *Sloven*, o'er the road made him  
bound,  
read the hounds challenge, and horns sweetly  
found,  
to talco talco talco talco talco.

nto covert, old *Anthony* cries,  
ner he spoke, but the fox, sir, he 'spies ;  
eing the signal, he then crack'd his whip,  
was the word, and away we did leap.  
o, &c.

p rides *Dick Dawson*, who car'd not a pin,  
ag at the drain, but his horse tumbled in ;  
he crept out, why he spy'd the old *Ren*,  
is tongue hanging out stealing home to his den.  
o, &c.

unds and our horses were always as good  
r broke covert, or dash'd thro' the wood ;  
ynard runs hard, but must certainly die,  
t you, old *Tony*, *Dick Dawson* did cry,  
o, &c.

unds they had run twenty miles now or more,  
*Anthony* fretted, he curs'd too and swore,  
ynard being spent soon must give up the ghost,  
will heighten our joys when we come to each  
toast.  
o, &c.

y's sport being over the horns we will found,  
jolly fox-hunters let echo resound,  
up your glasses, and cheerfully drink,  
honest true sportsman who never will shrink.  
o, &c.

GHT dawns the day with rosy face,  
hat calls the hunters to the chase.

*With musical horn,  
Salute the gay morn,  
jolly companions to cheer ;*

With call'ning sounds,  
Encourage the hounds,  
To rival the speed of the deer.

If you find out his lair,  
To the woodlands repair,  
Hark ! hark ! he's unharbour'd they  
Then fleet o'er the plain,  
We gallop amain,  
All, all is a triumph of joy.

O'er heaths, hills, and woods,  
Thro' forests and floods,  
The flag flies as swift as the wind ;  
The welkin resounds,  
With the cry of the hounds,  
That chant in a concert behind.

Adieu to all care,  
Pale grief and despair,  
We ride in oblivion of fear ;  
Vexation and pain,  
We leave to the train,  
Sad wretches that lag in the rear,

Lo ! the flag stands at bay,  
The pack's at a stay,  
They eagerly seize on their prize :  
The welkin resounds  
With the chorus of hounds,  
Shrill horn with his knell, and he di

WHEN *Phæbus* begins just to peep o'  
With horns we awaken the day  
And rouse, brother sportsmen, who sluggish  
With hark ! to the woods hark ! away  
See the hounds are uncoupled in musical c  
How sweetly it echoes around ;  
And high mottled steeds with their neigh  
With pleasure to echo the sound.

Behold when fly *Raynard*, with panic and  
At distance o'er hillocks doth bound ;  
The pack on the scent fly with rapid career  
Hark ! the horns ! O how sweetly they

## HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

the chase, o'er hills and o'er dales,  
 ere we nobly defy;  
 are all stout, and our sports we'll pursue,  
 out that resound to the sky.

who he says, all his arts are in vain,  
 or with swiftness he flies;  
 and in his fury determines his fate,  
 it is seiz'd on and dies:  
 ting and joy we return from the field,  
 ink crown the sports of the day;  
 it we recline, till the horn calls again,  
 way to the woodlands, away.

the hill-tops are bornish'd with azure and  
 gold,  
 respect around us most bright to behold;  
 ds are all trying the mazes to trace,  
 are all neighing, and pant for the chase.  
 ise, each true sportsman, and join at the  
 wn,  
 of the hunters, and sound of the horn.  
 aces the nerves and gives joy to the face,  
 or the heath we pursue the fleet chase;  
 owns now we leave, and the coverts appear,  
 ve follow the fox or the hare.  
 use, &c.

we go, pleasure waits on us still,  
 in the valley, or rise on the hill;  
 es and rivers we valiantly fly,  
 is of death we ne'er think we shall die.  
 use, &c.

long past, by the poets we're told,  
 ting was lov'd by the sages of old;  
 Master and huntsman were both on a par,  
 health-giving chase made them bold in the  
 b.  
 use, &c.

There is once over, away to the bowl,  
 ring bumpers shall cheer up the soul;

Whilst jocund our songs shall with choruses ring,  
 And toasts to our lassies, our country and king.  
 Then rouse, &c.

**S**OUND, sound the brisk horn,  
 'Twill enliven the morn,  
 And nature replenish with glads,  
 The vallies around,  
 Shall rejoice at the sound,  
 And join in the chorus with me,

Let ladies each night  
 In cards take delight,  
 And such dull amusements embrace,  
 At noon then arise,  
 Unknown to the joys  
 Of the health-giving, health giving chase.  
 But while they're content,  
 Why let them frequent  
 The playhouse, the park or the ball;  
 The pleasures I chuse,  
 My time to amuse,  
 Are greatly superior to all.

**O**'ER the lawns, up the-hills, as with arde  
 bound,  
 Led on by the loud sounding horn,  
 Kind breezes still greet us, with cheerfulness cro  
 And joyful we meet the sweet morn.  
 Rosy health blooms about us with natural grace,  
 Whilst echo re-echo'd enlivens the chase.  
 Should all the gay larks as they soar to the sky,  
 Their notes in a concert unite,  
 The music of hounds when set off in full cry,  
 Would give a more tuneful delight.  
 Rosy health, &c.

'Tis over, tis over, a pleasure divine,  
 Fresh air and full exercise yield,  
 At night, my good friends, o'er the juice of the  
 We'll sing to the sports of the field.  
 Rosy health, &c.

## HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

### RECITATIVE.

**H**ARK ? the horn calls away ;  
Come the grave, come the gay ;  
Wake to music that wakens the skies,  
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

### AIR.

From the east breaks the morn,  
See, the sun-beams adorn  
The wild beath and the mountains so high ;  
Shrilly opes the staunch hound,  
The steed neighs to the sound,  
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers, so good,  
Prov'd their greatness of blood,  
By count'ring the hart or the boar ;  
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,  
Age and youth urged the chase,  
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence, of noble descent,  
Hills and wolds we frequent,  
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,  
Tho' in life's busy day,  
Man of man makes a prey,  
Still let our be the prey of the field.

With the chase in full light,  
God ! how great the delight !  
How our mortal sensations refine !  
Where is care, where is fear ?  
Like the winds in the rear,  
And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse my brave boys :  
Lo ! each pants for the joys  
That anon shall enliven the whole ;  
Than at eve we'll dismount,  
Toils and pleasures recount,  
And renew the chase over the bowl.

### RECITATIVE.

**T**HE chase was o'er, *Alexan* sought a seat,  
To shade him from the rage of mid-day heat :

His fainting dog, with toil and thirst oppress'd,  
Long'd for the cooling stream and fresh'ning rest  
As on the hunter wandered,  
*Diana* and her nymphs appeared undrest :  
Whilst streams nor nymphs could save her from  
sight,

Thus try'd the youth to speak, appal'd with fright,

### AIR.

O think me not, goddess, to blame,  
I lurk'd not those charms t'esp'y ;  
By chance to this covert I came,  
And fate is more faulty than I.  
All weary with hunting I strove  
To hide me from *Phæbus*'s ray ;  
Forgive me thus destin'd to rove,  
O let me now win back my way.

### RECITATIVE.

Enrag'd the goddess thus bespoke the swain,  
Who su'd for pity, and had su'd in vain :

### AIR.

Rash youth ! your mad folly you soon shall dep-  
No mortal thus naked has seen me before,  
Lest you tell where you've been,  
Boast of what you have seen,  
Bold hunter, here know  
That *Diana*'s your foe,

That for this you shall never again see me more  
You shall branch out with horns, bound with  
running feet,

No longer a man but a stag all complete.  
Your hounds in full cry,  
Shall pursue as you fly,  
Chase you all the long day,  
Till they make you their prey,  
Since your eyes dar'd to glance tow'rd's *Diana*'s

### RECITATIVE.

**W**HEN first *Aurora* gilds the eastern hill  
And on the ground her glitt'ring d-  
spills,

## HUNTING SONGS AND CANTATAS.

been salutes the rising day,  
he found, all nature looks more gay.  
untisnmen, freed from *Morpheus* chain,  
horses scatter all the plain :  
paddock starts the frightened deer,  
he feels him in his swift career.

### AIR.

as see him bound,  
the fleeting wind ;  
flies echo round.  
sees them far behind,  
singing with toil,  
the cool soil.  
finding refuge in vain,  
the wide lawns once again.  
opening hounds have at length seiz'd  
their prize,  
joy reigns around,  
brought to the ground,  
sounds his knell as he struggling dies.  
sports at an end,  
reining we spend,  
not mirth and good cheer ;  
old *Robin Hood*,  
he is our food,  
or Old *English* brown beer.

### RECITATIVE.

the horn salutes the ear,  
enters ready, morning clear ;  
happy hours embrace,  
jovial chase.

### AIR.

tag how he bounds  
neighbouring grounds,  
need still increas'd by his fear ;  
dales are soon past,  
wistness so vast,  
untisnmen he leaves in the rear.  
imrod of old,  
sets we're told,  
first the sports of the chase,

Tho' so great was his fame,  
There's a slur on his name,  
As men he pursued in the race.

But such tyrants the chase  
Will its pleasures disgrace,  
Yet friendship shall still be our guide ;  
with the sound of the horn,  
Call forth each in the morn,  
Our sports there shall nothing divide.

But again he's in view,  
And we nearer pursue,  
His spirits decrease as he flies ;  
Now they've pull'd him to ground,  
And the dogs have him bound,  
Ah ! see how he trembles and dies.

Now our pleasure's complete,  
Hark, the horn sounds retreat,  
Our sport does our health still maintain ;  
To the bowl next away,  
We'll with joy crown the day,  
And then be as merry again.

### RECITATIVE.

THE rasy morn with crimson dye,  
Had newly ting'd the eastern sky,  
The feather'd race on every spray,  
Sweet warble to the god of day,  
When chaste *Diana*, goddess bright,  
From balmy slumber springing light,  
Wak'd all her nymphs from pleasing rest,  
And thus her sylvan train address'd.

### AIR.

From this high mount with me descend,  
And hey to the joys of the chase ;  
O'er hill and dale our flight we'll bend,  
And march the fleet stag in our pace.  
My silver bow is ready strung,  
My golden quiver is graceful hung,

Away my nymphs, 'away, away,  
 Let shouts to the welkin resound,  
 And he who strikes the destin'd prey,  
 Shall queen of the forest be crown'd.

## RECITATIVE.

**T**HE whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn,  
 The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,  
 Loud sings the black bird thro' resounding groves,  
 And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

## AIR.

Away, to the copse lead away,  
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds;  
 I'll warrant he shows us some play;  
 See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.  
 Then spur your brisk couriers, and smoke 'em, my  
 bloods:

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn;  
 What concert is equal to those of the woods,  
 Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn?

Each earth see he tries at in vain,  
 In cover no safety can find,  
 So he breaks it, and scours amain,  
 And leaves us at distance behind.  
 O'er rocks and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,  
 All hazards and danger we scorn;  
 Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die;  
 Cheer us the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,  
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;  
 His speed can no longer avail,  
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong.  
 From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that he  
 fled,

See his brood falls bemir'd forlorn,  
 The farmer with pleasure beholds him lie dead,  
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

## RECITATIVE.

**N**OW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top,  
 Its different notes each feather'd warbler tunes,

The milkmaid's carol glads the ploughman's ear,  
 The jolly huntsman winds his chearful horn,  
 And the staunch pack return the lov'd salute.

## AIR.

The hounds are unkenneled, and now,  
 Thro' the copse and the furz will we lead,  
 'Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,  
 For there lurks the thief that must bleed.  
 I told you so didn't I?—see where he flies;  
 'Twas *Bellman* that open'd, so sure the fox dies  
 Let the horn's jolly sound,  
 Encourage the hound,  
 And float through the echoing skies.

## RECITATIVE.

The chase begun, nor rock, nor flood, nor snow  
 Quickster, or gate, the thundering courtes retard;  
 'Till the dead notes proclaim the falling prey,  
 Then—to the sportive squire's capacious bowl.

## AIR.

O'er that and old beer of his own,  
 This sound, bright and wholesome we'll sing,  
 Drink success to great *George* and his crown,  
 For each heart to a man's with the king.  
 And next we will fill to *Jove's* favourite scene,  
 The rich isle of saints, *Britannia* I mean,  
 Where men, horses and hounds,  
 Can be stopp'd by no bounds,  
 For no spot on the earth e'er bred sportsmen so

**M**IRTH, admit me of thy crew,  
 To listen how the hounds and horns,  
 Cheerly route the slumbering morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Thro' the high wood echoing fill.

**R**OUSE, rouse, jolly sportsmen, the hour  
 all out,  
 The chase is begun, I declare;  
 Come up and to horse, let us follow the rout,  
 And join in the chase of the hare.

on't you hear they are now in the dale,  
w melodious it sounds!  
right, how she strives to prevail,  
the cry of the hounds.

re hills and the mountains the scales,  
ns, to join to the sky;  
: air like a kite in a gale,  
: hounds in full cry.  
cople there for refuge she flies,  
dis twenty the odds;  
unds us with hooting and cries,  
nverse with the gods.

o conscience is never alarm'd,  
rs to envy and strife;  
h a wife, we return to her arms,  
the conjugal life.  
ay in a scene of delight,  
and their courtiers ne'er taste,  
ve we revel all night,  
return to the chace.

untzman,  
: shrill and clear,  
rive the flag,  
ng dogs to cheer.  
unting, &c.

imes,  
ning grey;  
, and mount a horse,  
e away, &c.

ner rous'd,  
chearful cry,  
ake, o'er hedge and flake,  
ast does fly, &c.

covert,  
:k pursue,  
o trace his steps,  
y've lost the view, &c.

There's *Scentwell* and *Finder*,  
Dogs never known to fail,  
To hit off with humble nose,  
But with a lofty tail &c

To *Scentwell*, hark! he calls,  
And faithful *Finder* joins,  
Whip in the dogs, my merry rogues,  
And give your horse the reins, &c.

Hark! forward how they go it,  
The view they'd lost they gain;  
Tantivy, high and low,  
Their legs and throats they strain, &c.

There's *Ruler* and *Countess*,  
That most times lead the field,  
*Traveller* and *Bonny lass*,  
To none of them will yield, &c.

Now *Duchess* hits it foremost,  
Next *Lightfoot* leads the way,  
And *Topper* bears the bell,  
Each dog will have his day, &c.

There's *Musie* and *Chanter*,  
Their nimble trebles try;  
While *Sweetlips* and *Tunwell*,  
With counters clear reply, &c.

There's *Rockwood* and *Thunder*,  
That tongue the heavy bass;  
Whilst *Trowler* and *Ringwood*  
With tenors crown the chace, &c.

Now sweetly in full cry  
Their various notes they join;  
Gods! what a concert's here, my lads!  
'Tis more than half divine, &c.

The woods, rocks, and mountains,  
Delighted with the sound,  
To neigh'ring dales and fountains  
Repeating, deal it round, &c.

A glorious chace it is,  
We drove him many a mile,  
O'er hedge and ditch, we go thro' ditch,  
And hit off many a fowl, &c.

And yet he runs it stoutly,  
 How wide, how swift he strains,  
 With what a skip he took that leap,  
 And scours it o'er the plains, &c.  
 See how our horses foam !  
 The dogs begin to droop,  
 With winding horn, on shoulder bot's,  
 'Tis time to cheer them up, &c.

## [Sounds Tantiy.]

Hark ! *Leader, Countess, Bouncer,*  
 Cheer up my merry dogs all ;  
 To *Tailer*, hark ; he holds it smart,  
 And answers every call, &c.  
 Co co there, drunkard *Snowball*,  
 Gadzooks ! whip *Bomer* in ;  
 We'll die i'th' place, ere quit the chase,  
 'Till we've made the game our own, &c.

Up yonder steep I'll follow,  
 Beset with craggy stones ;  
 My lord cries, *Jack*, you dog ! come back,  
 Or else you'll break your bones, &c.

Huzza ! he's almost down,  
 He begins to slack his curse,  
 He pants for breath ; I'll in at's death,  
 Or else I'll kill my horse, &c.

See, now he takes the moors,  
 And strains to reach the stream ;  
 He leaps the flood, to cool his blood,  
 And quench his thirsty flame, &c.

He scarce has touch'd the bank,  
 The cry bounce finely in,  
 And swiftly swim across the stream,  
 And raise a glorious din, &c.

His legs begin to fail,  
 His wind and speed is gone,  
 He stands at bay, and gives 'em play,  
*He can no longer run, &c.*

Old *Hester* long behind,  
 By use and nature bold,  
 In rushes first, and seizes fast,  
 But soon is flung from's hold, &c.

He traverses his ground,  
 Advances and retreats,  
 Gives many bound a mortal wound,  
 And long their force defeats, &c.

He bounds, and springs, and swoots,  
 And shakes his branched head,  
 'Tis safest farthest off, I see,  
 Poor *Tailboy* is laid dead, &c.

Vain are heels and ankers,  
 With such a pack set round,  
 Spite of his heart, seize every part,  
 And pull him fearless down, &c.

Ha ! dead, were dead, whip off,  
 And take a special care ;  
 Dismount with speed, and cut his throat,  
 Lest they his haunches tear, &c.

The sport is ended now,  
 We're laden with the spoil ;  
 As home we pass, we talk o'th chase,  
 O'erpaid for all our toil.

And a hunting, &c.

**Y**E sluggards who murder your life time  
 Awake and pursue the fleet hare ;  
 From life say what joy, say what pleasure ye  
 That ere could with hunting compare :  
 When *Phœbus* begins to enlighten the morn  
 The huntsman attended by hounds  
 Rejoices and glows at the sound of the horn  
 Whilst woods the sweet echo resounds.

The courtier, the lawyer, the priest have in  
 Nay ev'ry profession the same,  
 But sportsmen, ye mortals, no pleasures pur  
 Than such as accrue from the game,

# HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

While drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the cup,  
And turn into day ev'ry night;  
At the break of each morn the huntsman is up,  
And bounds o'er the lawns with delight.

Then quickly my lads to the forest repair,  
O'er dales and o'er valleys let's fly;  
For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care,  
When each joy will another supply:  
Thus each morning, each day, in raptures we pass,  
And desire no comfort to share;  
But at night to refresh with the bottle and glass,  
And feed on the spoil of the chase.

**HARK!** for fare I hear the horns melodious  
Then come come come join in [sound];

The cheerful merry din  
Of the hounds in concert shrill,  
Heard round from hill to hill.  
All shall join in jolly song,  
Noble sports to us belong;  
Hail the morning's ruddy face,  
Now begins the sprightly chase.

Then out scouts *Reynard* strong  
And nimble darts along,  
To climb the neigh'ring hill,  
Or leap the purling rill.  
All shall join, &c.

Boys, follow then with speed,  
As we have thus agreed;  
Then come, come, mend your pace,  
And follow brisk the chase.  
All shall join, &c.

We soon shall see him lag,  
Like deer or hunted stag;  
Then press him hard, my bloods,  
We'll drive him to the floods.  
All shall join, &c.

O'er floods, o'er rocks and hills,  
And over purling rills,

We will pursue the game,  
Till *Reynard* float we tame.  
All shall join, &c.

Ah! see in vain his flight,  
His heart is broken quite;  
And as he gasping lies,  
He pants, he pants, and dies.  
All shall join, &c.

**YE** sportsmen all,  
Attend to the call,  
The welcome call of the cheerful horn;  
Quit business for pleasure,  
Nor thirst after treasure,

But purchase new life from the sweets of the me  
See now dapple *Bay* in his foin waxeth grey,  
And white *Lily* stops, with the scent in his chaf  
And now nimble the bounds from the cry of  
Then boys, haste away, [how  
Without further delay,  
'Tis with pleasures like these that we hail the

Whilst cares of state  
Attend the great,  
And courtiers prey on their country's wealth;  
No stately ambition,  
Or sickly condition,  
Disturbs our repose, recreations, or health.  
The sop, vainly proud of his delicate self,  
The miser, who doats on his ill-gotten pelf,  
And the lover who sighs, o'glers, flatters, and lies,  
Would they hither repair, they need not despise  
Of enjoying sweet life, with a mind free from care

**RISE**, rise, brother bucks, see how ruddy's  
*Diana*'s been long on the plain; [mo  
Hark, hark, 'tis the sound of the hounds and  
Repeated by echo again. [ho  
Then, to horse, my brave boys, to the chase  
For the pleasures of hunting admit no delay, [av



If your hounds, when they're dragging the wood-  
Unkennd the fox from his den: [lands around,  
Or if, when they're trailing along on the ground,  
A puff should be started—O then,  
So ho, cries our huntsman, so ho, she's in view,  
Then with hounds in full cry we the pastime pursue

But if we should meet with an out-lying deer,  
The pastime so royal we'll double;  
Pursue him till slain where he flies without fear,  
And ne'er the glad sight of him lose,  
Neither hedges nor ditches shall fer us our bounds;  
If our horses are good we'll keep up with the hounds.

When our day's sport is over then home we'll return  
To enjoy our dear bottle and glass,  
And all be as ready as ever next morn.  
To go back to the jovial chase.  
Thus *Nicard's* diversion we'll keep in renown,  
And each night with a bumper our day's sport we'll  
[crown.

40

How soft slides the stream in the gay meadow along,  
The birds all how cheerful, how tuneful their song,  
How *Flora* the meads with her gifts doth adorn,  
The violet, the rose, and the fair blooming thorn;  
And hark! still to heighten the joys of this place,  
The sound of the horn speaks the hounds are in chase

See over yon clover the hare swift fly,  
While the hunters pursue her with clamorous cries;  
Haste, haste, then away, let us join in the sport,  
Leap the banks, fly the gates, to yon covert resort;  
There trembling she lies, panting, gasping for breath,  
Let's follow with speed to be in at the death.

'Tis done, she is breathless, now home we repair,  
While peals loud, triumphant, resound thro' the air  
Not a hill, or a valley, or covert around,  
Where e'er he resides, but repeats the glad sound;  
While *Pierius* wall-pleas'd the gay prospect survey,  
And breaks the fair morn with his brightest of rays.

Thus bless'd with the pleasures the country affords  
Content with our stations, more happy than  
With heart, true and loyal we jovially sing,  
Not troubled with cares from ambition that stir,  
While the countess is eagerly hunting a place,  
We joyously join in the sports of the chase.

41

LET the slave of ambition and wealth,  
On the stolic of fortune depend,  
I ask but old claret and health,  
A pack of good hounds and a friend,  
In such real joys will be found,  
True happiness centres in these;  
While each moment that dances around  
Is crown'd with contentment and ease.

Old claret can drive away care,  
Heath smiles on our days as they roll;  
What can with true friendship compare?  
And a tally I love from my soul,  
Then up with your bumper my boys,  
Each hour that flies we'll improve;  
A heel-tap's a spy on our joys—  
Here's to fox-hunting, friendship, and love.

42

## RECITATIVE.

NOW faintly glimm'ring in the east  
Sail brings on the ling'ring morn,  
As loth to quit fair *Thetis'* breast,  
While dew bespangles ev'ry thorn.  
The herald lark salutes the skies,  
And bids the jocund sportsman rise.

## AIR.

Hark! the chase is begun,  
See, yonder they run,  
And fleet as the wind the flag flies;  
O'er mountain and dale,  
Thro' woodland and vale,  
His pursuers awhile he defies.  
But in vain is his speed,  
They faster proceed,  
In hopes to o'ertake him anon;

le echo around,  
 h the horn and the hound,  
 'e replies Ton-ta-ron.  
 s we pleasure obtain,  
 out sickness or pain,  
 idine's smiles on each face;  
 enemies prepare,  
 at the speed if you dare,  
 take health in the chase.

43

t rosy morning  
 r the hills,  
 s adorning  
 lows and fields;  
 merry merry horn  
 e come come away,  
 s your slumber  
 the new day.  
 is'd before us  
 ms to fly,  
 o the chorus  
 n full cry;  
 f flow follow follow  
 al chase,  
 ure and vigour,  
 th you embrace.  
 orts when over,  
 od circle right,  
 s brisk lover  
 ms for the night.  
 let us now enjoy  
 s while we may,  
 n the night,  
 orts crown the day.

44

## RECITATIVE.

heerful day began to dawn,  
 id still his pillow press'd,  
 by hounds and horn,  
 ; virgins thus address'd.

A 12.

Hark away, hark away to the merry ton'd horn,  
 While the hounds cheerful cries awaken the morn.  
*Diana* herself rules the sports of to-day,  
 And joins in the chorus of Hark, hark away.

With cautious step avoid the bow'r,  
 Where wily *Cupid* sleeping lies;  
 Fond nymphs, you'll rue the fatal hour,  
 Should Love our spotted train surprise.  
 Hark away, &c.

Love will promise and deceive,  
 Leading youthful hearts astray,  
 But the joys our pastimes give  
 Are jocund innocent and gay.  
 Hark away, &c.

45

WHEN *Sal* from the east had illumined the sphere,  
 And gilded the lawns and the riv'lets so clear,  
 I rose from my tent, and like *Richard*, I call'd  
 For my horse, and my hounds too, loudly I bawld.  
 Hark forward, my boys, *Billy Meadows* he cried,  
 No sooner he spoke but old *Reynard* he spied;  
 Over-joy'd at the sight we began to skip,  
 Ton-ta-ron went the horn and smack went the whip.  
*Tom Bramble* scour'd forth, when almost to his chinch,  
 O'er leaping a ditch—by the lord, he leap'd in;  
 When just as it hap'd, but the fly master *Ren*,  
 Was sneakingly hast'ning to make to his den;  
 Then away we pursu'd, broke covert and wood,  
 Not a quickset nor thickset our pleasure withstood  
 So ho! master *Reynard Jack Rivers* he cried,  
 Old *Ren* you shall die, *Daddy Harotborn* replied.  
 All gay as the lark the green woodlands we trac'd,  
 While the merry-ton'd horn inspir'd as we chac'd;  
 No longer poor *Reynard* his strength could be boast,  
 To the hounds he knock'd under & gave up the ghost  
 The sports of the field when concluded and o'er,  
 We found the horn back again over the moor;  
 At night take the glass, and most cheerily sing  
 The fox-hunters round, not forgetting the King.

C 2

HARK

**HARK!** the huntsman's begun to sound the shrill

Come quickly unkenel your hounds; [horn,  
'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden-ey'd morn,  
We'll chace the fox over the grounds.

See yonder sits *Reynard*, so crafty and Sly,  
Come saddle your couriers apace;  
The hounds have a scent, and are all in full cry,  
They long to be giving him chase.

The huntsmen are mounted, the steel feels the spur,  
And quickly they scour it along;  
Rapid after the fox runs each mystical cur,  
Follow, follow, my boys, is the song.

O'er mountains and valleys we skim it away,  
Now *Reynard's* almost out of sight;  
But sooner than lose him we'll spend the whole day  
In hunting, for that's our delight.

By eager pursuing we'll have him at last,  
He's too tired, poor rogue, down he lies;  
Now starts up afresh, and young *Snap* has him fast,  
He trembles, kicks, struggles, and dies.

**TO** chafe o'er the plain the fox or the hare,  
Such pleasure no sport can e'er bring,  
It banishes sorrow and drives away care,  
And makes us more blest than a king;  
And makes us more blest than a king.

Whenever we hear the sound of the horn,  
Our hearts are transported with joy;  
We rise and embrace with the earliest dawns,  
A pastime that never can cloy.

O'er furrows and hills our game we pursue,  
No danger our breast can invade;  
The hounds in full cry our joys will renew  
An increase of pleasures display'd  
The freedom our conscience never alarms,  
We live free from envy and strife;

*Be blest with a spouse, return to her arms,  
Sport, sweetenels, and conjugal life.*

The courtier who toils o'er matters of state,  
Can ne'er such an happiness know;  
The grandeur and pomp enjoy'd by the great,  
Can ne'er such a comfort bestow:  
Our days pass away in scenes of delight,  
Our pleasures ne'er taken amiss;  
We hunt all the day, and revel all night,  
What joy can be greater than this.

**EVERY** mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,  
Some to *White* run for play, some to *Barrow* for merriment  
To *Sbutter's* droll phiz others thunder applaud;  
And some trifiers delight to hear *Nickols's* snarl;  
But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,  
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as *Phœbus* has finish'd his summer's career,  
And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care  
When *Roger* and *Nell* have enjoyed harvest home,  
And their labours being o'er, are at leisure to roam  
From the noise of the town and its follies I roam,  
And I range o'er the fields with my dog and my gun.

When my pointers around me all carefully stand,  
And none dares to stir, but the dog I command;  
When the covey he springs, and I bring down,  
I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford:  
No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,  
Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I repair  
And I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all fear;  
There I exercise freely my levelling skill,  
And with h pheasants and woodcocks my bag often fill  
For death (where I find them) they seldom can shun  
My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command  
Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand  
If a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they spit  
With heart cheering notes how they make the wood  
Then for music let fribbles to *Rouslagh* run, [ria  
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

it night we chat over the sport of the day,  
 ead o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay;  
 think of my friends, and to each send a part,  
 friends to oblige is the pride of my heart;  
 he vices of town, and its follies I shun,  
 pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

49

## RECITATIVE.

K'd by the horn, like the spring, deckt in  
 in the morning the hunters are seen; [green,  
 on each brow they enliven the place,  
 patiently wait to join in the chase.

## AIR.

is close covert rout'd, the stag swiftly flies,  
 e arrow that's shot from the bow;  
 ers and mountains all danger defies,  
 fears nothing but man, his worst foe.

## RECITATIVE.

ey trace him thro' the copse,  
 , struggling—see! he drops!  
 rude clamours rend the skies,  
 he dappled victim dies.

## AIR.

ritain's sons, in Harry's reign,  
 'd the trembling Gaul,  
 reams of blood, o'er hills of slain,  
 triumph'd at his fall.

## CHORUS.

Alle foes alarm; arm, arm, Britannia, arm.

## RECITATIVE.

ray to the field, tis great George gives the word  
 : horn for a trumpet, the whip for a sword;  
 r valiant forefathers, stern death let us face,  
 glorious in war as we are in the chase.

50

, the loud tuning horn bids the sportsman pre-  
 be hounds woo him forth to the lawn [pare  
 ntman proclaims that the morning is fair,  
 dawns with red streaks the dawn.

With pleasure he hearkens the heart-soothing cheer  
 Shakes *Morpheus* and slumber away;  
 While joyful he starts, and with speed doth appear  
 The foremost to welcome the day.

With the horn's jolly clangor he quickens the chase  
 And fills all the vale with his joys;  
 While his pleasure full glowing, enlivens his face,  
 And the hounds in full concert rejoice.

From the sportsman, ye drones, ye may learn how  
 Exempted from pain or disease; [to live,  
 He'll shew, that the fields and the meadows will  
 That health which you barter for ease. [give

51

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does  
 Why, how now, you sluggardly set! [peep,  
 How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,  
 While we all on horseback are got,  
 My brave boys!

I cannot get up, for the over-night's cup,  
 So terribly lies in my head;  
 Besides, my wife cries, my dear, do not rise,  
 But cuddle me longer in bed,  
 My dear boy.

Come on with your boots, and saddle your mare,  
 Nor tire us with longer delay;  
 The cry of the hounds, and the sight of the hare,  
 Will chase all dull vapours away,  
 My brave boys.

52

## RECITATIVE.

HARK! from that cottage by the silent stream,  
 How sweet the swallow greets the rising gleam  
 Of light, that dawns upon the eastern hill,  
 Tipping with grey the sails of yonder mill;  
 And hark! from the farm below the watchful cock  
 Warns the dull shepherd to unfold his flock;  
 His hurdled flocks the fresh'ning breeze in ale,  
 And bleat for freedom, and the clover vale.  
 See! how away the severing clouds are driven,  
 How gay already seems the face of heaven!

Those ruddy streaks foretell the sun is near  
To drink the dew and glad our hemisphere.  
O ! did the sons of dissipation know  
What calm delights from early-rising flow,  
They'd leave (with us) their down, and in the  
Imbibe the health that fresh *Aurora* yields. [fields]

## AIR.

Now idolence sores upon pillows of down,  
Now infirmity, guilt, and disease,  
Envy the gentle repose of the clown,  
And in vain beg the blessing of ease.  
Whilst we honest fellows, who follow the chase,  
Of such troubles are never possess'd,  
The banner of health is display'd in each face,  
To shew Peace holds the fort of the breast.

Can the slaves of a court, can the miser say this ?  
Or the wretches who feed in distress ?  
O ! may such ne'er taste of our rational bliss,  
Till, like us, they disdain to oppress.

## RECITATIVE.

See ! to the copse how the dogs scud along,  
They've found out the drag of the foe ;  
And hark ! how the huntmen ride shouting along,  
He's now in the cover below.

Let's follow the cry, he'll soon be in view,  
See ! yonder he sculks o'er the glade ;  
Spur your couriers, my lads, and briskly pursue ;  
On's craft will our vengeance evade.

## AIR.

The shepherd with joy views the chase,  
His lambs the vile traitor would fleece,  
The farmer, delighted, beholds his disgrace,  
And thinks on his turkeys and geese.

The maids of the hamlet look gay ;  
The dames, o'er a noggin of ale,  
Tell what poultry of late was his prey,  
And wish the staunch pack may prevail.

In quest of the fleet-footed foe,  
As the hunters fly over the plain,  
Every breast feels a rapturous glow,  
Every tongue trills the jocular strain.

## RECITATIVE.

Far from the east had roll'd the glorious sun,  
And thro' each well known haunt the fox had run  
The stream he'd pass, and the vast mountain's height  
Seeking the dell where darkling brakes invite ;  
There strove to earth, but strove to earth in vain  
He breaks the covert, tries the lawns again ;  
But, as he fled, the crafty spoiler found.  
Fleeing behind, the never fault'ring hound  
Weary at length, he views the wide-mouth thorn  
And drags in pain his mired brush along ;  
Now spent, he falls, rolling his haggard eyes ;  
And, savage like, he wounds, and snarling dies.  
Eager to view, the shouting train surround ;  
Hills, woods, and rocks, reverberate the sound.

## AIR.

Whilst the huntsman exults to hunters around,  
And holds up the strong-ferenced prize ;  
Elated with conquest, each staunch mettled hound  
Sends a clam'rous peal to the skies ;  
The deep sound of the horn, borne afar on the gale,  
Ca is the sportsmen thrown out, to the pack ;  
They meet round the spoil, if their couriers don't fail  
Then away, to regale, they ride cheerfully gay.

## RECITATIVE.

Such are the manly pleasures of the chase,  
Which kings of old were eager to embrace ;  
While o'er the champaign ran the courtly crew,  
The cheek was garnish'd with a rosy hue ;  
Then no pale *Ganymede* disgrac'd the court,  
And he was honour'd who most lov'd the sport,  
No brooding malice there assail'd the breast,  
To cloud the brow, or poison mental rest.  
Oh ! glorious sport, which can at once impart  
Health to the veins, and quiet to the heart.

## AIR.

Our fathers of old lov'd the sport,  
Our nobles rejoic'd in the chase ;  
They fled the intrigues of a court,  
The heart-cheering toil to embrace.

was ruddy and stout,  
was yet in the bud;  
saw the pangs of the gout,  
saw the blood.

feldom could meet,  
revers'd is the scene!  
in every street,  
butterfly mien.

born rise from their graves,  
be gay-spangled train,  
degenerate slaves,  
be buried again.

the taste of our joy,  
disclaim the whole race;  
er tea they destroy,  
the charms of the chase.

## CHORUS.

shall follow the musical horn,  
and salute the young morn.  
secure you the bosom's repose,  
in old age wear the tint of the rose,  
all be strong, and feel, e'en in decay,  
joy'd by the young and the gay.  
ne all who would live long in health,  
wish much esteem before wealth.

## 53

draw near, and ye sportswomen too,  
in the joys of the field;  
they blame, are all eager as you,  
the contest will yield.  
worship, his honour, his grace,  
eternally go;  
pleasures are engag'd in the chase,  
huzza, tally ho.

trifle with the first of the morn,  
mortgage or dead;  
in up, at the sound of the horn,  
the *Chorus* full speed;

The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game,

The poet, too, often lays low,  
Who, mounted on *Pegasus*, dies after fame,  
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep

Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,  
How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,  
And the fences of virtue break down.

Thus, public or private, for pension, for place,  
For amusement, for passion, for show,  
All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chase,  
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

## 54

A Sweet-scented beau, and a simpering young cit,  
An artful attorney, a rake, and a wit,  
Set out on a chase in pursuit of her heart,  
Whilst *Celia* disdainfully laugh'd at their art:  
And rous'd by the bounds to meet the sweet morn,  
Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the beau by his face,  
The lawyer with quibble set out on the chase;  
The cit with exactness made up his account,  
The rake told his conquest, how vast the amount.  
She laugh'd at their follies, and blithe as the morn,  
Tantivy, she followed the echoing horn.

The clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young swain,  
Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd o'er the plain.  
He distanc'd the wit, the cit, quibble, and beau,  
And won the fair nymph with hullo! hillo!  
Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the morn,  
Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

## 55

**HARK!** the hollow groves resounding  
Echo to the hunter's cry;

Hark! how all the vales resounding  
To his cheering voice reply.

Now so swift, o'er hills aspiring,  
He pursues the gay delight;  
Distant woods and plains retiring  
Seem to vanish from his sight.

Hark! the hollow groves, &c.

56

SEE *Phœbus* begins to enliven the east,  
 And see the grey dawn wears away;  
 Come rouse, fellow huntsman, relinquish dull rest,  
 And join in the sports of the day;  
 No longer in sloth let your senses remain,  
 Untainted the sweets of the morn;  
 Drive slumber away, and make one in our train,  
 To follow the sound of the horn

What music to ours can for sweetness compare,  
 What sports such a pleasure can yield?  
 What scent so refin'd as the new morning air?  
 What prospect so bright as the field?

Let misers for riches each transport forego,  
 'Midst their treasures distress'd and forlorn—  
 We taste ev'ry joy, and forget every woe—  
 So charming the sound of the horn.

'Such pleasures we feel, while from vanity free,  
 Our hours pass contented along;  
 In innocent pastime, in mirth, and in glee,  
 With a hearty repast and a song:  
 Ye mortals, unbias'd by honours and wealth,  
 Those titles that sorrow adorn;

Would you taste the calm joys of contentment and  
 Then follow the sound of the horn. [health,

57

THE sun now peeps o'er yonder hill,  
 In streaks of golden red,  
 For shame get up, nor slumber still,  
 Quit, quit your downy bed.

## CHORUS.

For bark! horn and hound are saluting the day,  
 The fox from his covert is bursting away;  
 O'er mountains he scampers, we'll double our pace,  
 Swift vengeance pursues him and gladdens our chase.

Lose, lose no time, to horse, my boys,  
 Fling off dull drowsy spleen;  
 The neighing sounds, and deep tongu'd noise,  
 Now call us to the green;  
 For bark, horn, &c.,

With rosy health our cheeks.  
 Our nerves with toil be str  
 With tides of joy our blood  
 Who join the hunting thr  
 For bark, horn, &c.,

And when we leave the shout  
 And night has brought us  
 Libations rich the hall shall;  
 Loud mirth shall shake the  
 For bark, horn, &c.

## 58 -

## PRINCIPAL V

OUT of sight are the hou  
 We've lost them to day,  
 We are fairly thrown out,  
 Who will tell us the way?

## RESPONS

If you'll follow up close, we  
 PRINCIPAL V  
 Who, who are such friends to  
 We hear but the voice, but w

## RESPONS

We cannot, we must not disc

## PRINCIPAL V

Are you fairies or goblins that  
 Oh, say who you are, that er

## RESPONS

We are nymphs of the wood, &

## PRINCIPAL V

O'er mountains, thro' founta  
*Diana* and *Ecbo* shall join in t

## GLEE.

Love in yonder valley lie  
 'Wake him not with noi  
 Fir'd with sport, with ac  
 Glad he takes an hour o  
 See, see his quiver by hi  
 Sure to conquer youthfu

'd, and points his dart,  
to save your hearts!

## CATEN.

I sounds of battle cease,  
world it hush'd to peace.—  
Hifford's horrid sound,  
Langor's bursting round,  
trill thunder roar,  
heard from shore to shore.  
The commander sing,  
and last, God save the King.

59

## RECITATIVE.

ora 'gins to rise,  
huddy streaks the skies!  
his beams display,  
and sports away.

## AIR.

A game with hounds and horn,  
ful cry I wake the morn,  
g with her rosy face,  
e glory of the chase.  
rifle stag flies o'er the ground,  
, and dales, and woods resound;  
alth and joy lead on the train,  
he-chase and scour the plain;  
ip "the jovial sportsman cries,  
: stout prey, o'er taken—dies."

60

## RECITATIVE.

o is this that strikes my wond'ring  
th, as hunter in disguise, (eyes)  
rin me from soft pleasure's train,  
peaks in his calv'ning strain.

## AIR.

own's peeping over the hill,  
breaking echoes arise!  
hounds and the hunters loud fill,  
de with their shouts and their cries.

Pursue o'er the mountains your prey,  
Be first of the heart-cheering race,  
All road'd by the coils of the day,  
You'll own the delights of the chase.

A hunter, no more you'll complain;  
No spleen-brooding cares shall ye know,  
A stranger to sickness and pain,  
With life and new vigour you'll glow.  
Then fly from the pleasures that pall,  
That languor most certainly yield,  
But wake to the horn's early call,  
And haste to the sports of the field.

61

HARK, hark, jolly sportsmen, a while to my tale,  
Which to pay your attention, I'm sure cannot fail.  
'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire,  
O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog and briar.  
A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,  
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again;  
Had Nimrod the mightiest of hunters been there,  
Woe to him, he had shook like an aspen for fear.

In seventeen hundred, and forty and four,  
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,  
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,  
We rode 'rom Killmaddy in search of a fox.  
The Laughlin's-town landlord, the bold Owen Brog,  
And 'Squire Adair, sure, was with us that day;  
'Jo Debill, Hall Preston, that huntsman so stout,  
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,  
When Wanton set up a most tuneable roar;  
Hark to Wanton, cried Jo, and the rest were not slack  
For Wanton's no trifle, esteem'd in the pack.  
Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,  
And every hound join'd in the musical din;  
Had Diana been there she'd been pleas'd to the life,  
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Teo



Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day,  
When *Reynard* broke cover, and 'his was his way;  
As strong from *Killegar*, as tho' he could fear none,  
Awake he brush'd round by the house of *Killernan*,  
To *Carrickinus* thence, and to *Cherry wood* then,  
Steep *Shank-bill* he climb'd, and to *Ballymanglen*,  
*Bray Commons* he cross'd, leap'd *Lord Anglesy's* wall,  
And seem'd to say, "Little I value you all."

He ran *Bush's* grove, up to *Carbury Byrn's*,  
To *Debill*, *Hall Preston*, kept leading by turns,  
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,  
Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out,  
To *Malpa's* high hills was the way then he flew,  
At *Dalkeystone Commons* we had him in view,  
He drove on by *Bullock*, through shrub *Glanagery*,  
And so on to *Mountoun* where *Laury* grew weary.

Thro' *Rockestown* wood, like an arrow he pass'd,  
And came to the steep hill of *Dalkey* at last,  
There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,  
And said in his heart, "Sure none dare follow me."  
But soon to his cost, he perceiv'd that that no bounds  
Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mett'd hounds.  
His policy here, did not serve him a rush,  
Five couple of carriers were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore, then again was his drift,  
But e'er he could reach to the top of the clift,  
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,  
Being way-laid, and kill'd by the rest of the pack.  
At his death there were present the lads that I've sung  
Save *Laury*, who riding a garran, was flung.  
Thus ended at length a most delicate chase,  
That lasted us five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to *Kiltruddery's* plentiful board.  
Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my lord;  
We talk'd o'er the chase, and we toasted the health  
Of the man that ne'er varied for places of wealth.  
*Owen Bre*; baulk'd a leap, *Jack*; *Hall Preston*, 'twas odd  
'Twas *Shamelui*, cried *Jack*, by the great living —  
Said *Preston* I halloo'd, "Get on, tho' you fall,  
"Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all."

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,  
For party affairs, we consign'd to the court.  
Thus we finish'd the rest of the day and the  
In gay flowing bumpers and social delight.  
Then till the next meeting, bid farewell each to  
So some they went one way and some went another  
As *Pharbus* befriended our earlier roam,  
So *Luna* took care in conducting us home,

62

THE duskynight rides down the sky,  
And ushers in the morn,  
The hounds all make a jovial cry,  
The huntsman winds his horn,  
Then a hunting let us go.  
Then, &c.

The wife around her husband throws,  
Her arms to make him stay,  
My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,  
You cannot hunt to-day.  
But a hunting, &c.

Th' unceas'd fox like lightning flies,  
His cunning's all awake,  
To gain the race he eager tries,  
His forfeit life the stake.  
When a hunting, &c.

Arous'd e'en *Echo* huntress turns,  
And madly shouts her joy,  
The sportsman's breast in raptures burns,  
The chase can never cloy.  
Then a hunting, &c.

Despairing mark he seeks the tide,  
His art must now prevail,  
Hark! shouts the miscreant's death betide,  
His speed, his cunning fail.  
When a hunting, &c.

For lo! his strength to faintness worn,  
The hounds arrest his flight,  
Then hungry homewards we return,  
To feast away the night.  
Then a drinking, &c.

63  
and the word dismount, dismount,  
led by the sprightly horn,  
and pleasures we recount,  
wreat health-inspiring morn.

chorus.  
ious sport, none e'er did lag,  
ew amiss, nor made a stand;  
all as firmly kept their pace,  
*Assem* been the stag,  
re had hunted by command,  
the goddesses of the chase.  
e had hunted, &c.

s wer: out and sault the air,  
ce had reach'd the appointed spot;  
they heard a layer, a layer,  
sently drew on the flot.  
glorious sport, &c.

'er yonder plain he fleets,  
p-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl;  
note for note repeats,  
rightly horns resound a call.  
glorious sport, &c.

he stag has lost his pace,  
le ware-haunch the huntsman cries;  
swells, tears wet his face,  
s, he struggles, and he dies.  
glorious sport, &c.

64  
BER is the month,  
British brains are added,  
ng's wet and dirty,  
the cattle saddled,  
a hunting we will go:

asure is so excellent,  
hip and cut and spur,  
ific can compare,  
a yelping of a cur.  
en a hunting, &c.

*Assem* was a hunter bold,  
Wore horns upon his pate,  
But we will take our wives with us,  
And so avoid his fate.  
When a hunting, &c.

If in ditch, or bog, or brake,  
Our carcass chance to stick in,  
We're champions all and fight the cause,  
Of gander, goose, and chicken.  
When a hunting, &c.

But if perchance a fox chace,  
Should cost a man his breath,  
We're all militia captains now,  
And who's afraid of death?  
When a hunting, &c.

Then should we break thy *Reynard's* neck,  
In pastime e'ent it merit,  
And if perchance we break our own,  
Why damme e'nt it spirit,  
When a hunting, &c.

But if a Quist won't quit his bed,  
For sports so blithe and bonny,  
We'll swear he hates fatigue and dirt,  
And call him Macaroni,  
When a hunting, &c.

Abuse him for his want of taste,  
Since nothing so bewitches,  
Like spending all the winter long,  
In boots and leather breeches.  
When a hunting, &c.

64  
THE blush of *Aurora* now tinges the morn,  
And dew drops bespangle the sweet-scented thorn;  
Then sound, brother sportsman, sound, sound the  
Till *Phæbus* awakens the day! [gay horn,  
And see now he rises in splendor how bright;  
Lo *Pæan* for *Phæbus*, the God of Delight,  
All glorious in beauty now banishes night,  
Then mount, boys, to horse and away.

What

What nature can equal the joys of the chase,  
Health, merriment and contentment, appear in each face,  
And in our discourse what luxury and glee.

While we are with dog and quarry;

At the very first tremendous shout cry of the hounds,  
Struck by the joy we feel when the hounds maintain  
And the deer bounding before us in the ground,

For this, boys, we long have in vain.

When cheer and merriment, in life,  
Our wishes we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine  
And revel in merriment as *Miner of Albion*,

That nature, in merriment of merriment;

Our games then change to merriment and  
Love and luxury we'll do to and jovially  
Withing health and luxury, still we stand

To the pleasures and joys of the game.

## A COLLECTION of SONGS for the LAD

### SONG 1.

**I**n this hour that merriment,  
I am now wishing for my dear;  
Hark, I hear the welcome feet,  
Till we drop chamber door.

To the best bewitching tune,  
True to love's appointed hour,  
Joy and merriment shall arise again,  
Love I am thy singing power.

**To** be like him, from youth to youth,  
To merriment like the best;  
To be at merriment and merriment,  
Is not enough for me;  
Merriment merriment waits my breath,  
I wish the merriment flow,  
Where merriment give me peace and rest,  
One merriment to the merriment.  
To every youth I'll not be gay;  
Nor to be as all my power;  
Nor merriment merriment merriment,  
Merriment merriment merriment.

I would not wish the general tool  
Be proud to be all the town;  
A thousand merriments as we are told  
I'll have but only one.

For which of all the dancing men  
Who come at merriment's fire,  
When youth's gay charms are in  
Will come their love decline.  
Then love and merriment and merriment  
Your love will never be;  
For some time you'll think me my  
Love's merriment's merriment merriment.

My little heart shall love a heart  
A merriment merriment's merriment;  
My merriment merriment shall make me  
From merriment I am not least;  
With love and merriment that merriment  
What merriment merriment I am,  
Forever, we merriment merriment  
For me a merriment merriment.

## — 3 —

ang studied my heart to obtain,  
 ng shepherd that pipes on the plain;  
 take, then declare 'twasamiss,  
 y no, when I long'd to say yes.  
 &c.

ay to our cottage he came,  
 o lambkins to witness his flame;  
 he cried, thou more fair than their  
 r notho' asham'd to say yes. [Recede,  
 &c.

orning we sat in the grove,  
 and hard, and in sighs breath'd his  
 sh'd, if I'd grant him a kiss, [love,  
 said no, but mistook and said yes.

ith delight, his heart danc'd in his  
*Chloe* will now make me blest [breast  
 ie church, and share conjugal bliss,  
 g teiz'd, I was forc'd to say yes.  
 &c.

cas'd with a word in my life,  
 appy as since I'm a wife;  
 young damsels, my counsel in this,  
 e old maids if you will not say yes.  
 die, &c.

## — 4 —

ay speak pleasure,  
 without measure,  
 my bosom lies still,  
 it is flowing,  
 ever going,  
 asleep in his mill.  
 e surround me,  
 e confound me,  
 my bosom lies still,  
 it is flowing,  
 ever going,  
 asleep in his mill.

The little god eyes me,  
 And thinks to surprize me,  
 But my heart is awake in my breast,  
 Thus boys slyly creeping,  
 Would catch a bird sleeping,  
 But the linner's awake in his nest.

**T**HIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd  
 You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;  
 In vain against merit and *Cymon* I strove,  
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love,  
 Sweet passion, sweet passion, sweet passion of love.  
 The frost nips the buds and the rose cannot blow,  
 From youth that is frost-nipt no rapture can flow,  
*Elysium* to him but a desert will prove,  
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.  
 The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,  
 Her birds and her flow'rets make blithsome sweet  
 Love blesses the cottage & sings thro' the grove [May;  
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

**O** *Sandy*, why leav'st thou thy *Nelly* to mourn,  
 Thy presence could ease me,  
 When naithing can please me,  
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the bourn,  
 Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return,  
 Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,  
 While I at rocks are finging,  
 And primroses springing,  
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,  
 When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.  
 That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,  
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,  
 Baith ev'ning and morning,  
 Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,  
 When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.  
 Then stay, my dear *Sandy*, no longer away,  
 But quick as an arrow,  
 Haste here to thy marrow,  
 Who's living in languor till that happy day,  
 When thro' the wood, laddie, we dance, sing & play.

7

**F**ORGIVE, ye fair, nor take it wrong,

If aught too much I do ;  
Permit me while I sing my song,  
To give a lesson too :

Let modesty, that heaven born maid,  
Your words and actions grace ;  
'Tis this, and only this can add,  
New lustre to your face.

'Tis this which paints the virgins cheeks  
Beyond the power of art ;  
And ev'ry real blush bespeaks,  
The goodness of the heart ;

This index of the virtuous mind  
Your lovers will adore ;  
This, this will leave a charm behind,  
When bloom can charm no more.

Inspir'd by this, to idle men  
With nice reserve behave ;  
And learn by distance to maintain,  
The power your beauty gave :  
For this when beauty must decay,  
Your empire will protect ;  
The wanton pleases for a day,  
But ne'er creates respect.

With this, their silly jest reprove,  
When coxcombs dare intrude ;  
Nor think the man is worth your love,  
Who ventures to be rude ;  
Your charms, when cheap, will ever pall,  
They sully with a touch ;  
And tho' you mean to grant not all,  
You often grant too much.

But, patient let each virtuous fair,  
Expect the generous youth ;  
Whom heaven has doom'd her heart to hate,  
And bless with love and truth :  
For him alone reserve her hands,  
And wait the happy day ;  
*When he with justice may command,*  
*And she with joy obey,*

8

**W**HAT harm in so simple a token of  
I cull'd him the prime of the garden and  
He wore it fresh blooming and glittering  
Yet *Lucy's* neglected, and *William's* untru

Can smiles and soft accents derision convey  
No mischief so subtle, so fatal as they ;  
He brags of the prize in each meadow and  
And declares how he pities the helpless pri

In my quick mounting blushes the virgin  
What my truth-tutor's mind is too frank  
And the gold-hearted prudes, ah how wary  
The maiden whom frankness alone has u

Your thoughts then, dear sisters, with caution  
The soft growing passion be slow to reveal  
Distrust the vain shepherd whose temper  
That granting a whisper is granting too m

9

**O** Happy hour all hours excelling,  
When retired from crouds and noise :  
Happy is that silent dwelling,  
Fill'd with self-possessing joys.

Happy that contented creature,  
Who with fewest things is pleas'd ;  
And consults the voice of nature,  
When of raving fancy eas'd.

Ev'ry action wisely moving,  
Just as reason turns the scale ;  
Ev'ry scene of life improving,  
That no anxious thoughts prevail.

10

**S**INCE wedlock's in-vogue, and stale  
To all batchelors, greeting, these lines are  
I'm a maid that would marry ; ah ! could  
(I care not for fortune) a man to my min  
I care not for fortune, &c.

tr'd sop, fond of fashion & dress;  
 o can relish no joys but the chase;  
 ing rake, who no mortal can bind;  
 nor t'other's the man to my mind.  
 c.

lot, who topos world without end;  
 can't relish his bottle and friend;  
 co fond, nor yet he that's unkind;  
 nor t'other's the man to my mind.  
 c.

ull bags, & no breeding or merit;  
 e all fury, without any spirit;  
 rribble, the scorn of mankind;  
 nor t'other's the man to my mind.  
 c.

n good sense & good nature inspire  
 ist esteem & the fair should admire  
 & truth are with honor conjoin'd  
 other's the man to my mind.

— 11 —

conquest yield,  
 om the field,  
 'ring arms,  
 varrior charms.

head surrounding,  
 the wind,  
 umpet founding,  
 :ert join'd.

— 12 —

words my flame reveal,  
 men bid me tell,  
 ions prove;  
 meet his eye,  
 s name, a sigh  
 t love.

In all their sports upon the plain,  
 My eyes still fix'd on him remain,  
 And him slope approve;  
 The rest unheeded dance and play,  
 From all he steals my praise away,  
 And can he doubt my love.

When'er we meet my looks confess  
 The joys which all my soul possess,  
 And ev'ry care remove;  
 Still, still, too short appears his stay,  
 The moments fly too fast away,  
 Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in *Damon's* praise,  
 So pleas'd I am with all he says,  
 I ev'ry word approve;  
 But is he blam'd, altho' in jest,  
 I feel resentment fire my breast,  
 Alas! because I love.

But oh! what tortures tear my heart,  
 When I suspect his looks impart  
 The least desire to rove;  
 I hate the maid that gives me pain,  
 Yet him to hate I strive in vain,  
 For ah! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read my eyes,  
 Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,  
 My passion these will prove;  
 Words oft deceive and spring from art,  
 The true expression of my heart  
 To *Damon* must be love.

— 13 —

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,  
 And birds were singing on each spray,  
 When *Colin* met me in the grove,  
 And told me tender tales of love:  
 Was ever swain so blythe as he,  
 So kind, so faithful, and so free,  
 In spite of all my friends could say,  
 Young *Colin* stole my heart away.

Whene'er he trips the meads along,  
He sweetly joins the wood-lark's song;  
And when he dances on the green,  
There's none so blithe as *Colin* seen:  
If he's but by I nothing fear,  
For I alone am all his care;  
Then spite of all my friends can say,  
He's stole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,  
And seems surpris'd I quit my home;  
But she'd not wonder that I rove,  
Did she but feel how much I love:  
Full well I know the gen'rous swain  
Will never give my bosom pain;  
Then spite of all my friends can say,  
He's stole my tender heart away.

14  
To please me the more, & to change the dull scene,  
My swain took me oft to the sports on the green;  
And to ev'ry fine sight would he tempt me to roam,  
For he fear'd lest my heart should grow tired of home.

To yield to my shepherd, so fond and so kind,  
I left my dear cot and true pleasures behind;  
And oft as I went saw 'twas folly to roam.  
For false all the joy was that grew not at home.

To flirt, to be prais'd, was to me no delight,  
I sigh'd for no swain with my own in my sight;  
Then how could I wish all abroad thus to roam,  
When love and contentment were always at home?

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there too  
I'm blest as I can be, and sing my glad song; [long,  
I ask not again in the woodlands to roam,  
Nor chafe to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs, and ye shepherds, so frolic and gay,  
Who in roving now flutter your moments away;  
Believe it, my aim shall be never to roam,  
But to live my life thro', and be happy at home.

15  
*Since they saw me alone with a swain in the grove,  
Each tongue in the village proclaims I'm in love;*

With a laugh they point at us as passing along  
And *Colin* and *Nell* are their jest and their song

Suspicion long whisper'd it o'er the green,  
But Scandal now tells what she never has seen  
Wherever we wander, yet faster she flies,  
What we do, or we say she reflects with her eyes  
How we trip all by moonlight to love-haunted haunts  
How we toy and we kiss at the sweet gilded hours  
All this, and yet more, if she will she may say  
For we meet without crime, & we part without

I own that I love him, he's so to my mind,  
And waits with impatience till fortune's more kind  
I still will love on till our fate's to be blest,  
And the talk may be louder it shan't break on  
Let malice her tongue and her eyes all employ  
And envy do all to embitter our joy;  
The time that is coming shall soften the past  
And crown the gay nymph and her *Colin* at last

16  
How blithe was I each morn to see,  
My swain come o'er the hill!

He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;

I met him with good will:  
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb.

When his flocks near me lay?  
He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
And cheer'd me all the day.

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,  
Where lost was my repose;

I wish I was with my dear swain,  
With his pipe and my ewe.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,  
The birds stood list'ning by;

The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,  
Charm'd with his melody:

While thus we spent our time, by turns,  
Betwixt our flocks and play,

I envy'd not the fairest dame,  
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

Oh, the broom, &c.

me ev'ry hour;  
 at faithful be?  
 heart; cou'd I refuse  
 he ask'd of me?  
 hat I must banish'd be,  
 ily and mourn,  
 'd the kindest swain  
 yet was born,  
 broom, &c.

17  
 O gentle sleep, alone  
 ill our peace;  
 joys are heighten'd shown,  
 ar sorrows cease.

whose hand by fraud or force  
 nt has possess'd,  
 ining a divorce,  
 'n choice is bless'd.

*Arpasia* bids thee stay,  
 weeping fair  
 ce not to lose, in day,  
 ft of her care.

lose pleasing form the sought,  
 tion chas'd her sleep:  
 rselfes are oft'nest wrought,  
 fs for which we weep.

18  
 lover: for favours petition,  
 n they approach with respect;  
 n our hearts they've admission,  
 at us with scorn and neglect.  
 ous ever to try them,  
 are men to deceive;  
 much safer to fly them,  
 ue maids to believe.

why art thou pursuing  
 dless' designs on my heart,  
 ne so fond of my ruin,  
 t on the cause of my smart?

In vain do I strive to remove him;  
 Affliction to reason is blind;  
 In spite of his failings I love him;  
 He's charming, tho' false and unkind.

19  
 GENTLE youth, oh! tell me why,  
 Still you force me thus to fly;  
 Cease, oh! cease to persevere,  
 Speak not what I must not hear;  
 To my heart its ease restore,  
 Go, and never see me more.

20  
 WHEN unrelenting fates ordain  
 That lovers ne'er shou'd meet again,  
 What object round can joy impart,  
 Or wean from woe the bleeding heart!  
 In shades and silent scenes we find  
 The only joy that soothes the mind;  
 There, uncontroul'd, fond thoughts may rove,  
 And back recall the hours of love.

But, ah! when balmy hope is fled,  
 To pleasure's voice the heart is dead;  
 Then mem'ry only wakes to shew  
 How deep the wretch is sunk in woe.  
 The sailor thus, who, far from shore,  
 Hears all night long the tempest roar,  
 Soon as the morning lights the skies,  
 Beholds his vessel bulge—and dies.

21  
 THE spring newly dawning invites ev'ry flow'r  
 To blossom again on the mead or the bow'r;  
 Tho' sports on the plain the young shepherds prepare,  
 To me they're unpleasing if *Jocky's* not there.  
 Tho' sports, &c.

Let winter its horrors spread wide o'er the scene,  
 And nought but its gloom on each object be seen;  
 To me e'en a desert seems lovely and fair,  
 If fortune decrees that my *Jocky* is there.  
 Tho' sports, &c.



22

**DEFEND** my heart, ye virgin pow'rs,  
From am'rous looks and smiles;  
And shield me, in my gayer hours,  
From love's destructive wiles:  
In vain let sighs and weeping tears  
Employ their moving art,  
Nor may delusive oaths and pray'rs  
E'er triumph in my heart.

My calm content and virtuous joys  
May envy ne'er molest,  
Nor let ambitious thoughts arise  
Within my peaceful breast;  
Yet may there such a decent state,  
Such unaffected pride,  
As love and awe at once create,  
My words and actions guide.

Let others, fond of empty praise,  
Each wanton art display,  
While fops and fools in raptures gaze,  
And sigh their souls away:  
Far other dictates I pursue,  
(My bliss in virtue plac'd)  
And seek to please the wiser few,  
Who real worth can taste.

23

**TOO** late for redress, and too soon for my ease,  
I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd I could please;  
Reflection stood still, while I fancy'd your eyes  
Read the language of mine, and reply'd to my sighs:  
Thus cheated by hope I unheeded went on,  
And judg'd of your heart by the throbs of my own:  
Delusive fond hope seem'd, alas! to persuade,  
That friendship, that kindness, with love was repaid.  
But, alas! all is chang'd, and with anguish I find  
Words and looks prove but civil, which once I thought  
Idea no longer its succour will lend, [kind;  
*To form the fond lover, or fix the firm friend:*  
*Then hush my poor heart, and no longer complain,*  
*honour, thy virtue, pronounce it is vain;*

Thy thoughts swell to crimes; drive this love from  
Perform well thy duty, let fate do the rest. [1

24

**GENTEEL** is my *Demon*, engaging his air  
And his face, like the morn, is both ruddy and  
No vanity sways him, no folly is seen;  
But open's his temper, and noble's his mien.

With prudence illumin'd his actions appear;  
His passions are calm, and his judgment is clear  
Soft love sits enthron'd in the beams of his eye  
He is manly, yet tender; he's fond, yet he's

He's young and good-humour'd; he's gen'rous  
And his voice can, like music, drive sorrow  
An amiable softness still dwells on his speech  
He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me as long as I live,  
And his heart is too honest to let him deceive  
Then blame me, ye virgins, if justly ye can  
Since merit and fondness distinguish the man.

25

**CEASE**, gay seducers, pride to take  
In triumphs o'er the fair,  
Since clowns as well can act the rake  
As those in higher sphere.

Where then, to shun a shameful fate,  
Shall hapless beauty go?  
In ev'ry station, ev'ry state,  
Poor woman finds a foe.

26

**HOW** blest the maid whose bosom  
No headstrong passion knows!

Her days in joy she passes,  
Her nights in soft repose:  
Where'er her fancy leads her,  
No pain, no fear invades her;  
But pleasure  
Without measure

From ev'ry object flows,

27

woods, ye chrystal streams,  
enamell'd side  
in's refreshing beams,  
by was my guide.

r shades or murmurs please  
r's love-sick mind;  
ies can give me ease,  
y proves unkind.

y eve, and veil the sky  
ds of darkest hue;  
lants; ye flow'rets die,  
with balmy dew.

rbbling birds, no more  
can soothe my mind;  
joy, alas! are o'er,  
y proves unkind:

some dreary grove,  
sorrow made,  
it but plaintive strains of love  
ere' every shade.

d turtle's melting grief,  
bma's join'd,  
ield my heart relief,  
y proves unkind.

Sylvia's fate, ye maids,  
the soft deceit;  
own eloquence persuades,  
dangerous cheat.

fly, the faithless swain,  
l arts despise;  
live exempt from pain,  
less Sylvia dies.

28

wound a lover,  
h more to give him ease,  
fion we discover,  
pleasing 'tis to please!

The bliss returns, and we receive  
Transports greater than we give.

[Da Capo.]

29

MY heart's my own, my will is free,  
And so shall be my voice;  
No mortal man shall wed with me,  
"Till first he's made my choice,  
Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,  
And children still obey;  
And is there then no saving clause,  
Against tyrannic sway?

30

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,  
And banishes despair;  
If yet my dearest *Damon* lives,  
Make him, ye gods, your care.  
Dispel those gloomy shades of night,  
My tender grief remove;  
Oh; lead some cheering ray of light,  
And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,  
The pensive *Celia* mourn'd,  
While courteous echo lent her aid,  
And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, *Damon's* well-known face  
Each rising fear disarms;  
He eager springs to her embrace,  
She sinks into his arms.

31

GENTLE *Damon* cease to woo me,  
'Tis in vain you thus pursue me,  
Sighs and tears cannot subdue me,  
Nor can change my constant heart;  
Young *Philander's* generous passion,  
Taught me first soft inclination,  
Never shall your sly persuasion,  
Make me act a treacherous part.  
Gentle *Damon*, &c.

Cease, O cease, then this complaining,  
Such perfidious arts disdaining,  
Let bright honour once more reigning,

To your soul its rays impart,  
Gentle *Damon*, &c.

32  
LET the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the swain  
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;  
For his rage, not his love, in his frenzy is shown,  
And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.  
But the shepherd whom *Cupid* has pierc'd to the heart  
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in thy smart;  
Or in plaintive soft murmurs his bosom-felt woe,  
Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers will flow.  
Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,  
And his heart own your sway with a tribute of sighs  
But when he accosts me in meadow or grove,  
His tale is so tender, he coos like a dove.

35  
WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like  
So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee; [me?  
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er  
A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;  
'Twas this Sir, and that Sir, but scarce ever nay:  
And Sundays, dress'd out in my silk and my lace,  
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man!  
Well rest him; we all are as good as we can;  
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,  
And jealous, tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me and huff'd me, but let me alone,  
Egad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own,  
Ye wives take the hint and when spouse is untow'rd  
Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, and more to my woe;  
*I'm not what I was forty summers ago:*  
*This Time's a sore foe; there's no shunning his dart*  
*However, I keep up a pretty good heart.*

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-cham  
I still love a tune, though unable to dance;  
And, books of devotion laid by on my shelf,  
I teach that to others I once did myself.

34  
HOW happy were my days till now!  
I ne'er did sorrow feel;  
With joy I rose to milk my cow,  
Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,  
Like any bird I sung,  
Till he pretended love, and I  
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O the fool! the silly, silly fool,  
That trusts what man may be!  
I with I was a maid again,  
And in my own country.

35  
BENEATH a fragrant myrtle shade,  
One morn serene bright *Delia* laid,  
On mossy couch reclin'd;  
By turns she view'd the sun and sky,  
The purling stream that murmur'd by,  
And through the meadows wind.

The tuneful choir their voices raise,  
And chant their sweet melodious lays,  
Soft warbling strains of love,  
The fleecy flocks in blithsome round,  
Skip wanton o'er th'enamel'd ground,  
And sport along the grove.

Thrice happy state, the fair one cried,  
Secure from envy, scorn, and pride!  
He-e love shall ever reign;  
Come *Damon* take my willing hand,  
Thy *Delia* yields to *Hymen's* band,  
And sighs to bless her swain.

Oh! leave yon gaudy train behind,  
Give state and grandeur to the wind;  
Exclude gay pomp and noise,

my hand and nearer drew,  
 ntly chid my pride;  
 ly did the shepherd woo,  
 d to be his bride.  
 bonny bonny *Jamie O*, &c.

## 43

N first you woo'd me to comply,  
 aught my heart to flutter,  
 you ne'er wou'd from me fly,  
 in as tongue could utter.  
 'd be every thing that's dear,  
 you'd not bereave me;  
 hope, and nought to fear;  
 sure you will not leave me.

o wickedly inclin'd,  
 it abuse the leasure;  
 who would be fond and kind,  
 hink attendance pleasure,  
 honour will be true,  
 ever once deceive ye;  
 ust to plighted love I'll do,  
 sure you will not leave me.

the word, you will not go,  
 uel let me find ye;  
 all risk and toil I'll know,  
 anot stay behind ye.

on *Tweed's* or *Thames'* smooth side,  
 bsence sure would grieve me;  
 a pain it is to chide;  
 ure you will not leave me.

## 44

*Cupid*, why distress me,  
 with sighs my bosom fill?  
 nd urchin, to impress me,  
 my fluttering heart lie still.

not to pine and languish  
 'till and sickle swain;  
 ampling o'er my amorph,  
 me thus to grief and pain.

Virgins be not too believing,  
 Shun the vile inconstant sex,  
 Man was born to be deceiving,  
 And weak woman to perplex.

## 45

WHEN larks forsake the flow'ry plain,  
 And love's sweet numbers swell;  
 My voice shall join their morning strain,  
 In praise of *Florizel*.

When woodbines twist their fragrant shade,  
 And noon-tide beams repel,  
 I'll rest me on the tufted mead,  
 And sing of *Florizel*.

When moon beams dance among the boughs,  
 That lodge sweet *Philomel*,  
 I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,  
 And sing of *Florizel*.

Were mine, ye great, your envy'd lot  
 In gilded courts to dwell;  
 I'd leave them for a lonely cot  
 With love and *Florizel*.

## 46

YE chrystal fountains softly flow;  
 Ye gentle gales, ah! cease to blow,  
 For *Damon* rests in yonder grove,  
 And dreams, perhaps, of me and love!  
 Propitious powers! grant him that rest  
 Which seldom visits this fond breast;  
 Still, still ye gales, around him rise,  
 With breath as soft as *Emma's* sighs!

Around my love, ye v'lets spring!  
 In plaintive notes, ye warblers sing!  
 Ye roses blossom o'er his head  
 And sweetly scent his mossy bed!

And if, O Love, thy potent dart  
 Should reach the sleeping *Shepherd's* heart,  
 O! be to him a gentler guest,  
 And pierce with lighter shafts his breast!

47  
**W**ERE I as poor as wretch can be,  
 As great as any monarch he,  
 Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,  
 I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, (I ask not wealth)  
 Grant me but innocence and health;  
 Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?  
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

48  
**I**N the bloom of her youth shall it ever be said,  
 That a lass so engaging e'er died an old maid?  
 Oh no!—I'm determin'd to get me a mate,  
 For wedlock, I'm told's an agreeable state;  
 For wedlock, &c.

Of suitors, I'm sure, I've at least, half a score,  
 Who swear that they love me, and sigh and adore;  
 Dull cits, country 'squires, prating barristers, beaux,  
 But, I needs must confess, that I like none of those.

I'm a bale of rich goods, so the citizens swore,  
 And look ten *per cent.* better each day than before:  
 The 'squire, with a kiss, hawls to cover, cries zounds,  
 That he fancies me more than a kennel of hounds.

The lawyer, his suit too, with modesty press'd,  
 That for him I'd decree, and eject all the rest;  
 While the beau talks of nothing but fashion & cloaths  
 Can ye blame me, ye fair, if I like none of those?

Some friends would persuade me to marry a fool,  
 For women, they say, are desirous to rule;  
 But as that is a pow'r which I ne'er wish to use,  
 I'll tell you what sort of a man I would chuse:

A youth with some sense and good nature combin'd  
 Just too learn'd for a dunce, not too wise to be kind:  
 When I'm wrong with good humor to check & oppose  
 Why I needs must confess I should like one of those.

49  
**A**LL on the pleasant banks of Tweed  
 Young Jocky won my heart;  
 None tan'd so sweet his eyes read,  
 None sung with so much art,

His kissful tale  
 Did soon prevail,  
 To make me fondly love him;  
 But now he flies,  
 Nor hears my cries,  
 I would I ne'er had seen him.  
 When first we met, the bonny swain  
 Of nought but love could say:  
 Oh! give, he cried, my heart again,  
 You've stole my heart away;

Or else incline,  
 To give me thine,  
 And I'll together join 'em,  
 My faithful heart  
 Will never part,  
 Ah! why did I believe him.

Not now my slighted face he knows,  
 His soon forgotten dear;  
 To wealthier lasses e'er joy'd he goes,  
 To breathe his falsehood there;

Mistaken Kate,  
 The swain's a cheat,  
 Not for a moment trust him;  
 For shining gold,  
 He's bought and sold;

I would I had not seen him.  
 Then all ye maidens fly the swain,  
 His wily stories shun;  
 Else you like me must soon complain,  
 Like me will be undone;

But peace my breast,  
 Nor break my rest;  
 I try clean to forget him;  
 I soon shall see

As good as he;  
 I wish I ne'er had seen him.

50  
**T**'OTHER day, as I sat in the sycamore  
 Young Dama came whistling along,  
 I trembled, I blush'd—a poor innocent  
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue

cry'd, he! what a flutter is here!  
 you designs you no ill;  
 so so civil, you've nothing to fear,  
 ee, fond urchin, he still.

we near, and knelt down at my feet,  
 demanded, no more;  
 soft pressure with ardour so sweet,  
 begrudge him a score:  
 I've kiss'd, and no change ever found;  
 as we play'd on the hill;  
 dear lips made my heart to rebound,  
 the fond urchin lie still.

blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade  
 I'm sure to repair;  
 in faith, I'm no longer afraid,  
 dear shepherd be there:  
 kiss that with freedom he takes,  
 may rebound if it will;  
 thing so sweet in the bustle it makes,  
 I bid it lie still.

51  
 ir, you seem mighty uneasy,  
 ifusal can bear;  
 all not run crazy,  
 a fit of despair.

ose, you're mistaken;  
 or to let you to know,  
 a maiden forsaken,  
 two strings to my bow.

52  
 le foolish, fluttering thing,  
 whether would you wing  
 our airy flight?  
 and sing  
 our mistress to delight.  
 o, no,  
 Robin, you shall not go.  
 you wanton, could you be  
 happy as with me.

53  
**REMEMBER,** *Damon*, you did tell,  
 In chastity you lov'd me well,  
 But now, alas! I am undone,  
 And here am left to make my moan:  
 To doleful shades I will remove,  
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love;  
 Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen  
 In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,  
 Such soft persuasive language hung,  
 That when his words had silence broke,  
 You would have thought an angel spoke,  
 Too happy nymph, whoe'er she be,  
 That now enjoys my charming he;  
 For oh! I fear it to my cost,  
 She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flow'r on earth,  
 A snake may hide, or take it's birth;  
 So his false-breast conceal it did  
 His heart the snake that there lay hid.  
 'Tis false to say we happy are,  
 Since men delight thus to ensnare;  
 In man no woman can be blest,  
 Their vows are wind, their love a jest.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,  
 Send me my *Damon*, or relief;  
 Return the wild delicious boy,  
 Whom once I thought my spring of joy:  
 But whilst I'm begging of the bliss,  
 Methinks I hear you answer this;  
 When *Damon* has enjoy'd he flies,  
 Who sees him love, who loves him dies.

54  
**WHEN** late a simple rustic lass,  
 I lov'd without constraint,  
 A stream was all my looking glass,  
 And health my only paint.

The charms I best, alas! how few,  
I gave to nature's care;  
As vice and error spoil'd their native hue,  
They could not want repair.

IN all mankind's promiscuous race,  
The lot of crime urge their chase,  
The woe that is to part;  
And such is country and its town,  
The various character, all and crown,  
Should something new.

The poor find from nature take,  
And what is made more they make.  
Rich men must be true;  
How therefore shall we find a cure,  
To give us something new, or old,  
To give us something new.

There is a certain sort of grace,  
As one thing is made or made,  
The other is a certain sort of grace.

The nature of the day is simple,  
No more than that we live and die,  
And so we something new.

We are all the several church,  
Is no more than a church,  
There is a certain sort of grace,  
And so we something new,  
And so we something new.

SO, PITY, PITY, PITY, PITY,  
Think no more of you, I say;  
Think no more of you, I say;  
Think no more of you, I say.

The world is full of you, I say;  
Think no more of you, I say;  
Think no more of you, I say;  
Think no more of you, I say.

Think no more of you, I say;  
Think no more of you, I say;  
Think no more of you, I say;  
Think no more of you, I say.

Chase where'er your fancy leads you,  
Let *Coleridge* but alone.  
Simple *Scaphin*, &c.

WHILE on my *Coleridge*'s knee I sit,  
Let'd by thy voice, charm'd with thy wit,  
My panting heart true measure beats,  
And gladly every sigh repeats;  
I fight with joy, that thou may'st see  
I sympathize in all—in all with thee.

No matter how the ice was broke,  
Or whether you or I first spoke;  
Who only *Coleridge* love for love,  
The niceness of the passion prove:  
For oft in gratitude we give,  
And sometimes generously receive.

Let's be true, let's neither try  
To fix impermanence;  
Since all the kind, the fond craft,  
Of whether you or I have left,  
Like headless knocking a wrong key,  
But are the dream or harmony.

BY the light you may discover  
What the waters touch my heart;  
Does not speak and tell each other  
What the tongue cannot impart.

Nothing home within revealing  
Thoughts your head may disapprove;  
But to have and not concealing  
When we say, *dear* love. [DaC

Tell me, *Coleridge*, have you seen,  
Lately waving o'er the green,  
See the *Coleridge* a new joy,  
And the *Coleridge* a new joy?  
And the *Coleridge* a new joy?  
And the *Coleridge* a new joy?  
And the *Coleridge* a new joy?  
And the *Coleridge* a new joy?

the god you'll know,  
 Under hangs a bow,  
 Fraught with darts,  
 O human hearts;  
 Ked, little, blind,  
 'ph o'er the mind.

Tell me, lassie, &c.

lightning's wound,  
 g arrow found,  
 som'd heart it pains,  
 dark remains;  
 id itself is broke  
 pected stroke.

Tell me, lassie, &c.

n's seen to lie  
 e sunny eye,  
 d prey he seeks  
 n's rosy cheeks;  
 s, or curling hair,  
 is pleasing snare.

Tell me, lassie, &c.

ecess reveal:  
 d himself conceals,  
 eceive this night  
 ro is her heart's delight;  
 her bring the boy,  
 : love's sweetest joy.

Tell me, lassie, &c.

— 60 —  
 orted by *Scrymgeour*, what pains then he  
 n my charms to resist; { took,  
 a angel he saw in my look,  
 ore I was something divine.

a beauty, like *Juno* in gait,  
 s most wonderful wife;  
 hree deities fairly in prate,  
 'd, to please me, the skies.

as marry'd, more trouble he found  
 ne a woman again;  
 celestial so much did abound,  
 delo I still would remain.

But finding that his adoration would cease,  
 My senses at last were restor'd;  
 From sublimity gently descending to peace,  
 I begg'd to be lov'd, not ador'd.

Be cautious, ye youths, with the nymph that you  
 Nor too much her beauty commend;  
 When once you have rais'd the fair maid to the skies,  
 To the earth she'll not easily descend.

— 61 —  
**A** THOUSAND charms the lover sees  
 In her he loves, while bolts and keys  
 Keep two fond hearts asunder;  
 But soon, each envious bar remov'd,  
 His passion cools, and why he lov'd,  
 Is now his cause of wonder.

My heart is your's, you know my mind,  
 In vain to answer nay;  
 But will you be for ever kind,  
 For ever and a day?

Your constancy, my dearest hope,  
 And fortune left; should I elope,  
 From parents unrelenting;  
 Ah, say I if, then, your darling care?  
 Or would you court some wealthy fair,  
 Your love to me repenting?

My heart is your's, &c.

Your faith, if proof to female wiles,  
 And beauty's sweet alluring smiles,  
 You'll never play the rover;  
 Nor I of cold neglect accuse,  
 Or in the lordly husband lose,  
 The fond and tender lover.

My heart is your's, &c.

— 62 —  
**MY** *Jockey* is the blithest lad  
 That ever maiden woo'd;  
 When he appears, my heart is glad,  
 For he is kind and good.  
 He talks of love whenever we meet,  
 His words with rapture flow;



Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,  
I have no pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,  
And flies to me alone;  
At ev'ry fair, and all the wakes,  
I hear them making moan:  
He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,  
And ribbands for my hair;  
No swain was ever half so true,  
Or half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go I nothing fear  
If *Jockey* is but by,  
For I alone am all his care  
When any danger's nigh.  
He vows to wed next *Whitfunday*,  
And make me blest for life;  
Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,  
To be young *Jockey's* wife?

YE Zephyrs come flutter and play,  
To life wake my fond drooping breast;  
Who can bear all this fever of day,  
And taste neither pleasure or rest?  
Then panting and dying, I'll fly from the hours,  
And hie to the streams, and to sweet shady bowers.

The toils of the field are all o'er;  
The shepherd and sheep all retreat;  
They think of their pasture no more,  
But crowd to their shelter from heat.  
All panting, &c.

Then welcome thou dear leafy grove,  
Where *Sol* cannot peep with a ray;  
Mong woodbines and myrtles I'd rove,  
Alone were the moments away.

Then panting, &c.

Then *Strepbon*, O come thou not nigh!  
Thy sight I'm not able to bear,  
In vain from *Sol's* fury I fly,  
If love and thou follow me here.

Then panting alone let me fly, &c.

THE lowland lads think they are fine,  
But O they're vain, and idly gaudy;  
How much unlike the graceful mein,  
And manly looks of my highland laddie,  
O my bonny highland laddie,  
My handsome charming highland laddie;  
May heaven fill guard, and love reward,  
The lowland lass and her highland laddie.  
If I were free at will to chuse  
To be the wealthiest lowland lady,  
I'd take young *Donald* in his trews,  
With bonnet blue and belted plaidie;  
No greater joy I'll e'er pretend  
Than that his love prove true and steady,  
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end  
While heaven preserves my highland laddie,  
O my bonny, &c.

MY father and mother for ever they chide,  
Because I young *Colin* approve:  
Tho' witty and manly they him can't abide,  
But I'm alone guided by love.  
My father, I warrant, when at *Colin's* age,  
No doubt but pursu'd the same plan;  
My mother, 'tis certain, took care to engage  
At once to make sure of her man.  
And why should not I the same maxim pursue  
I wonder she angry can be,  
When in my turn the same thing but do,  
As she has long done before me.  
But first when the shepherd my favour addrest  
Like others I threw o'er a veil,  
He'd sigh, and he'd kiss, when so closely hep  
I cou'd not but hear his fond tale.  
I candidly own, whene'er the youth's by,  
I've all I can wish in my view;  
Nor will I, like other coy maids, pish and sc  
The deuce shall take me if I do.  
Cool streams to the heart, nor flowers to the  
Such pleasure they each cannot gain,

As lov'd presents is always to me,  
 He's the pride of the plain.  
 He should show all the arts of his sex,  
 If like as others might prove,  
 I not my mind by half so perplex,  
 Knowing none else worth my love.  
 Ought I will banish, lay fifty to ten  
 Licence he soon will procure;  
 You will say, well, and prithce what then?  
 To him, my dear, to be sure.

66  
 Still so young, and scarce fifteen;  
 Weathered I have plenty;  
 More forward I had been,  
 As they had been twenty.  
 Buzzing flies, or wasps with stings,  
 Run they hover round me;  
 Away those humming things,  
 Have no power to wound me.

Am not much to blame  
 Out with one and t'other,  
 As raise no reddish shame,  
 Laying with one's brother.  
 Hear what each can say,  
 What they'd be doing;  
 As they think me most their prey,  
 Or that off from ruin.

Ho' in crowds I pass the day,  
 If my joy is teasing,  
 Alone I'd not be gay,  
 As should be too pleasing.  
 Fly flatter here and there,  
 Like their idle station;  
 Catch my eye and ear,  
 If no palpitation.

Come Harry, Tom, and Phil,  
 Numbers won't alarm me,  
 Me, I'm in safety still,  
 No one can hurt me.  
 His folly, nymphs, be kind,  
 Sing's but a season;

When older grown, to one resign'd,  
 I'll yield to love and reason.

67  
 No woman her envy can smother,  
 Tho' never so vain of her charms;  
 If a beauty she spies in another,  
 The pride of her heart it alarms.  
 New conquests she still must be making,  
 Or fancies her power grows less;  
 Her poor little Heart is still aching  
 At sight of another's success.  
 But nature design'd, in love to mankind,  
 That different beauties should move,  
 Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever should resign  
 Sole monarch in empire of love.  
 Then learn to be wise, new triumphs despise,  
 And leave to your neighbours their due;  
 If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,  
 You'll not be contented with two;  
 No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

68  
 Ah, solitude, take my distress,  
 For my griefs I'll unboon to thee;  
 Each sigh thou canst gently repress,  
 And thy silence is music to me.  
 Yet peace from my sonnet may spring,  
 For sweet peace, let me fly the gay throng;  
 To soften my sorrows I sing,  
 Yet sorrow's the theme of my song.

69  
 LIKE my dear swain, no youth you'd see,  
 So blythe, so gay, so full of glee,  
 In all our village,—who but he,  
 To foot it up so feely?  
 His lute to hear,  
 From far and near,  
 Each female came,  
 Both girl and dame,  
 And all his boon,  
 For every tune,  
 To kiss them round so sweetly.

While round him in the jocund ring,  
We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing;  
Of May the youth was chosen King,  
He caught: our ears so neatly,

Such music rare,  
In his guitar,  
But touch his lute,  
The crowd was mute;  
His only boon  
For every tune,  
To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

70

**C**RUEL *Strepson*, will you leave me,  
Will you prove yourself forsworn?  
Can, ah! can you then deceive me,  
Can you treat my love with scorn?  
O! behold your *Cbloe* pleading,  
Turn and see your once lov'd maid;  
Let soft pity interceding,  
Ease a heart your vows betray'd.  
Must I hopeless pine and languish,  
Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain?  
See, he triumphs in my anguish,  
See, he glories in my pain.

71

**A**DIEU, thou lovely youth,  
Let hopes thy fear remove;  
Preserve thy faith and truth,  
But never doubt my love,

72

**F**LY, soft ideas, fly, that neither tears nor sighs  
My virtue may betray:  
Nature's great call, that governs all,  
A daughter must obey.  
Alas! my soul denies to hear revenge's cries;  
Dare not fond heart, to take his part,  
But drive his form away.

73

**Y**OU tell me I'm handsome (I know not how true)  
And easy and chatty, and good-humour'd too;

That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in J  
And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweet  
All this has been told me by twenty before,  
But he that would win me must flatter me  
But he that would win me must flatter me  
If beauty from virtue receives no supply,  
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I  
My ease and good humour soft raptures will  
My voice, like the nightingale's, know a but a  
For charms such as these then your praises give  
To love me for life, you must still love me  
To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a shape, or an air;  
For *Cbloe* the wanton can rival me there:  
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay  
And brightens good-humour as sunshine the day  
For if that you love me, your flame may be  
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love it  
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love to

74

**I**F o'er the cruel tyrant love  
A conquer I believ'd,  
The flatter'ing error cease to prove,  
O! let me be deceiv'd.  
Forbear to fan the gentle flame,  
Which love did first create:  
What was my pride is now my shame,  
And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind  
The weakness of my heart,  
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd  
To take a traitor's part.

75

**W**OULD you wish to gain a lover,  
You should all your hopes conceal;  
Men, inconstant, will discover  
What too oft 'out sex reveal.  
Virtue teaches wise discretion,  
Fickle men are full of art;

ptlefs fond confession,  
duce and steal our hearts,  
Would you with, &c.

Shun, then, soft persuasion,  
tears your passion move;  
ice the first occasion,  
convinc'd they truly love.  
Would you with, &c.

76  
reppen, what can mean the joy,  
ger joy I prove;  
each tender art employ  
my soul to love?

ur passion you reveal,  
the lover's part,  
th blushes own, I feel  
in my heart.

the heart that pines to go,  
it kindly us'd;  
uch presents will bestow,  
shou'd be abus'd?

77  
ide now are looking so gay,  
ds are all warbling so sweet;  
welcome return of the May,  
cowslip now springs at my feet:  
n a sudden, I find,  
cenes, tho' so lovely, will cloy;  
nent they gladden my mind,  
t all my heart into joy.

the enchantment can break!  
ain these scenes would endear;  
can please for his sake,  
in no longer is here,  
y thus lonely I rave,  
nk all is dulciss around,  
light, with *Celia* and love,  
earted I've rag'd o'er the ground.  
make haste to appear,  
orrow I fly from the plain;

Tho' spring-time could last all the year,  
The season would give me but pain:  
Since all the warm sunshine of May  
Is nothing if thou art not nigh,  
Oh! come, and make nature look gay,  
Or fields, birds and woodlands, good by.

78  
I Do as I will with my swain,  
He never once thinks I am wrong;  
He likes none so well on the plain,  
I please him so well with my song.  
A song is the shepherd's delight,  
He hears me with joy all the day;  
He's sorry when comes the dull night,  
That hastens the end of my lay.  
With spleen and with care once oppress'd,  
He ask'd me to sooth him the while;  
My voice set his mind soon to rest,  
And the shepherd would instantly smile.  
Since when, or in mead or in grove,  
By his flocks, or the clear river's side,  
I sing my best song to my love,  
And to charm him is grown all my pride.

No beauty had I to endear,  
No treasures of nature or art;  
But my voice that had gain'd on his ear  
Soon found out the way to his heart.  
To try if that voice would not please,  
He took me to join the gay throng  
I bore the rich prize off with ease,  
And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But let me not jealousy raise,  
I wish to enchant but my swain;  
Enough then for me is his praise,  
I sing but for him the lov'd strain.  
When youth, wealth and beauty may fail,  
And your shepherd's elude all your skill,  
Your sweetness of voice may prevail,  
And gain all your swains to your will.



1 mournful cadence, swelling,  
my love's tale :  
And *Philemel*  
near a virgin tell,  
: pain to bid adieu  
happiness, and you.

84

f love should ever bind  
to are to honour true ;  
: have a savage mind  
tute the fair their due.  
d hated may they be,  
om constancy do swerve  
ry nymph agree  
faithless swains to serve.

85

tutor'd under mama's care,  
arms did I inherit ;  
strict charge, that none should dare  
my growing spirit.  
nd breasts were never hid,  
as ever reading ;  
y head up I was bid,  
night shew my breeding.

play'd the flirt and prude,  
joy and sorrow ;  
to-day was monstrous rude,  
t polite to-morrow.  
d dukes I was address'd,  
sure of succeeding ;  
ne I made a jest,  
night shew my breeding.

mon too confess'd a flame,  
as I had many ;  
gh I us'd him just the same,  
him best of any.

and tears he often swore,  
his heart was bleeding ;  
us'd him still the more,  
night shew my breeding,

Enrag'd he vow'd to break his chain,  
And fly to smiling *Kitty* ;  
I could not bear to meet disdain  
From one not half so pretty.  
With gentler words I bid him stay,  
For pardon fell to pleading :  
To church we went, and from that day  
I shew'd him better breeding.]

86

SHEPHERDS, cease your soft complaining,  
I've a heart that scorns dissuaining ;  
I no bashful meanings want,  
All that virtue asks I'll grant ;  
Down-cast looks, and frequent sighing,  
Distant awe, and vows of dying,  
All are senseless. Who'd believe  
He would die who still may live ?

87

AH! where can one find a true swain,  
In whom a young nymph could confide ;  
Men are now so conceited and vain,  
They no longer have hearts to divide.  
Or in court, or in city, or town,  
All acknowledge how fruitless the search ;  
So polite too each village is grown,  
E'en there girls are left in the lurch.

Then adieu to the thralldom of love,  
Adieu to its hope and its fear !  
Henceforth I in freedom will rove,  
Who like it the willow may wear :  
Yet should fortune, my truth to reward,  
Send some youth with each talent to bless,  
How far I my purpose could guard,  
Is a secret I could not confess.

88

WHERE's my swain so blythe and clever ?  
Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow ?  
Three whole days are gone for ever,  
Since you said you'd come to-morrow.  
If you lov'd but half as I do,  
You'd been here with looks so bonny ;

Love has flying wings, I well know—  
Not for ling'ring, lazy *Johnny*.

What can he now be a doing?  
Is he with the lassies maying?  
He had better here been wooing,  
Than with others fondly playing.  
Tell me truly whe-e he's roving,  
That I may no longer sorrow;  
If he's weary grown of loving,  
Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,  
Let her be the happy creature;  
I'll not plague myself to chide thee,  
Nor dispute with her a feature:  
But I can't, nor will I tarry,  
Nor will hurt myself with sorrow;  
I may lose the time to marry,  
If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me;  
If I'm yours, away no longer;  
If you won't, another'll have me;  
I may cool, but not grow fonder.  
If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,  
Whine not in despair and sorrow;  
Bless'd another lad may make ye;  
Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

— 89 —

SURE a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,  
Was ne'er to distress'd as of late I have been;  
I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,  
But my mother oft tells me, she'll have me a nun.  
— But my mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I  
Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to try;  
With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,  
And my heart loves a frolic too well for a nun.  
— And my heart, &c.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,  
Is a thousand times better to me I declare;  
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone,

Nay, besides I'm too handsome, I think, for  
Nay, besides, &c.

Not to love, nor be lov'd, oh! I never can be  
Nor yield to be sent to—one cannot tell when  
To live or to die in this case were all one,  
Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a  
Nay, I sooner, &c.

Perhaps but to tease me she threatens me,  
I'm sure were she me she would stoutly say so  
But if she's in earnest I from her will run,  
And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a  
And be marry'd, &c.

— 90 —

I SAW what seem'd a harmless child,  
With wings and bow,  
And aspect mild,  
Who sobb'd and sigh'd, and pin'd;  
And begg'd I would some boon bestow  
On a poor little boy stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, too soon I comply'd  
For exulting he cry'd,  
And drew from his quiver a dart;  
My pow'r you soon shall know,  
Then levell'd his bow,  
And wounded me right in the heart.

— 91 —

WHILE on earth's soft lap descending,  
Lightly falls the feather'd snow,  
Nature awfully attending,  
Each rude wind forbids to blow.

White and pure awhile appearing,  
Earth her virgin mantle wears,  
Soon the sickle season veering,  
Her deluded bosom bears.

Thus my foolish heart believing,  
Listen'd to his artful tongue;  
All his vows of love receiving,  
On each flatt'ring accent hung.

or a time, mistaken,  
 no joy conceal'd my fate;  
 all at length forsaken,  
 experience comes too late.

92  
 O Calix protests I'm his joy and delight,  
 unhappy when I'm from his sight;  
 to be with me wherever I go,  
 so sure is in him for plaguing me so.  
 I'm all day is to sit by my side,  
 and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide;  
 I depart, but he smiling says no,  
 so sure is in him for plaguing me so.  
 He requests me his flame to relieve,  
 what favour he hopes to receive;  
 I'm a sigh, while in blushes I glow,  
 what beside him would plague a maid so  
 I'm a knot he yesterday brought from the  
 I'm intreated I'd wear for his sake; [wake,  
 I'm 'tis easy enough to bestow,  
 I'm more for his plaguing me so.  
 I'm me each eve from the port to the plain,  
 I'm to me each morn to conduct me again;  
 I'm 's his intention I wish I could know,  
 I'm after he married than plagu'd with him so.

93  
 I'm lost to peace or mind serene,  
 my chain in fruitless hope,  
 I'm each melancholy scene,  
 I'm give my sorrows their full scope;  
 I'm y, sprightly, gallant tar,  
 I'm ports with fierce destructive war,  
 I'm hat I feel, where'er thou art,  
 I'm of thy Mary's breaking heart.  
 I'm y dancing castle rides  
 I'm the bottom of the deep,  
 I'm my winds and waves abides,  
 I'm navigation bids thee sleep;  
 I'm my sleep and downy rest  
 I'm by the tempest in thy breast,

When jealous fears, like mine shall prove  
 The truth of my dear sailor's love.  
 Hope, doubt and fear, and winds and waves,  
 More dreadful to the love toils'd mind  
 Than those the skillful seaman braves,  
 Who leaves pale care and grief behind;  
 Th' adventurous maid, embark'd like me,  
 That sails on such a troubled sea,  
 The ocean's rage would gladly meet,  
 And in its depths would seek retreat.  
 Yet, O be still, my frantic brain,  
 Let reason whisper to my fears,  
 My sailor may return again,  
 Crown'd with success to dry my tears;  
 When fame, and all her gaudy charms,  
 Shall yield him to my longing arms,  
 And one bless'd hour together blend  
 The lover, hero, husband, friend.

#### CHORUS.

Britannia, hail thou mighty queen!  
 The strength, the power, the seas are thine,  
 Long may thy power on justice lean,  
 To be preserv'd they must combine;  
 To courage singly ne'er resort,  
 For virtue is thy true support,  
 'Tis that alone can strength maintain,  
 Be virtuous and for ever reign.

94  
 WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep  
 On yonder plains a flock of sheep,  
 Well pleas'd I'd watch the live-long day,  
 My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.  
 Or would some bird, that pity brings,  
 But for a moment lend its wings,  
 My parents then might rave and scold,  
 My guardian strive my will to hold;  
 Their words are harsh, his walls are high,  
 But spite of all away I'd fly.

95  
 MY shepherd is gone far away o'er the plain,  
 While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain;



Tho' blue-bells and violet the hedges adorn,  
 Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn;  
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay;  
 There's nothing can please now my *Jockey's* away;  
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,  
 Haste, haste, to my arms, my dear *Jockey*, again.  
 Haste, haste, &c.

When lads and their lassies are on the green met,  
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,  
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,  
 I can't without envy their merriment see:  
 Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there,  
 No pleasure I relish that *Jockey* don't share;  
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,  
 I wish my dear *Jockey* return'd back again.  
 But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,  
 He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;  
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll fast,  
 For love my dear *Jockey* to *Jenny* will haste:  
 Then farewell each care, adieu each vain sigh!  
 Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I?  
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,  
 When *Jockey* returns to my arms back again.

96  
 WHEN chilling winter hies away,  
 I, *Flora* reassume my reign;  
 Borne on the wings of balmy *May*,  
 I come to paint the woods and plains  
 Ambrosial sweets I have in store,  
 The cowslip, violet, rose appear;  
 The nymphs and swains my power adore,  
 And with my presence all the year;  
 Enrich'd by me, the grateful throng,  
 All drest with flow'rs and garlands gay,  
 With festive pipe, and dance and song,  
 Now keep their much-lov'd *Flora's* day.

97  
 'TIS a twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps, it is twain,  
 Since *Thyrsis* neglected the nymphs of the plain,  
 And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows  
 To hear a soft tale, or to sing him a song; [along:  
 To hear a soft tale. &c.

What at first was but friendship soon grew  
 In my heart it was love, in the youth 'twas  
 From each other our passion we sought not  
 But who should love most was our contest  
 But who should love most, &c.

But prudence soon whisper'd us, love not t  
 For envy has eyes and a tongue that will  
 And a flame, without fortune's rich gifts  
 The grave ones will scorn, and a mother m  
 The grave ones, &c.

Afraid of rebukes, he his visits forbore,  
 And we promis'd to think of each other  
 Or to tarry, with patience, a season more  
 So I put the dear shepherd quite out of m  
 So I put the dear, &c.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had n  
 Crows deaf to all censure, and will be re  
 If we sigh for each other, ah! quit not ye  
 Condemn the god *Cupid*, but bless the fo  
 Condemn the god, &c.

98  
 LET others *Damen's* praise rehearse,  
 Or *Colin's* at their will;  
 I mean to sing in rustic verse,  
 Young *Strephon* of the hill.

As once I sat beneath a shade,  
 Beside a purling rill;  
 Who should my solitude invade,  
 But *Strephon* of the hill?

He tap'd my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss,  
 I could not take it ill;  
 For nothing, sure, is done amiss  
 By *Strephon* of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,  
 See how they sit and bill;  
 So sweet your time shall pass away  
 With *Strephon* of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,  
 O love propitious be!  
 May ev'ry nymph be blest, like me,  
 With *Strephon* of the hill.

he man that I love, tho' my heart I disguise,  
ely describe the wretch I despise;  
has sense but to balance a straw,  
ure take the hint from the picture I draw.  
he has sense, &c.

hout sense, without fury a beau;  
arrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;  
in pride, in grimace a baboon;  
e a hind, in conceit a galscoon.  
ock, &c.

ture rapacious, in falshood a fox;  
t as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;  
r ferocious, perverse as a hog;  
ic an ape, and in fawning a dog.  
gger, &c.

l, to sum up all his talents together,  
is of lead, and his brain is of feather:  
has sense but to balance a straw,  
ure take a hint from the picture I draw.  
he has sense, &c.

TH adorn'd with ev'ry art,  
and win the coldest heart,  
et mine posselt:  
ing bud that fairest blows,  
al oak that stoutest grows,  
e and shape exprest.

g sounds he told his tale,  
e fightings of the gale,  
akes the flow'ry year:  
nder he could charm with ease,  
appy nature form'd to please,  
love had made sincere?

he left me—fought and fell;  
ev'ning heard his knell,  
w the tears I shed:  
t must ever, ever fall;  
o sighs the past recall,  
is awake the dead.

THAT *May-day* of life is for pleasure,  
For singing, for dancing, and thow;  
Then why will you waste such a treasure  
In sighing and crying—heigho!

Let's copy the bird in the meadows;  
By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low:  
Fly round, and coquette it as she does,  
And never sit crying—heigho!

Though, when in the arms of a lover,  
It sometimes may happen, I know,  
That, ere all your toying is over,  
We cannot help crying—heigho!

In age ev'ry one a new part takes:  
I find to my sorrow 'tis so:  
When old, you may cry till your heart aches,  
But no one will mind you—heigho!

TO the conscious groves I hie me,  
Where I late was blithe and gay,  
Try to fancy *Colin* nigh me,  
So to pass my time away.

But can scenes like these delight me,  
When my swain's no longer there?  
Hill, nor dale, nor stream invite me,  
Now no more they're worth my care.

Come thyself, without delaying,  
In those shades I find no ease;  
But with thee, whilst fondly straying,  
Ev'ry place is sure to please.

O What a change in my fortune is this!  
See, see the sequel of being a Miss;  
I who was lately in splendor and pride,  
Now to a black in *Bridewell* am ty'd:  
Fool that I was, if my virtue I'd kept,  
Poor and contented, in peace I had slept.

Ladies of pleasure, beware from my fall,  
Lest you, like poor *Kitty*, should come to mill-doll.

104

**GENTLE** shepherd, sooth my sorrow,  
Kindly, kindly come to-morrow;  
Let no loitering cares delay thee,  
Let no other pleasures stay thee.

Soon return with joy to charm me,  
Come, lest painful thought alarm me;  
Smiling love, restore my rover,  
Haste, thou kind, yet cruel lover.

Gentle shepherd, &c.

105

**FROM** place to place, forsooth, I go,  
With downcast eyes, a silent shade;  
Forbidden to declare my woe;  
To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

My inward pangs, my secret grief,  
My soft consenting looks betray—  
He loves, but gives me no relief;  
Why speaks not he who may?

106

**TELL**, oh! tell my lover true,  
That—Oh heavens! what shall I say?  
But my heart is known to you,  
Its sentiments do you convey.

Can I what I feel explain,  
When all expression 'tis above,  
But you know my cause of pain,  
And knows besides, what 'tis to love.

107

**MAIDENS**, let your lovers languish,  
If you'd have them constant prove;  
Doubts and fears, and sighs and anguish,  
Are the chains that fasten love,

*Jockey* woo'd, and I consented,  
Soon as e'er I heard his tale,  
He with conquest quite contented,  
*Doating*, wou'd around the vale.  
*Maidens, let your lovers, &c.*

Now he doats on scornful *Molly*,  
Who rejects him with disdain;  
Love's a strange bewitching folly,  
Never pleas'd without some pain:  
Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

108

**FLATTERING** hopes our mind deceiving,  
Easy faith too often cheat;  
Woman fond, and all-believing,  
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Empty show of pomp and riches,  
Cupid's trick to catch the fair,  
Lovely maids too oft bewitches;  
Flatt'ry is the beauty's snare.

Flatt'ring hopes, &c.

109

**GENTLE** breezes, waft him over  
To the distant sultry isle;  
Love will shield from harm the rover,  
Fame be kind, and Fortune smile.

For an age you must not leave me,  
Nor to farthest climates run;  
Don't too soon of joy bereave me,  
Hope must bring the wand'rer home.

Think of her you left behind ye,  
And to tender vows be true;  
Constant, fond, you still shall find me,  
Peace, poor heart—fond youth, adieu!

110

**TELL** me, lovely shepherd, where  
Thou feed'st at noon thy *sheep* care:  
Direct me to the sweet retreat  
That guards thee from the mid-day heat;  
Lest by thy flocks I lonely stray,  
Without a guide, and lose my way:  
Where rest at noon thy bleating care,  
Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

111

**IF** e'er I should learn the sweet lesson of love,  
Let these be the works of the man I approve.

at learn'd, nor rakebely gay,  
 because he has nothing to say;  
 still obliging and free,  
 fondness to any but me;  
 serve the decorum that's just,  
 his eyes he is true to his trust.  
 long hours of observance are past,  
 retreat to a welcome repast;  
 nd pleasure that moment endear,  
 far both discretion and fear;  
 d scorning the airs of a crowd,  
 to be formal, and I to be proud;  
 joy, we confess that we live,  
 be rude, and yet I may forgive.  
 delight may be steadfastly fix'd,  
 I and the lover be properly mix'd;  
 der bosom my soul can confide,  
 ese can smooth me, whose counsel can  
 lear lover as here I describe, [guide.  
 ould fright me, no millions should  
 find so uncommon a swain, [bribe;  
 e liv'd single, I'll single remain.

112  
 rcy is the loveliest flower,  
 e'er planted in the mind;  
 virtue, whose soft power  
 odhead raise mankind.  
 kings, and heroes boast  
 will in his'try live;  
 bles heav'n the most,  
 e bosom can forgive.

113  
 rephen, the artful, the dangerous swain,  
 them has attempted to gain;  
 e wicked arts he so oft had betray'd,  
 o seduce one more innocent maid:  
 of his pow'r, of my weakness aware,  
 theme, and avoided the snare;  
 ove, and was taught in my dawn,  
 x'd a rose, to beware of the thorn.

His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd;  
 For his heart by those tears, by those oaths, he dis-  
 What presents he brought me I chose to decline [guis'd  
 (The prodigal bounty of arts and design:)  
 He coax'd, and he flatter'd my person in vain,  
 And practis'd each art on my weakness to gain  
 Protected by prudence I laugh'd him to scorn;  
 Tho' I fancy'd the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.

He wantonly boasted what nymphs he had won,  
 What credulous beauties his arts had undone;  
 He swore that his faith should inviolate be,  
 That his heart and those fair ones were victims to me:  
 I told him, those victims and faith I'd despise,  
 And from such examples would learn to be wise;  
 That I never would prostitute virtue to scorn,  
 Or smell at a rose, to be hurt by the thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer asham'd of his guilt;  
 Was his passion on virtue, not wantonness, built,  
 Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane,  
 I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the swain:  
 But experience has taught me 'tis dangerous to trust,  
 And folly to think he can ever be just;  
 So I'll stifle my flame, and reject him with scorn,  
 Left I grasp at the rose, and be hurt by the thorn.

114  
 TENDER virgins shun deceivers,  
 Who with base seducing arts,  
 When they find you fond believers,  
 Triumph o'er unguarded hearts.

If a fickle swain pursue ye,  
 O, beware his subtle wiles!  
 All his aim is to undo ye,  
 Ruin lurks beneath his smiles.  
 Tender, &c.

115  
 DID not tyrant custom guide me,  
 To my *Damon* I would tell,  
 Never swain was half so lovely,  
 Never nymph loved half so well.

I would tell him that his beauty  
 First assum'd the conqu'ring part ;  
 But his manly sense and courage  
 Triumph'd o'er my yielding heart.  
 Why should tyrant custom guide me, &c.  
 Censure's self could ne'er upbraid him,  
 Malice ne'er could spot his name ;  
 All his sex who envy praise him  
 For his virtue, truth and fame.  
 Tyrant custom shall not, &c.

116

AH ! think 'not to deceive me  
 With flattering oaths and lies,  
 'Tis all in vain, believe me,  
 For love has piercing eyes.

A trifling present given,  
 Oft binds affection fast,  
 And grateful woman's driven,  
 To give herself at last.

117

YE nymphs, 'tis true, t' *Colin's* strain  
 I've often listen'd in the grove ;  
 And can you blame me, that a swain  
 Like *Colin* should engage my love.

Alas ! could I my heart secure,  
 Unless to worth and merit blind ;  
 Ah ! say, could you yourselves endure  
 To slight a swain so true and kind.

When truth conveys the tender tale,  
 And honour breathes the shepherd's sigh,  
 Love o'er discretion will prevail :  
 To shun its power in vain we try.

118

I SEEK my shepherd, gone astray ;  
 He left our cot the other day :  
 Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and swains,  
*Past* the dear rebel thro' your plains ?  
 Oh ! whither, whither, must I roam,  
 To find and charm the wand'ring home ?

Sports he upon the shaven green,  
 Or joys he in the mountain scene ?  
 Leads he his flocks along the mead,  
 Or does he seek the cooler shade ?  
 Oh ! teach a wretched nymph the way  
 To find her lover gone astray.

To paint, ye maids, my truant swain ;  
 A manly softness crowns his mien ;  
*Adonis* was not half so fair ;  
 And when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear !  
 But oh ! the soothing poison shun,  
 To listen is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his flame ;  
 To me the perjurd swore the same,  
 Too fondly loving to be wise,  
 Who gave my heart an easy prize ;  
 And when he tun'd his syren voice,  
 Listen'd, and was undone by choice.

But sated now, he shuns the kiss  
 He counted once his greatest bliss ;  
 Whilst I with fiercer passions burn,  
 And pant and die for his return.  
 Oh ! whither, whither shall I rove,  
 Again to find my fraying love !

119

O GIVE me that social delight,  
 Which none but true lovers receive,  
 When *Luna* bedecks the still night,  
 And glances her smiles on the eve ;  
 When to the fair meadows we go,  
 Where peace and contentment retire ;  
 Or down the smooth current we row  
 In time with the flutes and the lyre.

By nature these pictures are drawn,  
 How sweet is each landscape dispos'd !  
 The prospect extends to the lawn,  
 Or by the tall beeches is clos'd .  
 Come, *Strephon*, attend to the scene,  
 The clouds are all vanish'd above ;  
 The objects around are serene,  
 As modell'd to music and love.

120  
 ts his pow'ful reign,  
 nt owns his sway;  
 cet, oft gives us pain,  
 sad, and sometimes gay:  
 of sweet sixteen,  
 men do most adore;  
 ve have been,  
 courted o'er and o'er.  
 nny swain,  
 ol'n my heart away;  
 anxious pain,  
 nt but a day:  
 the blooming boy  
 ight upon the green,  
 rt is fill'd with joy,  
 happy as a queen.  
 armer talks of love,  
 I fears disturb my breast;  
 er inconstant prove,  
 heart will ne'er have rest;  
 fonder grown,  
 orn to love for life;  
 ne for his own,  
 oung *Jackey's* wife.

121  
 'ry fond endeavour  
 the tender dart;  
 move us never;  
 feel to know the smart.  
 pherd swears he's dying,  
 beauties sets to view,  
 id supplying,  
 hink 'tis all our due;  
 hink 'tis all our due.  
 e vernal breezes  
 ill, deceitful strain;  
 th our sex displeases;  
 never sues in vain:

But too soon the happy lover  
 Does our tenderest hopes deceive:  
 Man was form'd to be a rover,  
 Foolish woman to believe;  
 Foolish woman to believe.

122  
 COME, *Colin*, pride of rural swains,  
 O come and bless thy native plains;  
 The daisies spring, the beeches bud,  
 The songsters warble in the wood.  
 Come, *Colin*, haste, O haste away,  
 Your smiles will make the village gay;  
 When you return, the vernal breeze  
 Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.  
 Oh! come and see the violets spring,  
 The meadows laugh, the linnet's sing;  
 Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,  
 O haste! and make us happy here.

123  
 WAS I sure a life to lead,  
 Wretched as the vilest slave,  
 Ev'ry hardship would I brave,  
 Rudest toil, severest need,  
 E'er yield my hand so coolly,  
 To the man who never truly,  
 Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others success will insure you,  
 Where your wit and your person may please;  
 Take to them your love I conjure you,  
 And then in mercy set me at ease.

124  
 WHERE shall *Delia* fly for shelter?  
 In what secret grove or cave?  
 Sighs and tonnets sent to melt her,  
 From the young, the gay, the brave;  
 Tho' with prudence, ails she scatch her,  
 Still she longs, and still she burns:  
*Cupid* shoots like *Hymen's* archer,  
 Whence'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,  
 (If discretion guide us not)  
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty.  
 Sometimes are the booby's lot ;  
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,  
 Now commanded by the peer ;  
 Now some subtle mean invader  
 Wins the heart or gains the ear.

O discretion ! thou'rt a jewel,  
 Or our grand-mamas mistake,  
 Stinting flame by 'bating fewel,  
 Always careful and awake.  
 Would you keep your pearls from trampling,  
 Weigh the licence, weigh the banne ;  
 Mark my song upon your samplers,  
 Wear it on your knots and fans.

**Y**E blithest lads and lassies gay,  
 Come listen to my tale :  
 As I on e'ning sleeping lay  
 Within the flow'ry vale,  
 Young *Strephon* passing thro' the mead,  
 By chance did me espy,  
 He took his bonnet off his head,  
 And gently fat down by.

The swain, tho' I most dearly priz'd,  
 Yet now I would not know ;  
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,  
 And strove away to go :  
 But fondly he still nearer prest,  
 And at my feet did lye ;  
 His beating heart it thump'd so fast,  
 I thought the lad would die.

But still resolving to deny,  
 (The furer him to gain)  
 I bid the love-sick shepherd fly,  
 In words of high disdain.  
 He left me, never to return,  
 And to young *Jenny* flew ;  
 While I my folly daily mourn,  
 For *sighting one so true*.

126

**W**ITH the man that I love was I destin'd  
 On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell ;  
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be  
 More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.  
 Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire  
 To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire ;  
 I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are  
 Insensible creatures ! 'tis all they can take.

127

**C**EASE a while ye winds to blow,  
 Cease ye roaring streams to flow ;  
 Hush'd be ev'ry other noise,  
 I want to hear my lover's voice.  
 Where's the brook, the rock, the tree ?  
 Hark, a sound—I think 'tis he !  
 'Tis not he : yet night comes on,  
 Where's my lovely wand'rer gone ?  
 Loud I'll speak, to make him hear,  
 'Tis I who call, my love, my dear !  
 The time is come. Why this delay ?  
 Alas ! my wand'rer's lost his way.

128

**Y**E warblers, while *Strephon* I mourn,  
 To cheer me your harmony bring ;  
 Unless, since my shepherd is gone,  
 You cease, like poor *Phyllis*, to sing :  
 Each flower declines its sweet head,  
 Nor odours around me will throw,  
 While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead  
 Seems kindly to pity my woe,  
 Each rural amusement I try  
 In vain to restore my past ease ;  
 What charm'd when my *Strephon* was by,  
 Has now lost the power to please :  
 Ye seasons that brighten the grave,  
 Not long for your absence we mourn ;  
 But *Strephon* neglects me and love,  
 He roves, and will never return.

ie spring is my dear,  
 et as all flowers combin'd;  
 like the summer can chear,  
 y then, like winter, unkind?  
 is not, I can prove,  
 r to others can be;  
 d *Chloe* makes love,  
 'is cruel to me.

129  
 our village a swain t'other day:  
 ne, and begg'd me a moment to stay:  
 'd. and, in language I ne'er heard before,  
 uch of love, and some pains that he bore:  
 as his meaning I know not, I vow;  
 ny poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

ng the jessamin, violet and rose,  
 ie, and ev'ry sweet flower that grows;  
 t and gayest he picks from the rest,  
 to wear these fine things in my breast:  
 his meaning, I know not, I vow;  
 y poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

the young shepherd for ever I see,  
 e never lov'd any but me;  
 ith transport, and kisses me too,  
 that he'll ever be constant and true:  
 his meaning, I know not, I vow;  
 y poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

: tears streaming fast from his eyes,  
 m, poor youth! breath a thousand of sighs  
 , no nymph in the world is like me,  
 rd alive so unhappy as he:

his meaning, I know not, I vow;  
 ny poor heart feels. I cannot tell how.

ne dear shepherd to me thus complain,  
 t my eyes are the cause of his pain?  
 r since, his sad fate I deplore,  
 I knew how he might suffer no more;  
 can to relieve him. Pity,  
 art may have ease tho' I cannot tell how.

130  
 LOVELY, yet ungrateful swain,  
 Strive not to regain my heart;  
 Ev'ry tender look is vain,  
 Since you play'd a traitor's part.

All your oaths, and all your sighs,  
 Once I foolishly believ'd;  
 But *Faßora's* joyful eyes,  
 And your blushes, undeceiv'd.

Strive not to regain a heart  
 True in love and firm in pain,  
 Which (though death should teach the art)  
 Can, when slighted, slight again.

131  
 OF all the swains around the *Tweed*,  
 So blithe and debonair,  
 Not one, it is by all agreed,  
 With *Jockey* can compare:  
 So gay a form, so just a mind  
 Before was never seen;  
 Nor e'er was swain to me so kind  
 As *Jockey* of the green.

If e'er at eve I chance to stray,  
 The fields or groves along,  
 Young *Jockey* meets me on my way,  
 And cheers me with a song;  
 And when I set on bank of *Tweed*,  
 Where rural sports are seen,  
 None tune so sweet the oaten reed,  
 As *Jockey* of the green.

Of late his talk has been of love,  
 Of love for me alone;  
 And, if I but his flame approve,  
 He'll take me for his own:  
 If so, I'll quickly blefs for life  
 The blithest swain e'er seen;  
 And be the wedded, faithful wife  
 Of *Jockey* of the green.



112  
**W**HAT med'cine can soften the bosom's keen  
What *Lethe* can banish the pain? [smart?  
What cure can be met with, to sooth the fond heart  
That's broke by a faithless young swain?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try  
The sports of the wake and the green;  
When *Colin* is dancing, I say, with a sigh,  
'Tas here first my *Damon* was seen.

When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan  
In accents so piercing and clear;  
You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a groan,  
As when my dear *Damon* was here.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,  
And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove;  
For there, to her cost, was poor *Eura* betray'd,  
And *Damon* pretended to love.

133  
**S**IMPLE *Strephon* cease complaining,  
Left thy doubts my anger move;  
Why must jealous fears be reigning,  
To disturb the bliss of love?  
If I e'er had shun'd your passion,  
Then you gently might reprove,  
And your generous inclination  
Might suspect my want of love.

134  
**A**S thro' the fields I chanc'd to stray  
To hear the linnet's song,  
I met a shepherd in my way,  
The blitheest of the throng.  
He stop'd, and gave my cheek a pat,  
And told a tender tale:  
Then stole a kiss, but what of that?  
'Twas *Willy* of the dale.

He prest my hand, and talk'd of love  
With extacy divine;  
Nay, swore he'd ever faithful prove,  
And, if I pleas'd, be mine.

To meet him thus, (no creature near)  
Soon made my cheeks look pale;  
But he declar'd I need not fear  
Young *Willy* of the dale.

None sure possess such charms as he,  
To win a maiden's mind;  
He's youthful, witty, gay and free,  
And what's still more, he's kind:  
For now he meets me ev'ry night,  
At which the lassies rail,  
And vows I am the sole delight  
Of *Willy* of the dale.

135  
**S**TREPHON woo me now or never,  
If you wish my heart to gain;  
Slight the occasion, you for ever  
May pursue and sigh in vain:  
Now's your time to play the lover,  
Then with ardor act your part;  
By each glance you may discover  
That you're welcome to my heart.  
Tho' your art proves unavailing,  
When we can resist its power,  
Yet 'twill always be prevailing,  
In some weak unguarded hour.

136  
**B**Y *Tweed's* clear stream as late I stray'd  
And sat reclin'd beneath the shade,  
Young *Sandy* chanc'd to pass that way,  
As blooming as the sweets of *May*.  
Pleas'd he seem'd to find me there,  
For I alone am all his care:  
Then since he's gen'rous, kind and free,  
Young *Sandy* is the lad for me.

That eve he took me to the fair,  
And bought me ribbands for my hair,  
With trinkets I had never seen,  
And danc'd with me upon the green:

I shall ever own,  
rue to him alone;  
gen'rous, kind and free,  
is the lad for me.

gone he means, for life,  
or his wedded wife;  
ll ever faithful prove,  
e happy in his love:

I with such a swain  
ill give my bosom pain;  
e proves so kind and true,  
is the lad for me.

---

137

---

o nicely take offence,  
ng is the fashion,  
nd a good pretence  
in a passion.

dress of air  
e take occasion;  
nour, I declare,  
a explanation.

free, and full of play,  
y lads, I'll cure ye;  
ld, you turn away,  
ze a very fury.

y thing I say,  
hall call me cruel;  
will shall disobey,  
for a duel.

son am I,  
as weapons carry;  
lightning in my eye,  
e, a sword to parry.

arm with what he will,  
d's bow and arrow;  
ll see my man I'll kill,  
a sparrow.

---

138

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WITH the pride of the garden and field,  
We have deck'd our fond bosoms to day;  
And all that the summer can yield  
Seems there to be blooming and gay;  
'Tis better to gather in time,  
The flow'r that else wastfully blows;  
Little more than a day is the prime  
Of the *lilly*, the *pink*, and the *rose*.

Soft beauty's the *May* springing flow'r  
That has but a season to boast;  
Let us make what we can of it's pow'r,  
Which else in a year may be lost:  
Let us scorn a short triumph of joy  
O'er shepherds, because of a face;  
Nor venture too long to be cov,  
Lest winter discolour each grace.

Should we slightly laugh at their pain,  
Grow proud of our charms ev'ry day;  
When they fade we shall court them in vain,  
When they're wither'd they'll fling us away:  
Those treasures so gaudy and rare,  
Must wake ev'ry breast to desire;  
We may have whom we will while so fair,  
And should yield to the love we inspire,

---

139

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GO, seek some nymph of humbler lot,  
To share thy board, and deck thy cot;  
With joy I fly the simple youth,  
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breast, for love too wanton grown,  
Shall mourn its peace and pleasure flown;  
Nor shall my faith reward a swain,  
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

---

140

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COME dear idol of my fancy,  
View the bow'r which love has dress'd;  
With thy presence bless thy Nancy,  
Soft caressing and caress'd.

*Flora* spreads her blooming treasure.

Birds chant here on ev'ry spray;

Yet how faint each rural pleasure,

While my charmer is away.

When with fruitless love we're burning,

All partake the mind's disease;

But the youth our love returning,

Ev'ry scene is sure to please.

**YOU** impudent man, you!

Nay, prithee, how can you?

Indeed, I'll assure you,

Will nothing then cure you?—

Nay, now I declare I shall never endure you.

You tease one to death,

I'm quite out of breath,

I hate and abhor this horse-play;

Besides, 'tis not right,

To see one in this fright;

Lord, what do you think folks will say?

I own too much room,

You have had to presume,

Or you ne'er with these freedoms would tease me;

For though they might please me,

And with patience I bore 'em;

Yet at least in one's carriage,

On this side of marriage,

One ought to keep up a decorum.

**HOW** can I again believe you?

Could I doubt, so oft you swore?

That your tongue may not deceive me,

Let me see your face no more.

Falshood be your boast and fashion,

Truth is mine, and heart sincere;

You have cur'd me of my passion,

I have nothing now to fear.

In his heart a swain's oft roving,

While he wins the easy maid;

*Hard her fate who must be loving,*

*Where her love is not repaid.*

143

**IF** ever a fond inclination

Rose in your bosom, to rob you of rest;

Reflect, with a little compassion,

On the soft pangs which prevail'd in my

Oh! where, where would you fly me?

Can you deny me, thus torn and distressed?

Think, when my lover was by me,

Would I, how could I, refuse his request:

Kneeling before you,

Let me implore you:

Look on me, sighing, crying, dying,

Ah! is there no language can move?

If I have been too complying,

Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

144

**SOONER** than I'll my love forego,

And lose the man I prize,

I'll bravely combat ev'ry woe,

Or fall a sacrifice.

Nor bolts nor bars, shall me controul,

I death and danger dare;

Restraint but fires the active soul,

And urges fierce despair.

The window now shall be my gate,

I'll either fall or fly;

Before I'll live with them I hate,

For him I love I'll die!

145

**HOW** hard is my fate,

How desp'rate my state,

When honour and virtue excite,

To suffer distress,

Contented to bless

The object in whom I delight!

Yet, 'midst all the woes

My soul undergoes

Thro' virtue's too rigid decree,

I'll scorn to complain,

If the force of his pain

Awaken his pity for me.

I fix a single heart,  
 in not old nor ugly;  
 consult my faithful glass—  
 such work than this might pass,  
 inks I look full smugly.

I'd with all these powerful charms,  
 King *Palemon* fled my arms,  
 wild unthinking rover:  
 illy maids, as soon to bind  
 in stream, the flying wind,  
 as a rambling lover.

per'd in the marriage noose,  
 they struggle to get loose,  
 make a mighty riot;  
 when how they rave and stare!  
 they shake their chains and swear,  
 then lie down in quiet.

———— 147 ————

'Tis but the frailty of the mind  
 'tis not with ambition join'd;  
 flame, which if not fed expires,  
 as, wastes in self consuming fires.

not to wound a wanton boy,  
 vorous youth that gives the joy;  
 glory to have pierc'd the swain  
 inferior beauties sigh'd in vain.

alone the conquest prize,  
 insult a rival's eyes;  
 ght in love, 'tis when I see  
 rich others bleed for, bleed for me.

———— 148 ————

whom I to save would die,  
 all desire;  
 enflames my heart,  
 all on fire.

The plaintive dove, without her love,  
 Thus mourns, like meoprest;  
 But when her mate arrives, tho' late,  
 Joy triumphs in her breast.

The boy thus of a bird posses'd,  
 At first, how great his joys!  
 He strokes it oft, and in his breast  
 The little favourite lies.

But soon as grown to riper age  
 The passion quits his mind;  
 He hangs it up in some cold cage,  
 Neglected and confin'd.

———— 149 ————

FOR various purpose serves the fan,  
 As thus—a decent blind,  
 Between the sticks to peep at man,  
 Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,  
 Repentment's in the snap;  
 A flirt expresses strong disdain,  
 Consent, a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,  
 All modes of female art,  
 And to advantage sweetly shows  
 The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd  
 By love's capricious boy,  
 Who knows how lightly all mankind  
 Are govern'd by a toy.

———— 150 ————

○ WHY should we sorrow, who never knew sin!  
 Let smiles of content shew our rapture within:  
 This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air!  
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!

Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain;  
Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain:  
No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,  
He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!

151  
**T**OO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes  
My heart your own declare;  
But, for heaven's sake, let it suffice,  
You reign triumphant there.

Fortear your utmost pow'r to try,  
Nor further urge your sway;  
Pres's not for what I must deny,  
For fear I should obey.

But could your arts successful prove,  
Would you a maid undo,  
Whose greatest failing is her love,  
And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r  
You from her fondness claim,  
To ruin in one fatal hour  
A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill,  
Because perhaps you may;  
But rather try your utmost skill  
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,  
Defend, and not pursue,  
Since 'tis a task for me too hard  
To strive with love and you.

152  
**W**ITH artful voice, young *Thyrsis*, you,  
In vain persuade me you are true;  
Since that can never be;  
For he's no proselyte of mine,  
That offers at another's shrine  
Those vows he made to me.

The faithless, fickle, wav'ring moon,  
*That changes oftner than the moon,*  
*Courts each new face he meets;*

Smells ev'ry fragrant flow'r that blows,  
Yet slyly culls the blushing rose,  
His quintessence of sweets.

So *Thyrsis*, when in wanton play,  
From fair to fair you fondly stray,  
And steal from each a kiss;  
It shows, if what you say be true,  
A sickly appetite in you,  
And no substantial bliss.

For you, inconstant, roving swain,  
Tho' seemingly you hug your chain,  
Would Iain, I know, get free;  
To sip fresh balmy sweets of love,  
From bower to bower wilfully rove,  
And imitate the bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring thing, your heart,  
Let it admire no other dart;  
But rest with me alone:  
For while, dear Bee, you rove and sing,  
Should you return without your sting,  
I'd not protect a drone.

153  
**F**ROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,  
O'er fields or gardens ranging,  
Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,  
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,  
By various charms delighted;  
While she who pleases most to-day,  
To-morrow shall be slighted.

154  
**A**USPICIOUS spirits guard my love,  
In time of danger near him 'hide;  
With out-spread wings around him move,  
And turn each random ball aside.

And you, his foes, though hearts of steel,  
Oh! may you then with me accord;  
A sympathetic passion feel,  
Behold his face, and drop the sword.

your blus'ring fury leave;  
that o'er the garden sweep,  
in sighs, and gently heave  
n, smooth bosom of the deep.  
on peace return'd once more,  
afts secure, and hostile harm,  
views his native shore,  
bours safe in these fond arms.

155  
Colin seeks my heart to move,  
and talks to much of love,  
ang or drown, I fear it)  
and wounds, and pointed darts,  
bow, and bleeding hearts,  
I cannot bear it.  
m pretty—highly well;  
too—that's better still;  
sensible, I swear it:  
you know, are nought but wind;  
I'll freely tell his mind,  
I cannot bear it:

herd dances blythe and gay,  
tly on his pipe can play;  
n I like to hear it:  
icist looks, and hums and haws;  
plead a lover's cause,  
I cannot bear it.

the friendly nymph or swain  
id the bashful boy speak plain,  
under he should fear it)  
ake courage, like my sex;  
st youth no more to vex,  
wed him, I declare it.

156  
IT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,  
beering beams do nature restore;  
slip and daisy, the violet and rose,  
den, each orchard, does fragrance disclose;  
s cheerful notes are heard in each grove,  
re confesses the season of love.

OT  
The nymphs and the shepherds come tripping amain,  
All hasten to join in the sports of the plain;  
Our rural diversions are free from all guile,  
The face that is honest securely can smile;  
The heart that's sincere in affection may prove  
All nature's force sheweth the season of love.

O come then, *Philander*, with *Sylvia* away,  
Our friends that expect us accuse our delay;  
Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin;  
I'll strive, for my shepherd, the garland to win:  
But see his approach, whom my heart does approve,  
Who makes ev'ry hour the season of love.

157  
DEAR *Colin* prevent my warm blushes,  
Since how can I speak without pain?  
My eyes have oft told you my wishes,  
O! can't you their meaning explain?  
My passion would lose by expression,  
And you too might cruelly blame;  
Then don't you expect a confession;  
Of what is too tender to name.

Since your's is the province of speaking,  
Why should you expect it from me?  
Our wishes should be in our keeping,  
Till you tell us what they should be.  
Then quickly why don't you discover?  
Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,  
Eyes need not tell over and over.  
What I in my bosom confine.

158  
THAT I might not be plagu'd with the nonsense of  
I promis'd my mother again and again [men,  
To say as she bid me wherever I go,  
And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em No.  
I really believe I have frighten'd a score:  
They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more;  
and I own I'm not sorry for serving them so;  
Where the same thing to do, I again should say No.

For a shepherd I like, with more courage and art,  
Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart;  
Such questions he puts since I answer him so, [no  
That he makes me mean yes, tho' my words are still

He ask'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain?  
(Let me die if he is not a clever young swain)  
If he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him would go? [no  
Then he press'd my young lips, while I blush'd & said  
He ask'd if my heart to another was gone?  
If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on?  
If I meant my life long to answer him so?  
I faulter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This morning an end to his courtship he made;  
Will *Phyllis* live longer a virgin? he said:  
If I presage you to church, will you scruple to go?  
In a hearty good humour I answer'd, No, No.

— 159 —

**ALEXIS**, a shepherd, young, constant and kind,  
Has often declar'd I'm the nymph to his mind:  
I think he's sincere, and he will not deceive;  
But they tell me a maid should with caution believe.  
He brought me this rose that you see in my breast;  
He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest:  
I could not do less than the favour receive;  
And he thinks it n<sup>o</sup> w sweeter, I really believe.

This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a lesson to you:  
How bright, and how lovely it seems to the view!  
'T would fade if not pluck'd, as your sense must con-  
I was forc'd to deny what I really believe. [ceive-  
My flocks he attends: if they stray from the plain,  
*Alexis* is sure ev'ry sheep to regain;  
Then begs a dear kiss for his labour I'll give;  
And I ne'er shall refuse him I really believe.

He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes,  
To read the soft wishes we're taught to disguise;  
And tells me sweet stories from morning to eve;  
Then he swears that he loves, which I really believe.  
An old maid I once was determin'd to die;  
But that was before I'd this swain in my eye:

And as soon as he asks me his pain to reflect,  
With joy I shall wed him I really believe.

— 160 —

**C**OME sing round my favourite tree,  
Ye songsters that visit the grove;  
'T was the haunt of my shepherd and me,  
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the tur', by my side,  
He tenderly pleaded his cause;  
I only with blushes reply'd,  
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

— 161 —

**Y**OU'VE sure forgot, dear mother mine,  
When you was once as blithe as me;  
When vows were offer'd at your shrine,  
And lovers dropt on bended knees:  
When you could sing, and dance, and play;  
Alas! *December* treads on *May*.

Behold dame Nature's fav'rite blow,  
The rich jonquil, the blushing rose,  
How short a date their beauties know,  
How short a date their beauties know,  
Surrounded by a thousand foes;  
'Till time decrees their full decay,  
And harsh *December* treads on *May*.

The whole creation own this truth:  
Then why should wrinkled brows exact  
The mode severe, on blooming youth,  
By which themselves could never act?  
The blood that's warm will have its way;  
Too soon *December* treads on *May*.

Then, swains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,  
Let's, whilst we're here, grim care deride;  
Come sport and frolic free with me,  
In spite of age, and prudish pride:  
The laws of love—all shall obey,  
Before *December* treads on *May*.

— 162 —  
 reigns over the plains!  
 sweet flow'rets around!  
 nymph and each swain!  
 musical sound!  
 late, in the bow'rs,  
 ev'nings away;  
 at the long hours,  
 wander'd away.  
 lags's pride;  
 in his abience is seen;  
 music supply'd,  
 lanc'd on the green;  
 e, and at fair,  
 iolic were we!  
 in the year  
 is can be.  
 nature from home,  
 hostile alarm:  
 him to roam,  
 terrible arms:  
 cruel and rough,  
 se and of limb;  
 oldiers enough,  
 gentle like him.  
 sturer goes,  
 dangerous main,  
 Et him from woer,  
 Celia again.  
 elia again;  
 safety restore;  
 ast to complain,  
 e should wander no more,

— 163 —  
 herds seek to woo,  
 they faithless prove;  
 and them true,  
 and their love.  
 is, &c.

Let not beauty make you vain,  
 Men of worth deserve your care;  
 Never give a lover pain,  
 If you find his heart sincere.  
 When the shepherds, &c.

Love, the source of ev'ry joy,  
 Asks whatever we can give;  
 Love should ev'ry hour employ,  
 'Tis for love alone we live.  
 When the shepherds, &c.

— 164 —  
**S**TREPHON, when you see me fly,  
 Let not this your fear create,  
 Maids may be as often shy  
 Out of love as out of hate;  
 When from you I fly away,  
 It is because I dare not stay.

Did I out of hatred run  
 Less you'd be my pain and care;  
 But the youth I love, to shun,  
 Who can such a trial bear?  
 Who that such a swain did see,  
 Who could love and fly like me?

Cruel duty bids me go,  
 Gentle love commande me stay;  
 Duty's still to love a foe,  
 Shall I this or that obey?  
 Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles;  
 That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by these crystal streams  
 I could sit and hear thee sigh,  
 Ravish'd with these pleasing dreams,  
 O 'tis worse than death to fly:  
 But the danger is so great,  
 Fear gives wings, instead of hate.

*Strepbon*, if you love me, leave me,  
 If you stay I am undone;



Oh! with ease you may deceive me,  
Prithee charming swain be gone.  
Heav'n decrees that we should part,  
That has my vows, but you my heart.

165  
ON a bank, beside a willow,  
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,  
Sad *Aminia* sigh'd alone:  
From the cheerless dawn of morning,  
Till the dews of night returning,  
Singing, thus she made her moan;  
Hope is banish'd,  
Joys are vanish'd,

*Damon*, my lov'd, is gone.  
Time, I dare thee to discover  
Such a youth, and such a lover,  
Oh! so true, so kind was he!  
*Damon* was the pride of nature,  
Charming in his every feature,  
*Damon* liv'd alone for me;  
Melting kisses,  
Murmuring blisses,  
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

Never shall we curse the morning,  
Never bless the night returning,  
Sweet embraces to restore;  
Never shall we both lie dying,  
Nature failing, love supplying  
All the joys he drain'd before;  
Death, come end me,  
To befriend me;  
Love and *Damon* are no more!

166  
TELL my *Strephon* that I die;  
Let echoes to each other tell,  
Till the mournful accents fly  
To *Strephon's* ear, and all is well.  
But gently breathe the fatal truth,  
And soften every harsher sound,  
For *Strephon's* such a tender youth,  
The softest words too deep will wound.

Now fountains, echoes, all be dumb;  
For should I cost my swain a tear,  
I should repent it in my tomb.  
And grieve I bought my rest so dear.

167  
BOAST not, mistaken swain, thy art  
To please my partial eyes;  
The charms that have subdu'd my heart  
Another may despise.  
Thy face is to my humour made,  
Another it may fright;  
Perhaps, by some fond whim betray'd,  
In oddness I delight.  
Vain youth, to your confusion, know,  
'Tis to my love's excess  
You all your fancy'd beauties owe,  
Which fade as that grows less.  
For your own sake, if not for mine,  
You should preserve my fire,  
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,  
When I no more admire.  
By me indeed you are allow'd  
The wonder of your kind;  
But be not of my judgment proud,  
Whom love has render'd blind.

168  
YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd  
How to make a lover yield;  
How to keep, and how to gain,  
When to love, and when to feign.  
Take me, take me, some of you,  
While I yet am young and true;  
Ere I can my soul disguise,  
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.  
Stay not till I learn the way  
How to lie and to betray;  
He that has me first is blest,  
For I may deceive the rest.

d a blooming youth  
and full of truth,  
of a janty mien,  
to be fifteen.

169

my bloom comes on apace,  
ins begin to tease me ;  
ho claim the foremost place,  
rent ways to please me :  
right, and chuse the best,  
soon decided ;  
their merits are express'd  
left divided.

flocks unnumber'd fray,  
a beyond all measure ;  
at smile, be kind and gay,  
e me all his treasure :  
r years do disagree  
t, as I remember ;  
ay I'm sure with me,  
m it is *December*

scarcely am in bloom,  
and snow be suing ;  
oil each rip'ning joy to come,  
ry charm to ruin :  
ad shew, to touch my pride,  
e heart is panting ;  
ere's something else beside  
ould find was wanting.

thou my choice shall gain,  
will ne'er deceive me ;  
air'd wealth shall plead in vain,  
hast more to give me :  
paints thee full of charms,  
ks so young and tender :  
his new and fond alarms—  
I now surrender.

170

TELL me no more of pointed darts,  
Of flaming eyes and bleeding hearts,  
The hyperboles of love,  
The hyperboles of love ;  
Be honest to yourself and me,  
Speak truly what you hear and see,  
And then your suit may move,  
And then your suit may move.

Why call me angel ? why divine ?  
Why must my eyes the stars outshine ?  
Can such deceits prevail ?  
For shame, forbear this common rule ;  
'Tis low, 'tis insult ; calls me fool ;  
With me 'twill always fail.

Would you obtain an honest heart,  
Address my nobler, better part ;  
Pay homage to my mind :  
The passing hour brings on decay,  
And beauty quickly fades away,  
Nor leaves a rose behind.

Let then your open manly sense  
The moral ornaments dispense,  
And to my worth be true :  
So may your suit itself endear,  
Not for the charms you say I wear,  
But those I find in you.

171

AMIDST my admirers when *Damon* appears,  
How great is the contrast to their foppish airs,  
How great is the contrast to their foppish airs :  
Good-sense and good-nature beam forth in his face,  
And dignity o'er all his form adds a grace.  
Good-sense and good-nature, &c.

He's handsome, polite ; his wit easy and free ;  
Their talk's only nonsense, and pert repartee ;  
Their flattery unmeaning, no charms can impart ;  
He praises my form, but makes love to my heart.

The flame of these lovers, so trifling and gay,  
Would be mighty insipid, or soon would decay;  
But he loves with passion—then blame me who can,  
If I glory in owning that *Damon's* the man.

172  
**G**OOD *Damon*, if you will, you may  
Set spies and guards to watch my way;  
Or mark my looks with jealous eye.  
When any well-dress'd swain is nigh;  
Yet woman's wit a way will find,  
In spite of caution, to be kind;  
For, if myself I do not keep,  
Instead of watching, you may sleep.  
Would you secure the fair at home,  
Go, bid her wander, bid her roam;  
Tir'd out with fops and fools all day,  
No more she'll ask abroad to stray;  
'Tis freedom's self must make her true,  
And fix her choice on none but you;  
For, if ourselves we do not keep,  
Instead of watching, you may sleep.

173  
**O** HOW weak will power and reason  
To this bosom tyrant prove;  
Ev'ry act is fancy'd treason  
By the jealous-sovereign love.  
Passion urg'd the youth to danger,  
Passion calls him back again;  
Passion is to peace a stranger,  
Steele I must my bliss or bane.  
So the fever'd minds that languish,  
And in scorching torments rave;  
Thus to end or ease their anguish,  
Headlong plunge into the wave.

174  
**O**F all my experience how vast the amount,  
Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count!  
Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd;  
*For to live to these years, and yet still be a maid!*

Ye heroes, triumphant by land and by sea,  
Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me,  
You can form a strong fort, or can form a block;  
Yet ye stand by, like dastards, and see me a mock!  
Ye lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue  
Candowhat you please, or with right or with wrong  
Can it be or by law or by equity said,  
That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid  
Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill  
Can save or demolish, can cure or can kill,  
To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,  
Who is sick—very sick—of remaining a maid.  
You, fops, I invoke not to list to my song,  
Who answer no end, and to no sex belong,  
Ye echoes of echoes, and shadows of shades—  
For if I had you—I might still be a maid.

175  
**A**LEXIS, how artless a lover,  
How bashful and silly you grow!  
In my eyes can you never discover  
I mean yes, when I often say no, say no,  
I mean yes, when I often say no.  
When you pine and you whine out your passion  
And only intreat for a kiss,  
To be coy and demure is the fashion,  
Alexis should ravish the bliss.  
In love, as in war, 'tis but reason  
To make some defence for the town;  
To surrender without it were treason,  
Before that the out works were won.  
If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,  
'Tis for honour and modesty's sake;  
He is but a pitiful lover,  
Who is foil'd by a single attack.  
But when we by force are o'erpower'd,  
The best and the bravest must yield;  
I'm not to be won by a coward;  
Who hardly darts enter the field.

My lover all night and all day,  
 od-natur'd, and frolic, and gay,  
 as sweet as the nightingale's lay,  
 his bagpipe my shepherd can play,  
 my young lad is my *Jockey*,  
 my, &c.

belove me, I'm witty and fair,  
 my eyes, and my lips, and my hair;  
 nor lilly with me can compare:  
 flatter, 'tis pretty I swear:  
 my, &c.

it my feet, and with many a sigh  
 my dear, will you never comply?  
 to destroy me, why do it, I'll die.  
 ll over, and answer'd, Not I:  
 my, &c.

tall may-pole he dances so neat,  
 of love the dear boy can repeat;  
 t, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,  
 s so kind, and his kisses so sweet:  
 my, &c.

n the sun cheeks repose in the west,  
 teful chorists all skim to their nest,  
 t on the green the dear boy I love best,  
 just ready to burst from my breast:  
 my, &c.

the meadows are moisten'd with dew,  
 my dear shepherd, I wait but for you;  
 each other, but constant and true,  
 e soft raptures no monarch e'er knew:  
 my, &c.

e'er a shepherd, ye nymphs, pass this way  
 h myrtle and all the gay verdure of *May*?  
 bow, oh! bring him once more to my eyes;  
 cy in search of new pleasures he flies,  
 save I travel'd and toil'd o'er the plains,  
 a rebel that's scarce worth my pains,  
 a rebel, &c.

Take care, maids, take care, when he flatters & swears,  
 How you trust your own eyes, or believe your own ears;  
 Like the rose-bud in *June* ev'ry hand he'll invite,  
 But wound the kind heart like the thorn out of sight;  
 And trust me, whoever my false shepherd detains,  
 he'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her  
 She'll find him a conquest, &c. [pains,

Three months at my feet did he languish and sigh,  
 Ere he gain'd a kind word, or a tender reply;  
 Love, honour, & truth, were the themes that he sung,  
 And he vow'd that his heart was akin to his tongue:  
 Too soon I believ'd, and reply'd to his strains,  
 And gave him too frankly my heart for his pains.  
 And gave him too frankly, &c.

The trifle once gain'd, like a boy at his play,  
 The wanton grew weary and flung it away;  
 Now cloy'd with my love, from my arms he does fly,  
 In search of another as gilly as I:  
 But trust me, whoever my false shepherd detains,  
 She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her  
 She'll find him a conquest, &c. [pains,

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you sooth the fond flame  
 And believe in good time all the sex are the same  
 Like *Strephon* from beauty to beauty they range,  
 Like him they will flatter, dissemble, and change:  
 And do all we can, still the maxim remains,  
 That a man, when we've got him, is scarce worth  
 That a man, when we've got him, &c. [our pains,

MY pride is to hold all mankind in my chain;  
 The conquest I prize, tho' the slaves I disdain;  
 I'll tease them and vex them,  
 I'll plague and perplex them:  
 Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,  
 I'll shew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Young *Damon* ador'd me, and *Lycon* the vain;  
 By turns I encourag'd each amorous swain;  
 They knelt and they trembled,  
 They smil'd and dissembled:

Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,  
 I'll shew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my counsel believe,  
Resist all their wiles, the deceivers deceive :  
    Their canting and whining,  
    Their sighing and pining,  
Are all meant as baits our weak sex to betray ;  
Then prove there are women as cunning as they.

**D**AMON, if you will believe me,

    'Tis not sighing on the plain,  
Song nor sonnet can relieve ye ;  
    Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occasion,  
And be master of the field ;  
To a powerful kind invasion  
    'Twere a madness not to yield.

Love gives out a large commission,  
    Still indulgent to the brave ;  
But one sin of base omission  
    Never woman yet forgave.

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,  
Cries you're rude and much to blame,  
And with tears implores your pity ;  
    Be not merciful, for shame.

When the fierce assault is over,  
    Chloris time enough will find  
This her cruel furious lover  
    Much more gentle, not so kind.

**W**HAT! put off with one denial,  
And not make a second trial ?  
You might see my eyes consenting,  
All above me was relenting ;  
Women, oblig'd to dwell in forms,  
Forgive the youth that boldly storms :

Lovers when you sigh and languish,  
When you tell us of your anguish,  
To the nymph you'll be more pleasing  
When those sorrows you are easing :  
*We love to try how far men dare,  
And never wish the foe to spare.*

**S**TREPHON has fashion, wit and youth,  
With all things else that please ;  
He nothing wants but love and truth  
    To ruin me with ease :  
But he is shint, and bears the art  
    To kindle strong desire ;  
His pow'r inflames another's heart,  
    Yet he ne'er feels the fire.  
O ! how it does my soul perplex,  
    When I his charms recall,  
To think he should despise the sex,  
    Or worse, should love 'em all.  
My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,  
    Thus seeks in vain for rest ;  
Finding no hope to fix its love,  
    Returns into my breast.

**T**HE wanton god, who pierces hearts,  
Dips in gall his pointed darts ;  
But the nymph disdains to pine,  
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine ;  
Rosy wine, rosy wine.  
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine !  
Farewel-lovers when they're cloy'd,  
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd ;  
Sure the squeamish sops are free  
    To rid me of dull company ;  
Sure they're free, sure they're free,  
    To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please ;  
I love them much, but more my ease :  
No jealous fears my love molest,  
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest ;  
Break my rest, break my rest,  
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,  
Who to give me joy disdain ?  
All I hope of mortal man,  
Is to love me while he can ;  
While he can, while he can,  
Is to love me while he can.

183

NG beauty, men descry  
 ant shore, and long to prove  
 er in variety)  
 asfers of the land of love.  
 n, like weak Indians stand,  
 from our golden coast  
 ring rovers to our land;  
 who trades with them is lost.  
 ble vows they first begin,  
 unseen into the heart;  
 fession settled in,  
 ickly act another part,  
 and baubles we resign  
 rance our shining store;  
 ature's richest mine,  
 the tyrants will have more,  
 e wife, and do not try  
 : can court, or you be won;  
 s but discovery;  
 hat is made, the pleasure's done.

184

ow I was milking just now in the vale,  
 is advanced and told a fond tale;  
 e, gentle maidens, believe what I say,  
 pleasure could wait for to hear it all day;  
 pleasure could wait,  
 pleasure could wait,  
 pleasure could wait for to hear it all day.  
 lla, he cry'd, now I'm happy I vow,  
 you, believe me, I came from the plough  
 have me *Florilla*, my dearest now say?  
 owns soon reply'd, I'll not hear you to day.  
 is, I said,—for to try him I strove,  
 ie near me more, for I'm sure you don't love;  
 'd by rough speeches, nor all I could say:  
 swer'd, with smiles, make me happy to day.  
 h blushes, I tell, I no longer said no;  
 s and I unto church soon did go;

Ye lasses, then hear me, oh hear me I pray,  
 Never wait for to-morrow, catch hold on to-day.

185

W Hen fable night each drooping plant restoring  
 Wept o'er the flow'rs her breath did cheer,  
 As some sad widow, o'er her babe deploring,  
 Wakes its beauty with a tear.  
 When all did sleep, whose weary hearts could borrow  
 One hour from love and care to rest;  
 Lo! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow,  
 My lover caught me to his breast!  
 He vow'd he came to save me  
 From those who would enslave me;  
 Then kneeling,  
 Kisses stealing,  
 Endless faith he swore!  
 But soon I chid him thence,  
 For had his fond pretence  
 Found favour then,  
 And he had press'd again  
 I fear'd my treach'rous heart might grant him more!

186

THOU canst not boast of fortune's store,  
 My love, while me they wealthy call:  
 But I was glad to find thee poor—  
 For with my heart I'd give thee all.  
 And then the grateful youth should own  
 I lov'd him for himself alone.  
 But when his worth my hand shall gain,  
 No word or look of mine shall show  
 That I the smallest thought retain  
 Of what my bounty did bestow:  
 Yet still his grateful heart shall own  
 I lov'd him for himself alone.

187

MY *Jockey* is fled from the plain,  
 And left me in sorrow to mourn,  
 Was ever so cruel a swain,  
 Ah! when will the rover return;

No longer he pipes on his reed,  
Whose music cou'd please us so well.  
And dull are the banks of the Tweed,  
Since *Jockey* has bid them farewell.

His crook he has broken in twain,  
His sheep and his lambskins now stray,  
They bleat for their shepherd in vain,  
And carelessly wander away.  
No longer he pipes, &c.

The swain was made up of deceit,  
And as false as the wavering wind,  
His manners were gentle and sweet,  
But his heart was still false and unkind.  
No longer he pipes, &c.

188  
**ATTEND**, ye nymphs, while I impart  
The secret wishes of my heart,  
And tell what swain, if one there be,  
Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside,  
Let honour all his actions guide ;  
Stedfast in virtue let him be,  
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind,  
With pure good-nature sweetly join'd ;  
Sure friend to modest merit be  
The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh,  
Where grief bedews the drooping eye,  
Melting in sympathy I see  
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let sordid artifice claim no part  
Within his tender, gen'rous heart ;  
Oh ! be that heart from falsehood free,  
Devoted all to love and me.

189  
**AT** setting day and rising morn,  
With soul that still shall love thee,  
*Thy* ask of heaven thy fate return,  
*With all that can improve thee ;*

I'll visit oft the birken bush.  
Where first you kindly told me  
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,  
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts thou didst repair,  
By green-wood, shaw, or fountain ;  
Or where the summer's day I'd share  
With you upon yon mountain :  
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,  
With thoughts unfeign'd and tender ;  
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,  
My heart, which cannot wander.

190  
**AS** archers' and siders, who cunningly know  
The way to procure themselves merit,  
Will always provide them two strings to a bow,  
And follow their business with spirit.

So likewise the provident damsel should do,  
Who'd make the best use of her beauty ;  
If the mark she would hit, or her lessons pass'd  
Two lovers must still be on duty.

Thus arm'd against chance, and secure of supply  
So far our revenge we may carry ;  
One spark for our sport we may jilt and set by,  
And t'other, poor soul ! we may marry.

191  
**AGAIN** in rustic weeds array'd,  
A simple swain, a simple maid ;  
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,  
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.  
The birds shall strain their little throats,  
And warble wild their merry notes ;  
Whilst we converse beneath the shade,  
A happy swain and happy maid.

Thy hands shall pluck, to grace my bow'rs,  
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'rs ;  
Whilst joys shall bless, for ever new,  
Thy *Phee* kind, my *Colin* true.

192  
 pretty young swain,  
 e comes many a mile;  
 e hastes back again,  
 him to stay a great while:  
 ich love is express'd,  
 y heart to beguile:  
 es, I protest,  
 m he'll wait a great while.  
 : a nosegay to day,  
 twas more pleasure than toil;  
 ly can say,  
 m not ask a great while  
 to grant him a kiss  
 he made me to smile;  
 cry'd; fie, 'tis amiss!  
 it to last a great while.  
 ought to be kind.  
 ll my beauties will spoil;  
 o' quite of his mind,  
 im to talk a great while:  
 weet things he has said,  
 at last he will spoil;  
 once asks me to wed,  
 t live a maid a great while.

193  
 of a hill, in a next lonely cot;  
 maid I'm afraid is my lot;  
 : my father e'er seen in the place:  
 ard my condition, and pity my case.  
 the pride of the plains, I adore;  
 e, good humour'd, has riches in store:  
 r damsel, of parentage base;  
 urd my condition, and pity my case.  
 ce caught us alone in the dark,  
 and forc'd me away from my spark;  
 uch of sorrow, of shame and disgrace:  
 urd my condition, and pity my case.  
 alteration has seiz'd me of late,  
 mounn all the day for my mate;

At night in my dreams his blest image I trace:  
 I think how hard my condition, and pity my case.

When'er I think on him, I sigh and look pale;  
 My mother she asks me, what is it I ail:  
 My rural companions all look in my face,  
 And in friendly compassion they pity my case.

Oh, *Hymen*! be kind, and give ear to my sighs;  
 Restore my young shepherd once more to my eyes;  
 The dear nuptial moment with joy I'll embrace,  
 And maidens shall envy, not pity my case.

194  
 AS t'other day o'er the green meadow I pass,  
 A swain overtook me, and held my hand fast;  
 Then cry'd, my dear *Lucy*, thou cause of my care,  
 How long must thy faithful young *Thyrsis* despair!  
 To crown my soft wishes, no longer be shy!  
 But frowning, I answer'd, oh! fie, shepherd, fie.  
 He told me his passion, like time should endure,  
 That beauty, which kindled his flame, would secure;  
 That all my sweet charms were for pleasure design'd,  
 And you know was the season to love and be kind.  
 Lord what cou'd I say! I could hardly deny,  
 And faintly I utter'd, oh! fie, shepherd, fie.

He swore with a kiss that he could not refrain,  
 I told him 'twas rude, but he kiss'd me again;  
 My conduct, ye fair-ones, in question ne'er call,  
 Nor think I did wrong, I did nothing at all:  
 Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to comply,  
 Now guess, if I still said, oh, fie, shepherd, fie.

195  
 BLYTHE *Jockey*, young and gay,  
 Is all my heart's delight;  
 He's all my talk by day,  
 And all my dreams by night.

If from the lad I be,  
 'Tis winter then with me;  
 But when he tarries here,  
 'Tis summer all the year.



When I and *Jockey* met  
First on the flow'ry dale,  
Right sweetly he me tret,  
And love was all his tale.

You are the lass, said he,  
That staw my heart frae me;  
O ease me of my pain,  
And never stiew disdain.

I'm glad when *Jockey* comes,  
Sad when he gangs away;  
'Tis night when *Jockey* glooms,  
But when he smiles 'tis day.

His suit I ill deny',  
He kiss'd and I comply'd;  
Sae *Jockey* promis'd me,  
That he would faithful be.

Well can my *Jockey* kyth  
His love and courtesie;  
He made my heart full blythe,  
When he first spake to me.

When our eyes meet I pant,  
I colour, sigh, and faint;  
What lass that would be kind—  
Can better speak her mind?

By mossy brook and flow'ry plain,  
I fondly seek my shepherd swain;  
Tell me, sweet maidens, have ye seen  
The gentle *Damon* on the green:  
Avoid the danger while you may,  
He'll steal your tender hearts away.

Persuasion smiles whene'er he speaks,  
And rosy dimples deck his cheeks,  
Blooming as health, as *Hebe* fair,  
The graces twine his auburn hair;  
*Loves* in his sunny eye-beams play,  
That stole my tender heart away.

Sweet wreaths of flow'rs he wove for me;  
Last night, beneath the hawthorn-trees;  
Bewitching are his tales of love,  
Propitious may they ever prove:  
For *Damon*, gentle, kind, and gay,  
Has stole my tender heart away.

By the side of the sweet river *Tay*,  
Or else on the banks of the *Tweed*,  
Young *Colin* he whistles all day,  
Or merrily pipes on his reed.  
His mind is a stranger to care,  
For he is blithe, bonny, and free;  
At harvest, at wake, and at fair,  
No swain is so chearful as he.

Ateve, when we dance on the green,  
How sprightly he joins in the throng;  
So pleasing his air and his mien,  
So gaily he trips it along!  
The lasses his manners adore,  
And strive his affections to gain;  
When absent, for him they deplore,  
All sigh for the smiles of the swain.

But I am the girl to his mind,  
He chose me above all the rest,  
And vows that to me he'll be kind,  
With me he will ever be blest.  
The maidens all envy my bliss,  
And tell me I'm simple and vain;  
Yet I'm not displeased at this,  
Nor heed their contempt and disdain.

BENEATH this grove, this silent shade,  
Come, *Damon*, to the gentle maid;  
What other nymph wou'd love like me?  
For, oh, thou'rt all inconstancy!  
You us'd to talk of love and bliss,  
And often sigh'd my lips to kiss;  
But roving now is sweeter glee,  
For thou art all inconstancy.

ant flow'rets sweetly spring,  
er'd choir in concert sing;  
s what I hear and see,  
see's all inconstancy.

us doves now bill and coo,  
alse *Damon*, so can you;  
like them contented be,  
elight's inconstancy.

fair! believe not man,  
roceed on *Damon's* plan;  
n the sex your hearts keep free,  
like them, inconstancy.

199

CE love is the plan,  
ove if I can,  
d I'll tell you what sort of a man,  
drefs how compleat,  
in drefs spruce and neat,  
how tall, so he's over five feet;  
lull, nor too witty,  
yes I'll think pretty,  
og with pleasure whenever we meet

ong bear a bob,  
glais a hob-nob  
of his reason his noddle ne'er rob;  
gentle he be,  
nan he shall see,  
be conquer'd by any but me,  
'this is my fancy,  
ch I can see,  
he's mine, until then I'll be free.

200

ST youth, why thus away,  
ve me here a mourning!  
ears, while thou'rt away,  
w for thy returning:  
wrocks, if by your side  
lese *Paris* straying,  
umar, softly chide,  
'for him I'm straying.

Meads and groves I've rampled o'er  
In vain, dear youth, to find thee:  
Come, ah! come, and part no more,  
To leave the love behind thee.  
On yon' hill I'll sit till night,  
My careful watch still keeping;  
But if he does not bless my sight,  
I'll lay me down a weeping.

201

FROM the court to the cottage convey me away,  
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay;  
Where pride without measure,  
And pomp without pleasure,  
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

Far remote, and retir'd, from the noise of the town,  
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown:  
My friends shall be few,  
But well chosen, and true,  
And sweet recreation our evenings shall crown.

With a rural repast, a rich banquet to me,  
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree;  
The river's clear brink  
Shall afford me my drink,  
And temp'rance my friendly physician shall be.

Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,  
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,  
I'll neither invoke,  
Nor repine at death's stroke,  
But retire from the world as I wou'd to my rest.

202

FAR swifter than light my love flies,  
In quest of a happier clime,  
See yonder he steers through the skies,  
And smiles on the wreck of old time.

Since I here on earth still remain,  
A stranger to comfort and rest,  
At once I will end all my pain—  
This dagger I'll thrust in my breast.

H

FLY

203  
FLY, fly to yon vale, other pastimes pursue,  
My eyes and my tongue have determin'd thy fate;  
This face and this shape are not destin'd for you,  
And former disdain is now turn'd into hate.

204  
AS down the cowslip dale I stray'd  
One morning in the dawn,  
Young *Damon*, for the fair array'd,  
Came tripping o'er the lawn;  
His auburn locks, with manly grace,  
In flowing ringlets hung;  
The bloom of health glow'd on his face,  
And blithe the shepherd sung.

Thus onward drew, and as he pass'd,  
He smiling bade good day;  
Entranc'd I gaz'd, till, oh! at last  
I gaz'd my heart away.  
That moment all to love resign'd,  
Each sense seem'd to declare  
Tho' hapless I was left behind,  
My heart went to the fair.

In vain, my anguish to remove,  
To once-lov'd scenes I fly;  
The rose-deck'd bow'r, the pine-top'd grove,  
Seems fading to my eye:  
Thou gentle youth, by nature kind,  
A maiden's blushes spare;  
Perceive, though she was left behind,  
Her heart went to the fair.

205  
AND are you sure the news is true?  
And are you sure he's well?  
This is no time to think of work,  
I must set by my wheel.  
Give me my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
And welcome him on shore;  
But why do I thus lose my time?  
Perhaps he's at the door.  
Lie still, lie still, my beating breast,  
Ah! welcome him on shore;

Perhaps from me no more he'll roam,  
Or trust the rude sea more.

So true his words, so smooth his speech,  
His breath like caller air;  
His very foot has music in't,  
When he trips up the stair:  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
There's lily whiteness in his skin,  
And roses in his cheek:  
Lie still, lie still, my beating heart,  
My *Donald's* at the door;  
Perhaps from me no more he'll part,  
Or trust the rude sea more.

The cold blast of the winter wind,  
That thrill'd late through my heart,  
Are all blown by, and *Donald's* safe,  
Till death we ne'er must part:  
But what pite parting in my head?  
It may be far away;  
The present moment sure's our own,  
The next we ne'er may see:  
Lie still, lie still, my beating heart,  
Hark! hark! he's at the door;  
Perhaps from me no more he'll part,  
Or trust the rude sea more.

206  
IF I was a wife,  
And my dearest dear life  
Took it into his noddle to die;  
Ere I took the whim  
To be bury'd with him,  
I think I'd know very well why.

If poignant my grief,  
I'd search for relief,  
Nor sink with the weight of my care;  
A salve might be found,  
No doubt, above ground,  
And I think I know very well where.

Kind mate  
 Give me what fate  
 From the former allow;  
 Him I'd amuse  
 Were you abuse,  
 I know very well how.

Now, I'm a maid,  
 'T may be said,  
 The conjugal lot;  
 Marriage, I wean,  
 Cure for the spleen,  
 I know very well what,

207  
 As I gang'd far away o'er the plain,  
 Narrow behind I am forc'd to remain;  
 Bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn, [thorn  
 Trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the  
 : they give me; in vain they look gay,  
 thing can please me now *Jockey's* away;  
 it singing, and this is my strain,  
 O, my dear *Jockey*, to me back again.

And their lassies are on the green met,  
 : and they sing, they laugh and they chat;  
 and happy, with hearts full of glee,  
 boot envy their merriment see:  
 times offend me, my laddie's not there,  
 e I relish that *Jockey* don't share,  
 ne to sigh, I can scarce tears refrain,  
 dear *Jockey* return'd back again.

shall sustain me, nor will I despair:  
 I'd he would in a fortnight be here;  
 expectation my wishes I'd feast,  
 O, dear *Jockey* to *Jenny* will haste:  
 well each care, adieu each vain sigh,  
 can be so bless'd, or so happy as I?  
 ure the meadows, and alter my strain,  
 : *Jenny* returns to these arms back again.

208  
 MY bonny sailor's won my mind,  
 My heart is now with him at sea;  
 I hope the summer's western breeze  
 Will bring him safely back to me;  
 I wish to hear what glorious toils,  
 What dangers he has undergone;  
 What forts he's storm'd, how great the spoils  
 From France and Spain my sailor's won.

A thousand terrors chill'd my breast,  
 When fancy brought the foe to view;  
 And day and night I've had no rest,  
 Left ev'ry gale a tempest blew:  
 Bring, gentle gales, my sailor home,  
 His ship at anchor may I see;  
 Three years are sure enough to roam,  
 Too long for one who loves like me.

His face by sultry climes is wan,  
 His eyes by watching, shine less bright;  
 But still I'll own my charming man,  
 And run to meet him when in sight:  
 His honest heart is what I prize,  
 No weather can make that look old;  
 Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,  
 I'll love my jolly sailor bold.

209  
 NO more along the daily'd mead  
 I meet my fickle swain,  
 Whose charms and falsehood far exceed  
 The shepherds of our plain;  
 He fighting, follow'd where I rovd,  
 Till pity touch'd my heart;  
 Then, laughing, boasted how I lov'd,  
 And play'd a traitor's part.

Ladies, ladies, while you fly,  
 The men will still pursue;  
 But if you pity when they sigh,  
 Alas! they'll fly from you!

They practise, and they must approve  
 An innocent deceit ;  
 Affect indifference where you love,  
 Or you'll indiff'rence meet.

— 210 —  
 OH ! where will you hurry my dearest ?  
 Say, say to what clime or what shore,  
 You tear him from me the sincerest,  
 That ever lov'd mortal before.

Ah ! cruel, hard hearted to press him,  
 And force the dear youth from my arms,  
 Restore him that I may care less him,  
 And shield him from future alarms.

In vain you insult and deride me,  
 And make but a scoff at my woes ;  
 You ne'er from my dear shall divide me,  
 I'll follow wherever he goes.

Think not of the merciless ocean,  
 My soul any terror can have,  
 For soon as the ship makes its motion,  
 So soon shall the sea be my grave.

— 211 —  
 O Welcome, my shepherd, how welcome to me  
 Is ev'ry occasion of meeting with thee !  
 But when thou art absent, so joyless am I,  
 Methinks I contented could sit down and die.

The oft'ner I view thee, the more I approve  
 The choice I have made and am fix'd in my love ;  
 For merit like your's more brighter is shown,  
 And more must be valu'd the more it is known.

To live in a cottage with thee could I choose,  
 And crowns for thy sake I would gladly refuse ;  
 Not all the vast treasure of wealthy Peru,  
 To me would seem precious, if banish'd from you.

For all my ambition in thee is confin'd,  
 And nothing could please me should you prove un-  
*Then faithfully love me, and happier I'll be, [kind :*  
*Than if plac'd on a throne for to reign without thee,*

— 212 —  
 OH ! let me unreserv'd declare  
 'The feelings of my heart,  
 My *Strephon* reigns univall'd there,  
 No other swain has part ;  
 Such worth and truth my heart does move,  
 To give my shepherd love for love.

When absent from my longing sight,  
 He is my constant theme ;  
 His shadow form appears by night,  
 And shapes the morning dream ;  
 For ah ! his worth my heart does move  
 To give the shepherd love for love.

Ye spotless virgins of the plain,  
 Deem not my words too free ;  
 For e'er my passion you arraign,  
 You must have lov'd like me ;  
 And to his worth my heart does move  
 To give the shepherd love for love.

— 213 —  
 SWEET, oh ! sweet the flowers in *May*,  
 Sweet the dew-drop on the spray ;  
 Yet more than all, if all should meet,  
 My *Damon's* sweetest of the sweet.

In gentle *Damon's* face the rose  
 Blended with the lilly grows ;  
 His sparkling eyes that glow with fire,  
 Mildest, gentlest love inspire.

His lips are of the rose's hue,  
 Still dropping with the morning dew ;  
 While breathing, and inviting love,  
 They softly, gently, sweetly move. [D

— 214 —  
 SOMEHOW my spindle I mislaid,  
 And lost it underneath the grass,  
*Damon* advancing, bow'd his head,  
 And said, what seek you, pretty lass !  
*Damon* advancing, &c.

but urg'd with ease,  
cast and leads it far,  
&c.

by yon spreading oak  
spindle lost just now;  
in *Damon* kindly took,  
the tree he cut a bough,  
nife, &c.  
le love, &c.:

youth his time employ,  
he tenderly beheld,  
love, I leap'd for joy,  
y heart did fondly yield;  
lik'd of love, &c.  
le love, &c.

215  
sin I now am forsaken,  
my temples shall bind;  
I by chance am mistaken,  
hope, will prove kind.  
would leave me in sorrow,  
would have him to know,  
is good maxim I borrow,  
have two strings to one's bow.

ght eyes were my pleasure,  
from their beams smil'd on me;  
once all my treasure,  
as fickle as he:  
can cure all my sorrow,  
would have you to know,  
n this good maxim I borrow,  
ways two strings to their bow.  
to scorn the false rovers,  
you because you are true;  
it and kind to your lovers,  
they prove constant to you;  
e 'tis folly to languish,  
ad to my counsel, and know,  
sach pining and anguish  
of two strings to my bow,

216  
TO hear the jar of noisy war,  
To me is pleasing matter;  
Give me, ye pow'rs. in dang'rous hours,  
A spear and shield to clatter;  
If this supply ye shall deny,  
Yet grant me hat and feather,  
A smart cockade, and polish'd blade—  
But keep them from the weather.

I'll then proceed, for sure there's need,  
To get my carps together;  
Who feel no dread, but for their head,  
Their hat, cockade, and feather.  
Let now each maid, in taste array'd,  
Advance, in fairest weather—  
But halt! I fear the *French* are near—  
Alas! my hat and feather.

If these I lose, I'll not refuse  
To leave the strife to others;  
To those who dread no loss of head,  
*Britannia's* sons and brothers;  
For they'll advance 'gainst *Spain* and *France*,  
And knock them down together;—  
Then where they lie,—there let them die—  
Despoil'd of hat and feather.

217  
WHEN the hated morning's light,  
Peeping in, offends my sight,  
Tossing to and fro in bed,  
Aching heart, and aching head;  
Counting o'er my various ills,  
Fickle lovers, mercers bills;  
All the sums I've lost at dice,  
When these in my mind arise,  
I cry - - -

But if 'tis Pantheon night,  
Or that Ranelagh invite,  
Chicheras here, macheratas there,  
Or to Vauxhall I repair;  
If I meet my Lord Perfume,  
Or dear Col'nel Thunder-Bomb;

When such pleasures are my lot,  
Fickle lovers all forgot,  
Dice and mercers bills forgot—  
I laugh - - -

Then, if in the Morning Post  
I read reputations lost,  
Sly intrigues, and cuckold spouses,  
Great debates in both the Houses;  
When I'm told that dissipation,  
Folly, lux'ry, rule the nation;  
That the rich, the young and wife,  
To true pleasure shut their eyes,  
I cry - - -

But, if ere my tears are gone,  
Simp'ring, enters honest John,  
"Ma'am. Sir Jehu's at the door,  
"In his phaeton and four;"  
Instant all my sorrows cease,  
Out I run, and take my place:  
With such joys the moments glide  
By my dear Sir Jehu's side,  
I laugh - - -

218  
**W**HEN fragrant bloom of yellow broom  
Delights our lads and lasses,  
O'er yellow broom, in beauty's bloom,  
My *Will* all lads surpasses;

Wi' *Will* then I'll o'er the braes,  
I'll o'er the braes with *Will*;  
From morn to eve I'll sing the praise  
Of buxom, bonny *Will*.

Redin'd by *Tay*, at noon-tide day,  
We'll pou the daisy pretty;  
The live long day we'll kiss and play,  
Or sing some loving ditty.

*Wi' Will then, &c.*

Now blithe and gay, at setting day,  
*My muther dinna hinder;*

I'll sing and play wi' *Will* gay,  
For we twa ne'er shall hinder.  
*Wi' Will then*

219  
**W**OULD'ST thou all the joy receive,  
That enraptur'd lovers give,  
Take a heart from falsehood free,  
Take a heart that doats on thee;  
Nice suspicion's jealous train,  
Still creates a virgin pain;  
Then each timid care remove,  
You can smile, and I can love.

Bless'd with thee, profusely gay,  
Time shall wing his smiling way;  
Ever blooming joys increase,  
Tranquil liberty and peace  
Oh! let kindness rule thy breast,  
Smile my panting heart to rest;  
Sweetly smile, and thou shalt know,  
We can make a heav'n below.

220  
**W**HEN morn with purple streaks the  
And rested flocks to pasture rise,  
I long my absent love to see,  
And sigh for him who doats on me.

His lovely form and gracious smile  
First caught my partial eye,  
And soft persuasion, free from guile,  
Soon won me to comply.

Our vows of mutual truth are pass'd,  
I only live to love;  
And ever shall that passion last,  
Which earth and heav'n approve.

221  
**W**HEN *Jemmy* first began to love,  
He was the gayest swain,  
That ever yet a flock had drove,  
Or danc'd upon the plain;  
Twas then that I, wae's my poor heart  
My freedom threw away,

sweets in ev'ry smart,  
 it say him nay;  
 when he talk'd of love,  
 his eyes decline,  
 gh a heart would move,  
 h, and why not mine?  
 ny hand, and kiss it oft,  
 spoke his flame;  
 he treated me thus soft,  
 him not to blame.  
 o feed my socks with him,  
 y would invite me,  
 e softest songs would sing,  
 se to delight me:  
 ev'ry grace display'd,  
 ere enough, I trow,  
 any princely maid,  
 me, I vow.  
*Jenny* I must mourn,  
 he wari must go;  
 ook to a sword must turn,  
 'hat shall I do?  
 into warlike sounds  
 exchanged be,  
 racelets, fearful sounds,  
 at becomes of me?

222  
 was young, tho' now am old,  
 were kind and true;  
 y're grown so false and bold,  
 a woman do?  
 at can a woman do?  
 men are truly,  
 So unruly,  
 le at seventy-two!  
 fair—tho' now so so,  
 were giv'n to rove,  
 eat not fast, nor slow,  
 was faith and love;  
 'hat can a woman do?  
 men are truly,  
 So unruly,  
 ble at seventy-two!

223  
**H**E's as tight a lad to see to,  
 As e'er slept in leather shoe,  
 And, what's better, he'll love me too,  
 And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye,  
 I defy what she can do;  
 He o'erlook'd the little doxy,  
 I'm the girl he means to woo.  
 Hither I stole out to meet him;  
 He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue;  
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;  
 If he's false—I'll fit him too.

224  
**W**HEN ev'ning gales cheer rural groves,  
 And village lassies gay,  
 Are roving with the lads they love,  
 Along the banks of *Tay*,  
 I'll chuse young *Colin* for my guide,  
 From harms he'll sure defend;  
 For *Colin* is my joy and pride,  
 My lover, and my friend.

Young *Colin's* now in beauty's bloom.  
 His looks are fair and gay;  
 He pipes along the yellow broom,  
 Or flow'ry banks of *Tay*;  
 When harvest smiles, the shepherd's pain,  
 And all his doubts shall end;  
 For then I'll wed the gentle swain,  
 My lover, and my friend.

225  
**Y**ET awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,  
 Fold me in thy downy arms,  
 Let not care awake to grieve me,  
 Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to fray,  
 Quitting young the parent's nest,  
 Find each bird a bird of prey;  
 Sorrow knows not where to rest.



226

AS o'er the lawn young *Sandy* tripp'd,  
While kids and lambskins round him skip'd,  
All bonny, blithe and gay;  
So sweet he tun'd his pipe and reed,  
He charms around each verdant mead,  
And ushers in, and ushers in the *May*.  
And ushers in the *May*.

But *Sandy* he is a' unkind,  
My sighs nor plaints he does n' mind,  
Yet still I love the swain:

For much I fear another she,  
Attracts his mind instead of me,  
And causes a' my pain.

Oh! may the maid where'er they meet,  
His warmest wishes still complete,  
United with her own:

Guard the dear boy, each sacred power,  
Your choicest blessing on him show'r,  
Her life with pleasure crown.

227

BLEST with thee, my souls dear treasure,  
Sweetly will each hour be pass'd;  
Ev'ry day will bring new pleasure,  
And be happier than the last.

With so lov'd a partner talking,  
Time will quickly glide away;  
With so dear a husband walking,  
Nature does each bloom display.

Such a darling swain possessing,  
All my sorrows will be o'er;  
Thou art fortune's utmost blessing,  
Fortune cannot give me more.

228

FROM morning till night, and wherever I go,  
Young *Colin* pursues me, though still I say No,  
Young *Colin* pursues me, though still I say No.  
Ye matrons experienc'd, inform me, I pray,  
In a point that's so critical, what shall I say?

Ye matrons experienc'd, inform me  
In a point that's so critical, what

Soft sonnets he makes on my beat  
Such praises a bosom that's tender  
He vows that he'll love me for ever  
In a point that's so critical, what

He brought me a garland, the swe  
And saluting me, call'd me his be  
In my breast, like a bird, I found  
Instruct a young virgin then who

But vain my petition, you heed n  
But leave me unguarded, to stand  
No more I'll solicit, no longer I'll  
Let prudence inform me in what

When next he approaches, with  
If he asks me to wed I vow I'll c  
At church he may take me for e  
And I warrant you then I shall k

229

MY mother oft chides me, and  
I beg to men's tales you will nev  
They're as subtle as foxes, their  
Be careful, my child, how you li  
Lord love her dear heart, to be s  
I did my endeavours her precepts  
And to hear her advice oft gravel  
Tho' it signifies nothing, no mat

Yet still she kept teasing and pla  
And begging 'mongst men I'd no  
I gave my consent her opinion to  
But what are love promises? no  
It chanced that one day, both m  
Were ask'd to a friend's, both to  
There with a young fellow I fell  
Indeed he was handsome, no ma

No sooner got home, how my m  
And read me such intinances, mo

many perjuries, adding, she thought  
 as wander much more than I ought  
 as I thought, on the point somewhat hot,  
 walls preaching, it signifies not.  
 sweet fellow, I'll have him, that's flat,  
 as may preach, but no matter for that.

230

me, kind and gentle swain,  
 's sweet voice delight you,  
 youth should drink each strain,  
 saute's lips invite you :  
 I valour warm your heart,  
 h and honour guard you :  
 ded breasts extract the dart,  
 city will reward you :  
 sin'd eyes, their wish disclose,  
 l you refuse 'em ?  
 dew from off the rose,  
 e it in your bosom.

231

young Jeckey toy'd and sported,  
 try'd each winning art,  
 silent glances courted,  
 on my witless heart ;  
 I'd my hand, too yielding,  
 his'd, and oft he smil'd ;  
 my bosom shielding,  
 art he soon beguil'd ;  
 as my inclination  
 his'd, the faithless swain :  
 as it melts with patience ;  
 soon forsakes the plain.

a maid a prey to young Cupid,  
 nly fault was her seeming too kind ;  
 youth was grown very stupid,  
 : that the sting would remain long behind ;  
 swains, tell me ye-swains,  
 as do so, would you do so,  
 would you, would you, could you,  
 ou have serv'd a maiden so.

Soon as I had lost my lover,  
 Fool ! I fate me down and cry'd ;  
 Rail'd at fate, and curs'd the rover,  
 Sigh'd and sobb'd, and sobb'd and sigh'd ;

I no breakfast ate nor dinner,  
 Supperless I went to bed ;  
 I a loser, he no winner,  
 'Till a thought came in my head :

Why should I, my bloom destroying,  
 Vex and teaze my soul away :  
 No,—the gift of life enjoying,  
 I will taste the sweets of *May*.

Just as the rose, the bee flying from her,  
 Blushes and bustles at every wind :  
 So *Chloe's* resolv'd to laugh thr' the summer,  
 To ev'ry new swain to be gentle and kind.  
 Tell me, ye maids, tell me, ye maids,  
 Could you do so, would you do so ?  
 Could you, would you, would you, could you,  
 Would not you have serv'd the rover so ?

232

SHEPHERD, would you hope to please us,  
 You must ev'ry humour try :  
 Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,  
 Often laugh, and sometimes cry.

Soft denials are but trials  
 Of the heart we wish to gain !  
 Tho' we're shy and seem to fly,  
 If you pursue we fly in vain.  
 Shepherd, &c.

233

T Ho' his passion in silence the youth would conceal,  
 What his tongue will not utter, his eyes still reveal,  
 What his tongue will not utter, his eyes still reveal ;  
 And by soft stolen glances unwillingly prove,  
 That they are but tell-tales of *Caledon's* love,  
 That they are but tell-tales of *Caledon's* love.

To the grove, to the green, to the dance, to the fair,  
Wherever I go my blithe shepherd is there;  
I know the fond youth by his blush, by his smile,  
And surely such looks were not meant to beguile.

Tho' indiff'rent the subject, whatever it prove.  
He insensibly turns the discourse upon love:  
If he talks to another, with pleasure I see  
Though his words are to her, yet his looks are to me.

Sometimes I command him his speech to refrain;  
But, alas! my resolves, I command it in vain,  
For when the dear theme he'll no longer pursue,  
I forget my commands, and resume it anew.

When he talks, if alone, I am ever in fear  
He should speak what I dread, & yet with most to hear;  
Should he mention his love, though my pride would  
My heart whispers, *Celia*, fond *Celia* comply. [deny,

**W**HY, *Celia*, must your *Laura* mourn,  
Or longer wait your wish'd return?  
O quickly come, and bring with thee  
Glad joy to all, but love to me.

No more the tenants of the grove  
In concert tune their tales of love;  
And nature ceases to be gay  
When e'er my shepherd keeps away.

No longer fly the peaceful shade,  
But haste to meet your constant maid:  
O quickly come, and bring with thee  
Glad joy to all, but love to me.

**W**HAT though the blooming genial year,  
In all its beautiful pomp appear,  
What though each blushing border rise,  
And primrose with the violet vies;  
Though gay green mantle shade the trees,  
Without *Amyntor*, what are these?  
Without *Amyntor*, &c.

*What though the cuckoo from the grove,  
Proclaim the spring the time for love,*

What though the thrilling lark ascend,  
And make each rural swain his friend,  
Though thro' and blackbird strive to please  
Without *Amyntor*, what are these?

Though shepherds, each in tender tale,  
Protest me fairest of the vale,  
What though, in gaudy homage dress,  
Deceit may lurk t'invade my breast;  
No second love my soul can please,  
Without *Amyntor*, what are these?

**W**OMAN should be wisely kind  
Nor give her passion scope;  
Just reveal her inclination,  
Never wed without probation,  
Nor in the lover's mind,  
Blith the sweet blossom, hope.

Youth and beauty kindle love,  
Sighs and vows will fan the fire;  
Sighs and vows may traitors prove,  
Sorrow then succeeds desire;  
Honour, faith, and well earn'd fame,  
Feed the sacred lasting flame!

**B**ELIEVE me, dear aunt,  
If you rove thus, and rant,  
You'll never a lover persuade;  
The men will all fly,  
And leave you to die,  
Oh, terrible chancel an old maid—

How happy the last,  
Most the come to this pass,  
Who attest virginity 'scapes;  
'Twere better on earth  
Have five brats at a birth,  
Than in hell be a leader of apes.

**F**AITHLESS *Damon*'s turn'd a rover,  
From my longing arms he flies,

in perjur'd lover,  
He dies.

And languish?  
I cruel prove?  
ease my anguish,  
*Celia's* love.

Oh, how thus deceiving,  
arts are won;  
too soon believing,  
am undone.

239  
How false deceiver,  
we must part;  
be gone for ever,  
be from my heart.

240  
Ah, I can't abide you;  
vows so soon forgot?  
I had try'd you,  
have been my hopeful lot.

you—make them happy;  
fair, and crown their bliss:  
good-natur'd pappy;  
d you with a kiss.

241  
As my *Damon's* air,  
is his golden hair,  
as the nightingale's,  
breath than flow'ry vales;  
beauties to resign,  
all talk is mine.

Every grove,  
margin of each stream,  
scenes of former love,  
*Damon* is my theme.  
rivers; the streams remain,  
I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charmer is fled,  
Groves, flocks, and fountains, please no more,  
Each flow'r, in pity, droops its head,  
All nature does my loss deplore:  
All, all reproach the faithless swain,  
Yet *Damon* still I seek in vain.

242  
I LIKE the man, whose soaring soul  
Is generous and refin'd,  
Whose passions act beneath controul,  
With love and honour join'd.  
The oak, by woodbines on the plain,  
Encompass'd and caress'd,  
Is not more steadfast in its reign,  
Nor is more sweetly dress'd.

The frothy sons of vice and show,  
Like shadows and like noise,  
Have nothing in themselves, we know,  
That sober sense enjoys:  
But pure and constant love endears,  
And casts both ear and sight,  
While ev'ry thing, that virtue fears,  
Can give no true delight.

243  
ONE April morn, young *Damon* sought,  
O'er *Sylvia* to prevail,  
And with dissimulation traile,  
He thus address'd his tale.  
Now winter's chilling blasts are o'er,  
And springs prolific reign  
Impels the blossom and the flow'r,  
To deck the smiling plain.

Let us my dearest girl repair,  
To yonder bloomy grove,  
For oh! I long to tell thee there,  
How ardent I love.  
When prudence, watchful for the good  
Of all who seek her care;  
Consest before the damsel stood,  
And said of man beware.

What tho' his words as honey sweet,  
Seem all in candour dress'd,  
Yet art, the parent of deceit,  
Lies lurking in his breast.  
Admonish'd by this faithful friend,  
The cautious maid reply'd,  
The youth I to the grove attend,  
Must make me first his bride.

Abash'd! the swain his purpose saw,  
In blackest colours rise,  
Her honour struck his soul with awe,  
And fill'd with shame his eyes;  
To church he led the lovely maid,  
Fair virtue's sacred school!  
While *Sylvia* archly smil'd, and said,  
Now—who's the *April* fool?

244  
SINCE *Hodge* proves ungrateful, no farther I'll seek,  
But go up to town in the waggon next week;  
A service in *London* is no such disgrace.  
And register's office will get me a place:  
*Bet Blossom* went there, and soon met with a friend;  
Folks lay in her silks she's now standing an end,  
Then why should not I the same maxim pursue,  
And better my fortune as other girls do?

245  
THO' the winds are whistling round me,  
And the midnight rains descend;  
Painful fear shall near confound me,  
Guardian love will be my friend.

Night! how much I can defy thee!  
Laugh at all thy negro train!  
Day returning, *Damon's* nigh me,  
Storms may beat, but beat in vain,

On my shepherd, fond reclining,  
Pleasant safety soothes my breast:  
Welcome winds to peace inclining!  
Winds that lull to downy rest!

246  
TALK no more of love to me,  
All your suit will not prevail;  
I for one confess a flame,  
In the humble flow'ry vale.  
For each other, long we've sigh'd,  
Equal both, in birth and place;  
He's my only joy and pride,  
Love can laugh at noble race.

247  
YOUNG I am, and sore afraid:  
Would you hurt a harmless maid?  
Lead an innocent astray?  
Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.  
Men too often we believe;  
And, should you my faith deceive,  
Ruin first, and then forsake,  
Sure my tender heart would break.

248  
YE nymphs, whose softer souls approve  
The touching strain of heart-felt love,  
I'll tell you of the gentlest swain  
That ever grac'd the rural plain.

Who, but *Lysander*, has the pow'r  
To brighten ev'ry darksome hour?  
To call a smile from dimple sleek,  
Or make the blood forsake the cheek?

None with my love could e'er compare,  
For manly beauty, graceful air;  
For speech whose accents mild inspire  
Gay delight and soft desire.

This matchless youth I now possess,  
O love abate thy fond cares;  
For I am lost to all relief,  
If joy can kill as well as grief.

249  
DEAREST *Damon* do not fly me  
Cannot tears your pity move,  
Oh! believe me, don't deny me,  
It is you I only love.

o he shuns me, cruel fate !  
Ah, never, never he'll return,  
'bat can now my tears abate,  
While with hopeless love I burn.  
He my *Damon* now believes me,  
He returns, by pity mov'd,  
Very pleasure now surrounds me,  
Loving, and again belov'd.

250

gales, in pity bear  
my tender sighs away ;  
In *Strepson's* ear  
soft complaints convey  
noisy fountain's side,  
The verdant bank reclin'd,  
Gleaming streams in murmurs glide,  
The dear deluder find.

In pity bear  
my tender sighs away ;  
In *Strepson's* ear  
soft complaints convey.  
See how I mourn,  
all my pains and woes ;  
Call him to return,  
My wounded heart repose.

In pity bear  
my tender sighs away ;  
In *Strepson's* ear,  
soft complaints convey.

251

Other, if you please, you may  
to observe my way ;  
If the watchful spy,  
Be ever in your eye ;  
Will itself restrain,  
Others is in vain ;  
If I do not keep,  
Watching, you may sleep.  
Orbid what love inspires,  
You but fan it's fires ;  
As appetite enrage,  
May prove too strong for age :

Then leave me unconfin'd and free,  
With prudence for my lock and key ;  
For if myself I do not keep,  
Instead of watching, all may sleep.

252

GO, perjur'd youth, thou foe to truth,  
Retract the vows you swore ;  
A *Proteus* true I've found in you,  
And ne'er can like you more.

Ungen'rous boy ! made to defroy,  
And rob me of my peace ;  
Awake, asleep, pangs round me creep,  
That never, never cease.

Sad throbbing sighs, tear-streaming eyes,  
The emblems of despair ;  
Each friend in vain (while you disdain)  
Attempts to soothe my care.

But all their arts to cure my smart,  
Inefficacious prove ;  
My mind's not free from slavery,  
'Tis bound in chains of love.

*Maria's* fair, false man, declare,  
Just as thou didst to me ;  
(But maid beware his fatal snare,  
It's wrapt in perjury.)

His main delight is stories bright,  
They steal upon our ears ;  
Our tempers vex, degrade the sex,  
And force down floods of tears.

O ! savage man, made to trepan,  
And call love's pain a jest ;  
O grant that I might change the sigh,  
For joys within my breast !

I'd then be free from such as these,  
I'd spend in mirth each hour ;  
My virgin heart should know no smart,  
But laugh at all thy pow'r.

I'll envy not the fair-one's lot,  
To whom young *Edwin* loves ;  
But wish to see them ever be

The portraits of fond devoirs.

For sweet content was never meant  
To wretched me below ;  
Yet when I die, my soul shall fly  
Beyond the reach of woe.

253  
How pleasing my *Damon*, how charming his face !  
Adorn'd with sweet smiles, and bedeck'd with each  
His manners are gentle, engaging and free ; [grace !  
And what is still better, the shepherd loves me.  
Tho' plaintive his song, it drives sorrow away ;  
To hear his sweet voice I could listen all day ;  
I always am happy when *Damon* I see ;  
I love the young shepherd, because he loves me.

Th' other day, as I sat beneath a green shade,  
He press'd my hand gently, and call'd me dear maid :  
His words, and his looks, and his actions agree,  
And I love the dear shepherd, because he loves me.  
The morn now invites, to the shade I'll repair,  
And surely my *Damon* will follow me there.  
Should he urge his fond suit, we shall quickly agree ;  
I'll marry my shepherd because he loves me.

254  
How imperfect is expression,  
Some emotions to impart !  
When we mean a soft confession,  
And yet seek to hide the heart !  
When our bosoms, all complying,  
With delicious tumults swell,  
And beat what broken, falt'ring, dying  
Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror,  
Quite expressive paints my cheek.  
Ask no more—behold your error ;  
Blushes eloquently speak.  
What tho' silent is my anguish,  
Or breath'd only to the air ;  
Mark my eyes, and as they languish,  
Read what yours have written there.

O, that you could once conceive me !  
Once my heart's strong feelings view !  
*Love has taught more fond, believe me ;*  
*Friendship nothing half so true.*

From you I am wild despairing,  
With you speechless as I touch ;  
This is all that bears declaring,  
And perhaps declares too much.

255  
I Winna marry any mon but *Sandy* o'er the Le  
But I will ha my *Sandy* Lad, my *Sandy* o'er the  
For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me  
I will not have the minister, for all his godly le  
Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily  
I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will

But I will have my *Sandy* Lad, without one  
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not have the soldier lad, for he gangs to the  
I will not have the sailor lad, because he smells  
I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their

But I will have my *Sandy* Lad, my *Sandy* o'  
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

256  
I'D have a man of sense and air,  
The pride of ev'ry witty fair ;  
Genteel in make, in stature tall,  
Polite to me, and good to all.  
No powder'd, silly, flatt'ring bean,  
Who of good sense doth nothing know :  
A man of science, fond of books,  
Who's temper's equal to his looks.

No jealous fears I'd have annoy  
The pleasing prospect of our joy :  
That life a scene of love may be  
To the dear youth, the world, and me.

I'd have this mild and gentle youth  
Inspir'd with wisdom, grace, and truth ;  
And as for wealth, I'll not repine,  
If he has none, I'll give him mine.

Ye gen'rous gods ! I ask no more ;  
If such a man you've got in store,  
And I'm deserving, speak your mind,  
I'll be to him for ever join'd.

257  
me—little—beauty—  
p it?—no, not I—  
ack, too—'tis my duty  
recious to apply.

une—gave 'em freely,  
'em—quite genteelly.  
narts of the sky  
ogle, and sigh,  
'er I pass by;

And cry,  
ok y' there!  
bat an air!  
ds, how fair!  
Pray, why  
o feed your starch'd pride)  
ist I go and hide,  
ll you're made a bride?  
Who, I?  
, no—If I do, may I die.

258  
dull, inglorious life,  
will not tarry;  
m and martial life,  
camp with *Harry*.  
pipe, and rustic play  
is my passion;  
, I will not stay,  
now the fashion.

ill not be left behind,  
to fear a stranger;  
rocks I'll never mind,  
toil and danger.  
I not tell me, may,  
I'm unready;  
my swain away,  
me to be ready.

z, from pleasant *Tweed*,  
I must be flying;  
re, and painted mead,  
'won't be crying.

Till tumult's o'er, adieu to all,  
Not long I hope to tarry;  
I hear the drum's enliv'ning call,  
I must be gone with *Harry*.

259  
I'LL to some shady, cool retreat,  
Where spreading trees conspire to meet,  
To hide my blush, while I repeat  
The love I bear my *Colin*:  
Name all that's amiable in love,  
My *Colin* amply doth improve;  
The sacred truth of Heav'n above,  
Is center'd in my *Colin*.

Were I possess'd of monarchs lands.  
Of eastern shores, or golden sands;  
No one shou'd share in *Hymen's* bands  
With me, but lovely *Colin*.  
With him, beneath a myrtle seat,  
I'll sing, and bless my happier fate,  
Than seated on a throne of state,  
With any one but *Colin*.

So long as *Saran's* glass shall run,  
Or *Pertian's* hail the rising sun,  
Or till my thread of life is spun,  
So long shall I love *Colin*;  
And when I take the parting kiss:  
In death I'll cheer my heart with this:  
That I shall meet in future bliss,  
Again, with thee my *Colin*.

260  
If ever, oh! *Hymen*, I add to thy tribe,  
Let such be my partner, my muse shall describe;  
Not in party too high, nor in stature too low,  
Not the least of a clown, nor too much of a beau.  
Be his person genteel, and engaging his air,  
His temper still yielding, his soul, too, sincere;  
Not a dupe to his passion 'gainst reason to move,  
But kind to the sweetest, the passion of love.

Let honour, commendable pride in the sex,  
His actions direct, and his principles fix;  
Then groundless suspicion he'll never surmise.  
Nor jealousy read ev'ry glance of my eyes.



If such a blest youth approve my small charms,  
And no thought of int'rest his bosom alarms;  
In wedlock I'll join with a mutual desire  
And prudence shall cherish the wavering fire.

Thus time shall glide on, unperceiv'd in decay.  
Each night shall be blissful, and happy each day;  
Such a partner grant, *beau'n*, with my pray'r O com-  
Or a maid let me live, and a maid let me die. [ply]

261

LONG time I've enjoy'd the soft transpots of love,  
I've bill'd like a sparrow, or coo'd like a dove.  
In woodbine above, or in jessamin bow'r,  
To many fond shepherd's I've listened an hour,  
But now for such pleasures I care not a rush,  
One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Young *Colin*'s caresses inspir'd me with joy,  
And *Damon*'s soft vows I thought never could cloy,  
With each I have sat in a fav'rite retreat,  
And beheld with delight each fond swain at my feet,  
But now for such pleasures I care not a rush,  
One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Gay *Strephon* declares I'm the girl to his mind,  
If he proves sincere, I'll be constant and kind,  
He vows that to-morrow he'll make me his wife,  
I'll fondly endeavour to bless him for life;  
For all other swains now I care not a rush,  
One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

262

LOVE's a bubble, courting trouble,  
Whilst we love and love in vain;  
When 'tis over, is the lover,  
Now we've got him, worth the gain?

Is love treasure, is it pleasure,  
That can pay whole years of care?  
Is the blessing worth caressing?  
Speak, ye swains, and own, ye fair.

Kind, ye're pleasing; coy, we're teasing;  
Love's a fond fatiguing chase;  
*Smiles* deceive us, hopes relieve us,  
*Hearts* our sport from place to place.

*Cupid* smiling, life beguiling,  
Tempts us with the playful toy;  
Oft denying, oft complying,  
Love's our torment and our joy.

263

LEAVE party disputes, your attention I pry  
All you who to mirth are inclin'd,  
And of those I dislike when you hear what  
You may guess at the man to my mind.

Ye self-loving coxcombs, whose fondness is  
From the form your false mirrors displi  
When you talk of a passion, as nothing you  
So all goes for nothing you say.

No pretension I boast to the aukward young  
I ho' born to a wealthy estate,  
Who paying no court to the charms of the  
Buys a wife, like a calf, by her weight.

The old batter'd rake sure no woman can  
Who has long reckon'd marriage a curse  
Tho' his great co-descension he's ready to  
By his taking a wife for a nurse.

A fool for a husband some females have cl  
And repentance oft rues what is past,  
Tho' he turns for a season which way the w  
The weathercock's rusty at last.

But the man that has sense, with a heart  
Where passion and reason agree,  
Whose fortune's sufficient to combat with  
—Can't you guess at the lover for me?

264

LONG, long I despair'd a young shephe  
Nor proud of his merit, nor false as the wil  
But at last I have got a dear lad to my mi  
Oh! I never can part with my *Willie*!

We hied to the altar last *Midsummer-day*:  
I blush'd all the while, and scarce knew w  
But I vow'd (I remember) to love and ob  
Can I do any less by my *Willie*?

as fragrant as fresh morning air ;  
the rose is more ruddy, I swear ;  
as sweet—oh ! beyond all compare !  
such a lad as my *Willy*.

He pretends to pipe or to play,  
his soft things does the shepherd not say !  
I sure, he might steal hearts away :  
er distrust thee, dear *Willy*.

'd all in pain, and hung down my head,  
né watch'd me ! what tears did he shed !  
me a moment till sickness was fled :  
regret thee, dear *Willy*.

From my sight tear the shepherd so true,  
is he chuses, then, me away too ;  
did I tarry, or what could I do,  
see such a lad as my *Willy*.

## 265

a bane of soft content ;  
inauspicious guest ;  
why thy shaft was sent  
to peaceful breast ?

Oh, I thought the passion,  
new joys could see ;  
an alteration,

from love and me.

in the conscious grove,  
plaintive mourn'd,  
chanc'd that way to rove,  
nymph return'd :  
entrance at her feet,  
upon the swain ;  
a heart responsive beat  
a joy again.

## 266

and mother (what all them !)  
too young to be wed ;  
but in troth I shall sail them,  
in my chairs and my bed.  
minds are but cherry,  
since we've not argue a glove,

Any bed will hold me and my deary,  
The main chance in wedlock is love.

My father, when ask'd if he'd lend us  
An horse to the parson to ride :  
In a wheel barrow offer'd to send us,  
And *John* for the footman beside.

Wou'd we never had ask'd him ! for whip it,  
To the church, tho' two miles and a half ;  
Twice as far 'twere a pleasure to trip it,  
But then how the people wou'd laugh !

The neighbours are nettled most sadly :  
Was e'er such a forward, bold thing !  
Sure girl never acted so madly !  
Thro' the parish these backbitings ring.

Yet I will be married to-morrow,  
And charming young *Harry's* the man :  
My brother's blind nag we can borrow,  
And he may prevent us that can.

Not waiting for parents consenting,  
My brother took *Nell* of the green ;  
Yet both far enough from repenting,  
Now live like a king and a queen.

Pray, when will your gay things of *London*  
Produce such a strapper as *Nell* ?  
Their wives by their husbands are undone,  
As *Saturday's* newspapers tell.

*Poll Barnley* said, over and over,  
I soon shou'd be left in the lurch :  
For *Harry* she knew was a rover,  
And never wou'd venture to church.

And I know the sorrows that wound her !  
He courted her once he confess ;  
With another too great when he found her,  
He bid her take them she lik'd best.

But all that are like her, or wou'd be,  
May learn from my *Harry* and me,  
If maids would be maids while they should be,  
How faithful their sweethearts wou'd be.

My mother says, cloathing and feeding,  
Will soon make me sick of a brat;  
But, tho' I grow sick in my breeding,  
I care not a farthing for that.

For, if I'm not hugely mistaken,  
We can by the sweat of our brow,  
Stick a hog once a year for fat bacon,  
And all the year round keep a cow.

I value no cainties a button,  
Coarse food will our stomachs allay;  
If we cannot get beef, veal, or mutton,  
A chine and a pud'ing we may.

A fig for your richest brocading;  
In linsley there's nothing that's base;  
Your finery soon sets a facing;  
My dowdlast will stand beyond lace.

I envy not wealth to the miser,  
Nor wou'd I be plagu'd with his store;  
To eat all and wear all is wiser;  
Enough must be better than more.

So nothing shall tempt me from *Harry*,  
For he is as true as the sun;  
*Eve* with *Adam* was order'd to marry;  
This world it should end as begun.

267

MY *Sandy* is the sweetest swain  
That ever pip'd on *Tay*;  
He tends the sheep upon the plain,  
And cheers me all the day.

As on a mossy bank we sat,  
Beneath a verdant shade,  
The youth so charm'd me with his chat,  
While on his bagoips play'd.

He call'd me his dear life and care,  
And his own *Moggy*, too;  
He wou'd by all that's good and fair,  
To me he will prove true.

For *Sandy* is a bonny swain,  
And I'll be *Sandy's* wife;  
Then bid adieu to care and pain,  
And so be blest for life.

268

MY former time, how brisk and gay,  
So blith was I, as blith could be,  
But now I'm sad, ah! well a-day,  
For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,  
Their wheedling arts are lost on me;  
For I to death shall love but one,  
And he, alas! is gone to sea.

As droop the flow'rs till light return,  
As mourns the dove it's absent she;  
So will I droop, so will I mourn,  
Till my true love returns from sea.

269

MORE bright the sun began to dawn,  
The merry birds to sing,  
And flow'rets dappled o'er the lawn,  
In all the pride of spring;  
When for a wretch young *Damon* stray'd,  
And smiling to me brought it;  
Take this, he cry'd, my dearest maid;  
And who, aye who'd have thought it!

I blush'd the present to receive,  
And thank'd him o'er and o'er;  
When soft he sigh'd, bright fair, forgive,  
I must have something more:  
One kind sweet kiss will pay me best,  
So earnestly he sought it,  
I let him take it, I protest,  
And who, aye who'd have thought it!

A swain that wou'd with so much art,  
No nymph could long disdain;  
A secret flame from touch'd my heart,  
And flush'd thro' ev'ry vein:  
'Twas as love inspir'd the pleasing change,  
From his my bosom caught it;  
'Twas strange indeed, 'twas passing strange,  
And who, aye who'd have thought it!  
Hark! *Hymen* calls, the shepherd cry'd;  
Let us, my dear comply;

## SONGS for LADIES.

at want, with love our guide,  
 round the nuptial tie;  
 since that happy day,  
 usual warmth has taught it,  
 thy kiss, and sport and play,  
 who, ay, who'd have thought it!

————— 270 —————

mother cries, *Betsy* be thy,  
 never the men would intrude;  
 not her meaning, not I,  
 'd take her advice—if I could.

apt up t'other day  
 is me, and ask'd if he shou'd;  
 't cou'd a shepherdess say?  
 'd fain have said no—if I could.

her remembers the time  
 she like a vestal was mew'd  
 is, I conceive, was a crime,  
 'd not be serv'd so—if I cou'd.

with *Alexis* she'll chide;  
 says she perhaps may be rude;  
 or pretend to decide,  
 fancy he would—if he cou'd.

*My-morn* I tript o'er the plain;  
 w me, and quickly purfu'd;  
 y laugh'd at the swain;  
 tch you, he cry'd—if I cou'd.

in he o'ertook my best haste,  
 'wore he'd be constant and good;  
 ll live decent and chaste;  
 'd marry the swain—if I cou'd.

————— 271 —————

utious mother, t'other day,  
 , *Polly*, mind me, do;  
 ing *Damon* come this way,  
 tar be came to you;  
 w he's gay, and thought a rake,  
 or welcome make him.  
 or scolded for his sake,  
 the deuce may take him.

It's true I met him in a grove,  
 He gently clasp'd my hand,  
 Then sigh'd, and talk'd more things of love  
 Than I could understand;  
 And who'd have thought that we were seen?  
 But of such tricks I'll break him;  
 If he won't tell me what they mean,  
 The deuce, sure, ought to take him.

I often feel my bosom glow  
 With warmth I never knew,  
 If this be love that haunts me so,  
 What can a virgin do?  
 Indeed, for pipe, for dance and song,  
 'Gainst ev'ry swain I'd take him,  
 But if he tantalizes long.

I hope the deuce will take him.  
 They say from wedlock springs delight,  
 Then let him speak his mind,  
 I've no objection to unite  
 With one so fond and kind;  
 My mother, tho' too apt to pry,  
 To disoblige I'm lothe,  
 Howe'er I'll wed, then all her cry  
 Will be, deuce take you both.

————— 272 —————

NIGHT, to lovers joys a friend,  
 Swiftly thy assistance lend;  
 Lock up envious, seeing day,  
 Bring the willing youth away;  
 Haste, and speed the tedious hour,  
 To the secret happy bow'r;  
 Then, my heart, for bliss prepare,  
*Thyrsis* surely will be there.

See the hateful day is gone,  
 Welcome evening now comes on;  
 Soon to meet my dear I fly,  
 None but love shall then be by;  
 None shall dare to venture near,  
 To tell the plighted vows they hear;  
 Parting thence will be the pain,  
 But we'll part to meet again.

Don't you feel a pleasing smart,  
Gently stealing to your heart?  
Fondly hope, and fondly sigh?  
For, my shepherd oft do I;  
Wish in *Hymen's* bands to join,  
I'll be your's, and you be mine?  
Tell me, *Thyriss*, tell me this,  
Tell me, then, and tell me yes.

Farewel, loit'ring idle day!  
To my dear I hie away;  
On the wings of love I go,  
He the ready way will show:  
Peace, my breast, nor danger fear,  
Love and *Thyriss* both are near;  
'Tis the youth I I'm sur 'tis he!  
Night, how much I owe to thee.

## 273

ONE midsummer morning, when nature look'd gay,  
The birds full of song, and the flocks full of play;  
When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from above,  
And all things proclaim'd it the season of love:  
My mother cry'd, *Nancy*, come haste to the mill,  
If the corn be not ground, you may scold if you will.  
The freedom to use my tongue, pleas'd me no doubt;  
A woman, alas! would be nothing without.  
I went to'ard the mill without any delay,  
And connd o'er the words I intended to say;  
But when I came near it, I found it stock still;  
Bless my stars, now I cry'd, huff'em rarely I will.  
The miller to marker that instant was gone,  
The work was all left to the care of his son;  
Now tho' I can scold well as any one can,  
Yet I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young  
I said, I'm surpris'd you can use me so ill; [man.  
Sir, I must have my corn ground, I must and I will.  
Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the neglect is not mine,  
No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine,  
*There's no one more ready in pleasing the fair,*  
*Thou wilt that go merrily round, I declare:*

But hark how the birds sing, and see how the  
Now I must have a kiss first! I must and I will

My corn being done, I to'ard home bent my way  
He whisper'd he'd scimehing of moment to say  
Insisted to hand me along the green mead,  
And there swore he lov'd me, indeed and indee  
And that he'd be constant and true to me still  
So that since that I've lik'd him, and like him

I often say, mother, the miller I'll huff;  
She laughs, and cries, go girl, aye plague him en  
And scarce a day passes, but by her desire,  
I steal a sly kiss from the youth I admire.  
If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll fulfil;  
And I'll answer, oh yes, with a hearty good

## 274

ON *Tay's* green banks I'll boldly tell  
The love I have for *Jockey*,  
Attend my song, each blythsome belle,  
And shepherd's hither flock ye.  
I gave my heart to that fond swain,  
Who won it of me fairly;  
I'd do it if 'twere to do again,  
I love him still so dearly.

His manners soft, tho' strong his mind,  
Not fickle like the weather,  
Not cross to-day, to-morrow kind,  
And lighter than a feather;  
His words and actions both agree,  
His temper's warm, not heady;  
He's always good and just to me,  
To love and honour steady.

For his own self, I like my swain,  
I know his worth and nature;  
I'll give him not a moment's pain,  
Nor wrong so sweet a creature.  
No girl on *Tweed*, on *Clyde*, or *Spay*,  
Is born to so much pleasure,  
As is the merry lass of *Tay*,  
Or closer hugs her treasure.

275  
 the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the kye  
 the weary world asleep is gane; [at hame,  
 s of my hears fall in show'rs fra' my e'e,  
 y gude man sleeps sound by me.

*Jamie* lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his  
 g a crown he had naithing else beside [bride  
 the crown a pound my *Jamie* went to sea,  
 crown and the pound were baith for me.  
 a been gane a year and a day, [Roe away  
 y faither brake his arm, and our cow was  
 er the fell sick, and *Jamie* at the sea,  
 t *Robin Gray* came a courting to me.

r cou'd na work, & my mither cou'd na spin  
 ay and night but their bread I cou'd na win  
 in fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in his'e,  
 nie, for their sakes, oh marry me:

it said na, and I look'd for *Jamie* back,  
 rind it blew hard, and his ship was a wreck  
 was a wreck, why did na *Jamie* die,  
 was he spared to cry wae is me?

rurg'd me sair, but my mither did na speak  
 okt in my face till my heart was like to break  
 ied him my hand, tho' my heart was at sea,  
 t *Robin Gray* was a gude man to me:  
 been a wife, but weeks only four,  
 ting fa mournfully out my ain door,  
*Jamie's* ghaist, for I could na think it he,  
 nd I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

did we greet, and mickle did we say,  
 ut a kils, and w: tore ourselves away,  
 were dead, but I'm na like to die,  
 was I born to say, wae is me?  
 re a ghaist, and I canna like to spin,  
 think on *Jamie*, for that would be a sin;  
 do my best a gude wife to be,  
*Robin Gray* is sa kind to me.

276  
 nmer it was smiling, nature round was gay,  
 anie was attending on *Auld Robin Gray*;  
 is sick at heart, and had na friend beside,  
 me, poor *Jeanie*, who newly was his bride.

Ah, *Jeanie*! I shall die, he cry'd, as sure as I had birth  
 Then see my poor auld bane, pray, laid into the earth  
 And be a widow for my sake a twelvemonth & a day  
 And I will leave whate'er belongs to *Auld Robin Gray*

I laid poor *Robin* in the earth, as decent as I cou'd,  
 And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very gude,  
 I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot I sigh'd  
 Ah wae is me what shall I do since poor *Auld Robin* died  
 Search ev'ry part thro' out the land there's none like

[me forlorn;  
 I'm ready e'en to ban the day, that ever I was born,  
 For *Jamie* all I lov'd on earth; ah! he is gone away  
 My faither & my mither's dead & eke *Auld Robin Gray*

I rose up with the morning sun & spun till setting day  
 And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd for *Robin*  
 I did the duty of a wife both kind & constant too! *Gray*  
 Let ev'ry one example take and *Jeanie's* plan pursue  
 I thought that *Jamie* he was dead or he to me was lost,  
 And all my fond and youthful love entirely was crost.  
 I tried to sing, I tried to laugh, and pass the time away  
 For I had not a friend alive since died *Auld Robin Gray*

At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'd na gues  
 [the cause,  
 Yet *Rodney* was the man they said who got so much ap  
 [plause

I doubted if the tale was true, till *Jamie* came to me,  
 And shew'd a purse of golden ore, & said it is for thee,  
*Auld Robin Gray* I find is dead & still your heart is true  
 Then take me *Jeanie* to your arms, & I will be so too.  
*Mrs. Jon* than join us at the Kirk & we'll be blith & gay  
 I bluin'd, consented, & replied, adieu to *Robin Gray*.

277  
 T WAS in the dead of night, soon after *Jeanie* wed  
 And wi her faithful *Jamie* was sleeping in her bed,  
 A hollow voice she heard which call'd her to awake,  
 And listen to the wrds would be utter'd for her sake.  
 She started from her sleep, her bosom beat wi fear,  
 When the ghaist of *Robin Gray* before her did appear,  
 He w: v'd his shadowy hand, and thus to her did say,  
 Ah *Jeanie*! list awhile, to your *Auld Robin Gray*.

I do not come, dear *Jean*, your conduct to reprove,  
 Or interrupt the joys you share in *Jamie's* love.

His honest heart deserves whatever he can receive,  
 Since he has fought so nobly & would not you deceive  
 Still let his courage rise, his country's foes to quell,  
 To you he safe shall come again, the fates now bid

[me tell,

With *Howe* as well as *Rodney* his valor he'll display  
 If you will but believe the ghaist of *Robin Gray*.

And *Jeanie* must submit your virtue is your guard,  
 For fortune has in store for you a high & rich reward.  
 The haughty Dons subdued with *Holland* & with *France*  
 Your *Jamie* with fresh laurels crown'd will to your

[with advance

Then let him haste with all his speed to join a noble fleet  
 Tho' danger does appear in view no harm shall

[*Jamie* meet

But joyful shall return again upon a future day.

As you may sure believe the ghaist of *Robin Gray*.

278

YE gales that gently wave the sea,  
 And please the canny boatman,  
 Bear me fra' hence, or bring to me,  
 My blyth, my bonny scotman:  
 In holy bands we join'd our hands,  
 Yet may not that discover,  
 While parents rate a large estate,  
 Before a faithful lover.

But I would chuse in highland glens,  
 To herd the kid and goat-man,  
 E'er I cou'd for such little ends  
 Refuse my bonny Scotman:

Wae worth the man who first began  
 The base ungen'rous fashion;  
 From greedy views, love's art to use,  
 Whilst stranger to its passion.

Fra' foreign fields my lovely youth,  
 Haste to thy longing lassie;  
 Who pants to kiss thy balmy mouth,  
 And in her bosom press thee.

Love gives the word, then haste on board,

Fair wind and gentle boatman,  
 Waft o'er, waft o'er, from yonder shore,  
 My blyth, my bonny scotman.

279

THE sportsman goes out with his dog & his  
 To kill all the game till the day-light is gone,  
 My pleasure's to spare all the birds I can get,  
 For I catch them alive, and they're safe in my

The men are my birds, for whom spread is my  
 I can judge of their merit the best when they're  
 And if they have nothing my heart to engage,  
 I lose not a twelvemonth in making a cage.

If they whistle and sing, and my fancy employ,  
 I'm glad of my prize, and grow fond of my toy  
 If their plumage is gaudy, and sweet is their  
 I can see, and can hear the dear things all day

But if they delight not my eye nor my ear,  
 If too squalling their notes for my patience be  
 If they are not worth keeping, I e'en let them  
 A cage is too good for a magpie or crow.

If the lark, thrush, or nightingale, bullfinch, or  
 Who're the witty, the tuneful, the gay among  
 Will fly to my net, I'll draw tight if I can,  
 In a cage place my captive—I mean my sweet

280

THREE lads contended for my heart,  
 Each boasted different charms and grace,  
 Young *Hal* cou'd sing with taste and art,  
 Beau *Jemmy* sported frogs and lace.

Blith *Willy* was a soldier brave,  
 Who fear'd not scars or deaths or wounds.  
 His country or his love to save,  
 When *Britain's* silver trumpet sounds.

Now fear is rous'd by war's alarms,  
 And threat'ning foes each hour arise,  
 I scorn young *Harry's* vocal charms,  
 And master *Jemmy* I despise;

I love my *Willy*, bold and brave,  
 He heeds not scars, or death, or wounds,  
 His country or his love to save,  
 When *Britain's* silver trumpet sounds.

In piping times of peace, a beau,  
 Dear girls, may idle thoughts employ;  
 But now, while threat'ned by each foe,  
 Be wise, and throw away the toy:

ce, love him that's brave,  
not fears, or death, or wounds;  
smiles your country save,  
sin's silver trumpet founds:

281

ocky blyth at early dawn,  
as fair as roses blawn,  
dewy lawn he roves,  
e last he dearly loves.  
is the birk, green grows the grass;  
will nathing move thee,  
true, my bonny lass,  
re to love thee.

claim can make,  
e for your dear sake,  
her business free,  
we shall follow thee.  
tells the birk, &c.  
wing and will not stay,  
let's make our hay;  
es at his altar stand,  
heart, Oh! give your hand,  
tells the birk, &c.

282

fat beneath a shade,  
r sheep from straying,  
g thing, she said,  
hout obeying.  
easing thing, &c.

is a single life,  
yond expression!  
is become a wife,  
and compassion.

to all her joy,  
imony binds her  
loes his thoughts employ  
to confine her.

then is liberty,  
can e'er molest them,  
fools who don't live free,  
me so has blest them.

283

A CURSE attends that woman's love,  
Who always would be pleasing;  
The pertness of the billing dove,  
Like tickling is but teasing.

What then in love can woman do?  
If we grow fond they shun us;  
And when we fly them, they pursue,  
But leave us when they've won us.

284

AH! why did Jocky gang away,  
And leave his love behind him,  
So far in distant climes to stray,  
When Jane could never find him?  
Where thund'ring cannons they do roar  
And drums so loudly rattle;  
Where verdant fields are all in gore,  
By some most furious battle,  
By some most furious battle.

Ye guard'ian pow'rs, my Jocky save,  
When danger's fix'd around him;  
For oh! in arms 'tis known how brave  
His lairds have always found him.  
There's ne'er a lad in a' the town  
Can boast his equal merit;  
He'll ever fight for England's crown,  
With loyalty and spirit.

Oh! had I known the cruel war  
So long had kept my laddy,  
I'd gang with him though e'er so far,  
In a' my best of pladdy;  
But, hark! I hear the fife, the drums,  
Oh! joy beyond expressing;  
My lovely soldier, see! he comes,  
I'll fly for to carefs him.

285

AS I went o'er the meadows, no matter the day,  
A shepherd I met who came tripping that way;  
I was going to fair all so bonny and gay,  
He ask'd me to let him go 'long with me there;  
No harm shall come to you, young daniel, I swear;  
I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.

Y ou



You've a good way to go, it is more than a mile,  
We'll rest, if you please, when we get to yon stile;  
I've a story to tell, that will charm you the while.  
To go with him farther I did not much care;  
But still I went on, not suspecting a snare,  
For I dream'd of a fairing to come from the fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he could:  
I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good;  
For I'd not for the world, he should dare to be rude.  
Young Roger had promis'd and baulk'd me last year;  
If he should do so, I would go no more there,  
Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from the fair.

When we got to the stile, he would scarce be said no,  
He press'd my soft lips, as if there he would grow;  
(Take care how that way with a shepherd you go).  
Confounded I ran, when I found out his snare;  
No ribbon, I cry'd, from such hands will I wear,  
Nor go, while I live, for a gift to the fair.

As t'other day milking I sat in the vale,  
Young Damon, came up, to address his soft tale,  
So sudden I started, and gave him a frown. [down.  
For he frighted my cow, and my milk was kick'd

Lord bless me! says I, what-a-deuce can you mean?  
To come thus upon me, unthought of, unseen,  
I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend;  
For, as mischief began, perhaps mischief may end.

I little thought now, he'd his passion advance;  
But pretty excuses made up the mischance;  
He bragg'd a kind kiss, which I gave him, I vow;  
And I laid, my own self, all the fault on my cow.

How many ways love can the bosom invade!  
His bait, prov'd too strong, alas! for a maid.  
He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at,  
But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.

I flutter all other when'er he comes nigh;  
For, if he should press, I should surely comply,  
And ne'er shall be angry, my heart itself tells,  
Tho' he flings down my milk, or does any thing else.

BLAB not what you ought to smother,  
Honour's laws should sacred be;  
Boasting favours from another,  
Ne'er will favour gain with me.

But, inspir'd with indignation,  
Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,  
E'er I'd trust my reputation  
With such fools as kiss and tell.

He who finds a hidden treasure,  
Never should the same reveal;  
He whom beauty crowns with pleasure,  
Cautious would his joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,  
Shall my fame from censure save;  
One where truth and prudence center,  
And as secret as the grave.

COME then, pining, peevish lover,  
Tell me what to do and say,  
From your doleful dumps recover,  
Smile, and it shall have its way.  
With their humours thus to teize us,  
Men are sure the strangest elves!  
Silly creatures, would you please us,  
You should still seem pleas'd yourself.

HASTE, Lorenzo, hither fly;  
To my longing arms repair;  
With impatience I shall die;  
Come and sooth thy Jessy's care,

While we, then, in wanton play,  
Sigh and gaze our souls away.

HIST, hist! I hear my mother call!  
Pr'ythee be gone,  
We'll meet anon.—  
Catch this, and this,  
Blow me a kiss,  
In pledge-promis'd truth, that's all.

and yet a moment stay,  
beside I have to say;  
Well, 'tis forgot;  
No matter what.  
Love grant us grace,  
The mill's the place.  
gain, I must away.

291

Will you plague me with your pain?  
Such nonsense I disdain;  
On, anguish, tears, and sighs,  
Oh folly, I despise.  
Down, you say, you die;  
I can never hurt a fly:  
My smiles such blessings prove  
Till at you and love.  
At I am all divine,  
The brightest stars outshine;  
Harms have such a store,  
I'll possess'd before:  
I am as mad as you,  
We're to be true;  
Till that time shall be,  
Or more of love or thee.

292

A young maid,  
Sorely afraid,  
One, though now woman grown,  
Tells ye swains,  
Who complains,  
Tired of lying alone.  
 scarce ten years old,  
Have been told  
Mates in strange dismal tone;  
The sprites,  
And the dark nights,  
Fearful of lying alone.  
Here I now stand,  
By my hand,  
On the youth who shall own,  
Living for life,  
To me his wife,  
Not lie longer alone.

But let it suffice,  
I somewhat am nice,  
Then the marks of my choice I'll make known,  
Unless I can find,  
The lad to my mind,  
I had rather by half lie alone.

The haughty and vain,  
Alike I disdain,  
The pert fool and insensible drone;  
The brave and the wise,  
Are virtues I prize,  
And shall tempt me from lying alone:  
And when once possess'd  
Of him I like best,  
I'd not envy *Queen Charlotte* her throne;  
But cheerfully join,  
At love's purple shrine  
Make amends for my lying alone.

293

I AM a young virgin, who oft has been told  
I should try to get married, before I'm too old,  
I took their advice, and got one in my eye,  
Who if I can't have, I'm afraid I shall die.  
Young *Thyrsis* is witty, well-featur'd and tall,  
His fellow swains own that he outdoes them all.  
When first I beheld him, I cannot tell why,  
I thought I was going that moment to die.  
If through the recesses of yon silent grove,  
Or over the meadows I happen to rove,  
And see my dear shepherd at distance pass by,  
I tremble all o'er, and am ready to die.  
When he plays on his pipe to the lambskins around,  
I fly to the place where I hear the blest sound:  
Oh! *Thyrsis*! sweet youth! to myself then I cry,  
I'd listen to thee, was I going to die.  
Last *Saturday* eve, I remember the day,  
I caught him saluting *Clarinda* the gay,  
That I envy'd each kiss, I will no deny,  
And fervently pray'd that my rival might die.  
Come *Hymn*, and lend a poor damsel your aid,  
Who without your assistance must die an old maid.

K

To all my fond wishes make *Thyrsis* comply,  
And if I don't have him, I wish I may die.

294

**Y**E virgin pow'r defend my heart  
From amorous looks and smiles;  
From saucy love, or nicer art,  
Which most our sex beguiles.

From sighs and vows, and awful fears,  
That do to pity move;  
From speaking silence, and from tears,  
Those springs that water love.

But if thro' passion I grow blind,  
Let honour be my guide;  
And when frail nature seems inclin'd,  
There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whose flames are seen, tho' pure,  
Needs ev'ry virtue's aid;  
And he who thinks herself secure,  
The soonest is betray'd.

295

**I**NDEED, forsooth, a pretty youth,  
To play the am'rous fool;  
At such an age, methinks your rage,  
Might be a little cool.

Fie, let me go, Sir,  
Kiss me!—No, no, Sir.

You pull me and shake me,  
For what do you take me,  
This figure to make me?

I'd have you to know  
I'm not for your game, Sir,  
Nor will I be tame, Sir,  
Lord, have you no shame, Sir;  
To tumble one so.

296

**I**T is I believe, next Hollantide eve,  
A twelvemonth since first I began  
To hold up my head, in love to be read,  
And to construe the looks of a man.

*Young Damon* I saw; he kiss'd me, oh la!  
I vow thro' my bosom it ran;  
'*Hips be so press'd, 'tis true* I protest.  
'*As I thought him a deuce of a man.*

*Philander* the gay, I met at the play,

My heart beat a furious rattan;  
Because you must know, I some time ago  
Had hopes of his being the man.

Brisk *Strephon* came next, but then I was vex  
He play'd with *Miss Phillis's* fan;  
I own to be sure, I could not endure,  
To see myself robb'd of a man.

My mother and aunts, still watch'ng my ha  
Obstruct me as much as they can,  
But what do I care, I vow and declare,  
I'll sit myself soon with a man.

297

**O** LOVE! thou bitter foe to rest,  
Who hast, within this harmless breast,  
So home the sick'ning arrow sent;  
Relieve a poor unwary maid,  
Who, fondly gazing, was betray'd,  
Nor knew what self delusion meant.

Since custom, cruel to the fair,  
Forbids my passion to declare,  
Assist, blind god of soft desire;  
To thy omnipotence I kneel;  
Let him my secret anguish feel,  
And burn for me with equal fire.

Then if the lovely youth appear,  
By turns inclin'd to hope and fear,  
And tenderly his passion move,  
My heart shall flutter to his sighs,  
With gentle looks I'll meet his eyes,  
And never, never, cease to love.

298

**T**IME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,  
Nor bent me with his iron hand,  
Ah! why so soon the blossom bears,  
E're autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the cheerful day,  
'Till many a year has o'er the roll'd,  
Pleas'd let me time trifle life away,  
And sing of love e'er I grow old.

299  
Fights my heart is swelling,  
tours my eyes o'erflow,  
is past the telling,  
untary woe.

And waves a stranger,  
empties the incessant tears;  
fancies danger,  
every rising breeze.

300  
Set words and looks so tender,  
save your flames express'd,  
me to surrender,  
ish to make me blest'd.

'm not complying,  
number ways your mind,  
in be no denying;  
ask I must be kind.

301  
You taste of freedom's charms,  
hence to her arms;  
thine, should pity move,  
y should kindle love,

adopts thy woes,  
lling, as it glows;  
I, and follow me,  
as set thee free.

302  
He is vain, of what ills I complain,  
bours the torment I find;  
in my heart, it invades ev'ry part,  
es both my body and mind.

try, ev'ry med'cine apply,  
of my soul to appease;  
o endure, what I mean for a cure,  
on and feeds the disease.

303  
Alas! I sought my heart to gain  
verd, lost in love,  
g woo'd me on the plain,  
within the grove;

Yet my denial still was this,  
Pshaw! Man, I can't endure you;  
And if he offer'd but a kiss,  
Such rudeness! I'll assure me, I'll assure you,  
Such rudeness, I'll assure you.

For twenty youths (not he alone)  
The am'rous flame confess'd;  
And had I once been kind to one,  
I'm sure I'd lost the rest:  
Beside, he us'd no pretty arts,  
But sagely wou'd allure me;  
While others talk'd of flames and darts;  
'Twas pretty—I'll assure ye,  
'Twas pretty, &c.

My face, my form, were praised aloud,  
My wit new conquests fir'd;  
And 'twas enough to make one proud  
To be so much admir'd;  
At length, reflection shew'd the fate  
Such flattery might procure me,  
And virtue warn'd to shun the bait,  
Nor vainly—I'll assure ye,  
Nor vainly, &c.

I bid the fighting train depart;  
This maxim pleas'd to prove,  
That flattery sicks the sensual heart,  
But truth the heart of love:  
Young Colin, wont in vain to plead,  
Of vanity to cure me,  
Now woo'd again; and now indeed  
I lov'd him, I'll assure ye,  
I lov'd him, &c.

I blam'd myself such scorn, to bear  
To merit now so clear:  
By my example, learn, ye fair,  
To prize the youth sincere:  
We instant join'd the nuptial tie;  
He raptur'd to ensure me;  
And, trust me, damsels, when you try,  
'Twill charm you, I'll assure you,  
'Twill charm you, &c.

304  
**YOUNG** *Damon* strives my love to gain,  
 He sighs, he sickens, but in vain;  
 His looks express a heart-felt pain,  
 And mine returns a cold disdain.  
 Unhappy *Damon*! thus to love,  
 What never was design'd above.  
 Sincere, I told him o'er and o'er,  
 I'd pledg'd my word and truth before,  
 And beg'd he would perplex no more;  
 His sighs were vain, more vain his pow'r.  
 Unhappy *Damon*! thus to love,  
 What never was design'd above.  
 When you persuade the constant dove  
 To leave her mate, inconstant prove,  
 And through the desert woodlands rove,  
 Then I'll deceive the swain I love!  
 But ne'er till then will I agree  
 To quit my love, who loves like me.

305  
**HOW** cruelly fated is woman to woe,  
 Too weak to contend still beset by the foe; [success  
 Tho' each wish we conceiv'd should be crown'd with  
 What would flow from these wishes but care & distress  
 For love intervenes, and fancy's gay scenes,  
 Alas, are clouded all o'er,  
 The sun quits the skies, hope sickens and dies,  
 Heigh ho! the heart says no more.  
 Tho' beauty and riches together conspire  
 To flatter our pride, and fulfil each desire;  
 Nor beauty nor riches give peace to the breast  
 Which passion has tortur'd, and grief has oppress'd.  
 For love, &c.

306  
**YE** happy nymphs, whose harmless hearts,  
 No fatal sorrows prove,  
 Who never knew men's faithless arts,  
 Or felt the pangs of love.  
 If dear contentment is a prize,  
 Believe not what they say;  
 Their specious tales are all disguise,  
 Invented to betray.

Alas! how certain is our grief!  
 From cares how can we fly,  
 When our fond sex is all betwixt,  
 And man is all a lye.

307  
**W**HERE shall a love-sick virgin find  
 The sweet, compos'd, contented mind,  
 When passions raging like the wind,  
 Distract her tender soul.  
 A parent's arbitrary voice,  
 Misled by riches glitt'ring toys,  
 Denies the freedom of her choice,  
 And ev'ry wish controul.  
 O smiling liberty, appear!  
 Thou only canst relieve my care,  
 Dispel each doubt, each gloomy fear,  
 And every pain remove;  
 Come, like a soft refreshing breeze,  
 In gentle whispers give me ease,  
 From every grief my soul release,  
 And waite me to my love.

308  
**NO** swain ever prov'd half so faithful  
 As *Will* of the Green has long prov'd;  
 A youth so endearing, thy heart must  
 And *Will*'s the lad that demands all m  
 When he is but near, and my lambs all  
 Dull winter appears full as pleasant as h  
 So kindly he treats me, so manly his h  
 Young *Will*'s the lad that my heart mu  
 Should be prove but true, and will take  
 E're summer is gone, he shall make m  
 For worth like to his ev'ry heart must  
 And *Will*'s the lad that demands all m

309  
**I** DO as I will with my swain,  
 He never once thinks I am wrong;  
 He likes none so well on the plain,  
 I please him so much with my song.  
 A song is the shepherd's delight,  
 He hears me with joy all the day;

When comes the still night,  
The end of my lay.

And with care once oppress,  
To soothe him the while;  
His mind all to rest,  
His shepherd would instantly smile:  
In mead, or in grove,  
Or the clear river's side,  
Songs to my love,  
In him is grown all my pride.

I to endear,  
Of nature and art;  
That had gain'd on his ear,  
Out the way to his heart:  
Voice wou'd not please,  
To join the gay throng;  
I prize all with ease,  
He's gone abroad with my song.

: Jealousy raise,  
Chant but my swain;  
Or me is his praise,  
Or him the lov'd strain.  
Wealth, and beauty may fail,  
His shepherd's elude all your skill;  
His of song may prevail,  
I your swains to your will.

310  
I was I my blith *Jocky* to see,  
The brook he first bent on his knee,  
To sink wif sweet looks on his een,  
As if he had met for his queen;  
He said wif my een and my hair,  
No green cou'd wif me e'er compare;  
His flock, his true love beside,  
Mine ain, gin I'd be his bride.

And, wif thy flocks never part,  
I wou'd soonly dispose of her heart,  
I sought in return for mine ain,  
That and thy flocks I disdain:  
And, I had it long sin,  
Is wif to possessing of mine;

My hand I then gi'm without thought of his flock,  
While even the brook murmur'd faithful *Jock*

311  
WHAT bard, oh time, discover,  
With wings first made thee move,  
Ah! sure he was some lover,  
Who ne'er had left his love.  
For who that once did prove,  
The pangs which absence brings,  
Tho' but one day, he were away,  
Could picture thee with wings.  
Tho' but one day, &c.

312  
BY him we love offended,  
How soon our anger flies,  
One day apart 'tis ended,  
Behold him and it dies.

Last night your roving brother,  
Enrag'd I had depart,  
And sure his rude presumption,  
Deserv'd to lose my heart,  
Yet wert he now before me,  
In spite of injur'd pride,  
I fear my eyes wou'd pardon,  
Before my tongue cou'd chide.  
By him we love, &c.

With truth the bold deceiver,  
To me thus oft has said,  
In vain would *Clara* slight me,  
In vain she would upbraid;  
No scorn those lips discover,  
Where dimples laugh the while,  
No frowns appear resentful,  
Where heaven has stamp'd a smile.  
By him we love, &c.

313  
COME, my gallant soldier, come,  
To the call of *Cupid's* drum:  
Tho' my honour be engag'd,  
Rescue now thy love besieg'd.  
Come, my gallant, &c.

Down of doves, thy coat of mail  
Softest sounds thy triumph hail ;  
Myrtle wreaths, thy brows entwine,  
And that pleasing task be mine.

Come my gallant, &c.

Hush ! the trumpet's brazen throat,  
Hark ! the flute's melodious note ;  
Mars shall sleep, and discord cease,  
All is harmony and peace.

Come my gallant, &c.

**S**AYS *Colin* to me, I've a thought in my head,  
I know a young damsel I'm dying to wed.  
So please you quoth I—and whene'er it is done,  
You'll quarrel and you'll part again as sure as a gun.  
And so when you're married, poor am'rous wight,  
You'll bill it and coo it from morning till night ;  
But trust me good *Colin*, you'll find it bad fun,  
Instead of which you'll fight & scratch as sure as a gun !  
But should she prove fond of her own dearest love,  
And you be as supple, and as soft as her glove ;  
Yet be she a saint, and as chaste as a nun,  
You're fasten'd to her apron strings as sure as a gun !  
Suppose it was you then, said he with a leer,  
You would not serve me so, I'm certain my dear,  
In troth I replied, I will answer for none,—  
But do as other women do, as sure as a gun.

**W**ISH me joy, ye nymphs and swains,  
*Johnny* comes to-morrow,  
He shall quickly gad the plains,  
Banish care and sorrow !

He had left us now too long,  
Robb'd us of our treasure ;  
But he'll bring us dance and song,  
And ev'ry smiling pleasure.

If I've time I'll deck the bower,  
Once my swain delighting,  
Twine it round with many a flow'r,  
And with sweets inviting ;  
*There he talk'd so well of love,  
Won my heart from sorrow ;*

There on wings of haste I'll rove,  
He'll be there to-morrow.

Come, my shepherd, quickly come,  
Where can thou be staying ?  
Love who wants thee now at home,  
Chides thy long delaying ;  
From to-day I'll never rove,  
But be blith and bonny,  
For I never more shall live,  
Without my sweetheart *Johnny*.

**I** Once was a maiden as fresh as a rose,  
And as fickle as April weather,  
I laid down without care, and I wak'd with it  
With a heart as light as a feather.  
With a heart, &c.

I work'd with the girls and I play'd with the lads  
I always was romping or spinning,  
And what if they pilfer'd a kiss now and then,  
I hope 'twas not very great sinning.  
I hope, &c.

I wedded a husband as young as myself,  
And for every frolic as willing,  
Together we laugh'd when we had any pelf,  
And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling  
And we, &c.

He's gone to the wars, heav'n send him a prize  
For his pains he is welcome to spend it,  
My example I know is more merry than wise,  
Lord help me I never shall mend it.,  
Lord help me, &c.

**W**HEN wars alarms entic'd my *Willie* from  
My poor heart with grief did sigh,  
Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrows  
'Woke e're yet the morn was nigh,  
No other could delight him :  
Ah ! why did I ere sight him,  
Coldly answer'ing his fond tale,  
Which drove him far,  
Amid the rage of war,  
And left fully me thus to bewail.

ger, though a maid forsaken,  
mourn like yonder dove,  
ark to-morrow shall awaken,  
my absent love,  
tile country over,  
o seek my lover,  
y threat'ning fear,  
int shore,  
nons roar,  
keep me from my dear.

318

nd drum sound merrily,  
oldier's the lad for me,  
s love I soon will be,  
ind, so true as he,  
every toil I'll share,  
a shall be all my care,  
rid I'll dare,  
ships I'll bear;  
a soldier's the lad for me.  
heaven preserve my love,  
as joy shall his *Nancy* prove,  
se camp shall my footsteps bound,  
*William* with conquest crown'd,  
aithful bosom prest,  
huff his cares to rest,  
a these arms,  
ar's alarms,  
a soldier's the lad for me.

319

heart I own'd my flame;  
fear I was to blame;  
's force we're doom'd to feel,  
weakness should conceal.

it speaks the soften'd mind,  
notes the wifh behind;  
ch down the cheek will steal,  
s art we should conceal.  
pour guides the youth,  
love is led by truth,  
*Zymen's* porch we kneel,  
r weakness to conceal.

LORD, what care I for mam or dad?  
Why let 'em scold and bellow,  
For while I live, I'll love my lad,  
He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair day on *Gander* green,  
The youth, he danc'd so well-o,  
So spruce a lad was never seen,  
As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,  
The lad was somewhat mellow;  
Says he my dear, I'll see you home—  
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,  
Says he, if you'll not tell o,  
I'll kiss you here by this good light—  
Lord what a charming fellow.

You rogue, says I, you've stopp'd my breath,  
Ye bells ring out my knell-o,  
Agin I'd die so sweet a death,  
With such a charming fellow.

321

WOE betide each tender fair,  
Who now beholds you must adore you;  
Such a shape, and such an air,  
Will make each beauty fall before you.

*Narcissus* fate and yours were one,  
Could you but your own charms discover,  
You'd die as many a fop has done,  
Only of himself a lover.

322

PATIE is a lover gay,  
His brow is never cloudy,  
His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
His face is fair and ruddy;  
Shape is handsome, middle size,  
He's stately in his walking,  
The shining of his e'en surprize,  
'Tis heav'n to hear him talking.



Last night I met him on the baw,  
Where yellow corn was growing,  
There many a kindly word he spake,  
That set my heart a glowing,  
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,  
And lov'd me best of ony,  
That gave me leave to sing sa fine,  
O corn riggs they are bonny.

Let maidens o' a silly mind,  
Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
Since we for yielding are design'd,  
We chafely should be granting.  
Then I'll comply, and marry *Pat*,  
And soon my cookernonny,  
He's free to towzle air or late,  
Where corn riggs they are bonny.

323  
WHEN May day buds on trees were seen,  
And flow'rets deck'd the ground,  
When my last birth-day told nineteen,  
And time came smiling round:  
My mother oft, with anxious care,  
With 'how, and where, and when,  
Wou'd tell of many a wily snare  
That she had 'scap'd from men.  
Then bade me shun young *Jocky's* art,  
From his embraces fly,  
Lest he should steal my simple heart,  
But no, indeed, not I.

His hair was flaxen, and he sang,  
Like any nightingale;  
His cheeks were rosy, and his tongue  
Told many a flatter'ing tale:  
He met me here, he met me there,  
With kiss, and song, and smile;  
At mill and meadow, wake and fair,  
And at the milking stile.  
By chance, as 'twere, at night or noon,  
To find him I would fly;  
Yet if he ask'd the smallest boon,  
'Twas no, indeed, not I.

Poor *Jocky*, vex'd to be so teas'd,  
Resolv'd my love to prove;  
No more the straggling kiss he seiz'd,  
Nor sought me in the grove;  
He toy'd with *Jenny* on the green,  
He gave her kisses three;  
By *Bridget* of the brook 'twas seen,  
'Twas *Bridget* told it me!  
She bade me shun young *Jocky's* art,  
From his embraces fly,  
Lest he should steal my tender heart,  
But no, indeed, not I.

At length he ask'd of me to wed,  
With many a tender vow;  
I smil'd, I simper'd, hung my head,  
And look'd, I scarce know how;  
I wish'd, I fear'd, I scarce knew what;  
He blush'd, and begg'd, and sigh'd,  
He press'd, and said, You'll surely not  
Refuse to be my bride?  
Lord help me! how could I refrain?  
'Twere sinful too to lye;  
So when he asked that again,  
'Twas no, indeed, not I.

324  
FOR twic twelve months had *Harry* lie  
With downcast looks and sighing;  
Yet never caught me in the mood  
For softness or complying;  
'Till told by *Phillis* of the grove  
(And she I hop'd was joking)  
Her sister *Susan* heard his love,  
Now was not that provoking?  
Till told by, &c.

Next ev'ning, ere the sun was down,  
To *Susan's* cot I hid me,  
A little after came the clown,  
He simper'd when he spied me:  
Convinc'd what *Phillis* said was true,  
With passion almost choking,  
I bit my lips, he smil'd on *Sue*;  
Now was not that provoking?

sparr'd in the ear by pride,  
 vex'd would please him;  
 resolves to hide,  
 be gay, and tease him;  
 well as he, I try'd,  
 his cheek was stroking,  
 as, I believe I cry'd,  
 not that provoking.  
 gh as well, &c.

I've found out to my cost,  
 I'd best have tarry'd;  
 love I've surely lost,  
 I *Sue* are marry'd.  
 no, that I will not do;  
 stand my croaking.  
 I lose your patience too,  
 would be provoking.  
 es, &c.

————— 325 —————  
 tongue, it is a shame:  
 is much to blame,  
 it sweetly flow.  
 ours of the great,  
 y maiden's fate,  
 id on Yes or No.

Lack a-day!  
 Poor *Fatima*!  
 Stinted so,  
 To Yes or No.

nt to talk or chat,  
 'a this or that,  
 I about it go!  
 me what she will,  
 my clapper still,  
 only Yes or No.

Lack a day!  
 Poor *Fatima*!  
 Stinted so,  
 To Yes or No!

————— 326 —————  
 his wreath my hand has wove,  
 and emblem of my love;

These flow'rs will keep their brightest hue,  
 While you are constant, kind, and true:

But should you, false to love and me,  
 With from my fondness to be free;  
 Forboding that my fate is nigh,  
 Each grateful flow'r will droop and die.

————— 327 —————  
 ON *Monday*, young *Colin*, who liv'd in the dale,  
 Came to me when milking, and carry'd my pail;  
 He said that he well had examin'd his mind,  
 He'd wed me on *Wednesday*, if I was inclin'd; [brook  
 And vow'd, when we came to the willow-deck'd  
 If I doubted his truth, he'd swear on the book.

To know if my lover would keep to his vow,  
 On *Tuesday*, the while he was busy at plow,  
 I ran to the cot of old *Dorcas* below,  
 And begg'd she wou'd tell me the thing I wou'd know;  
 I gave her a sixpence I'd sav'd from my youth,  
 And promis'd another to come at the truth.

Her spectacles quickly she took from her side,  
 Examined my hand, ask'd me questions beside;  
 Then told me she saw, by a spark in my eye,  
 If *Colin* was willing, 'twas best to comply:  
 Then said, child do this, lest your wishes are cross'd,  
 For in matters of love, no time's to be lost.

On *Wednesday* he came disen'd out in his best,  
 He gave me a poise to stick in my breast;  
 Then sweetly he kiss'd me, and told me the time,  
 And said, let us haste ere the village bell, chime.  
 But I, silly I, sure the worst of my kind!  
 Reply'd with a sneer, Sir, I've alter'd my mind.

At this, with resentment becoming the swain,  
 He turn'd from a fool, and went off with disdain;  
 As soon as he left me, I thought on my fate.  
 And the words of old *Dorcas*, but ah! 'twas too late!  
 I ran to the vale, search'd the hamlets around,  
 To find out my swain, but no *Colin* I found.

On *Thursday*, so soon as the lark struck my ear,  
 I travers'd the meads in pursuit of my dear;  
 Sing on, pretty lark, (to the warbler I cry'd)

There's

Thou'rt happy, because thou art true to thy bride:  
But alas! all endeavours were idle and vain!  
Not one on the meadows knew aught of my swain.

When *Friday* was come I grew sick of my lot;  
I ran to the vale, and enquir'd at each cot;  
But successful, alas! were all efforts to me,  
No tidings I heard, nor no *Colin* cou'd see:  
'Twas *Saturday*, now, and the search I renew'd,  
As luckless as ever, the search I pursu'd.

On *Sunday* I wander'd distracted till noon,  
When the bells 'gan a peal, delightful in tune;  
I stopt the first person I met in my way,  
And asked the cause of their being so gay;  
Who told me, this morning young *Colin* had been  
Wedded to beautiful *Doll* of the green.

That instant I ran to the green willow'd brook,  
Where *Colin* had sworn to be true on a book;  
My garters I bound to the sturdiest bough,  
And had acted, ye virgins, I cannot tell how!  
If reason had not interpos'd with her aid,  
And bade me desist, for a silly young maid.

Ye maidens who hear me, ne'er act such a part,  
Nor reject the true swain who'd yield you his heart;  
Comply when he's kind, for I've known to my cost,  
In matters of love there's no time to be lost.  
Do this, and no cause in your bosom shall lurk,  
To make you repent of a pretty week's work.

328  
WHEN my hero in court appears,  
And stands arraign'd for his life;  
Then think of poor *Polly's* tears;  
For ah, poor *Polly's* his wife.  
Like the sailor he holds up his hand,  
Discreet, on the dashing wave,  
To die a dry death at land,  
Is as bad as a war'ry grave.  
And alas, poor *Polly*!  
A lack, and a well a-day!  
Before I was in love,  
*Oh! every month was May.*

329  
O'ER the seas my love is sailing,  
Gently blow, ye eastern gales;  
Love his dear approach is hailing,  
Flies to view the swelling sails.

O'er the ocean whilst he's roving.  
Who has brav'd the sultry climate,  
I endure the pain of loving,  
I grow sick of thought and time.

Sea-nymphs all the while are playing,  
Guard his vessel safe from harms;  
But no more shall he be staying,  
*Damen's* port shall be my arms.

330  
ON his face the vernal rose,  
Blended with the lilly-glows;  
His locks are as the raven black,  
In ringlets woven down his back.  
His eyes with milder beauties beam,  
Than billing doves beside the stream;  
His youthful cheeks are beds of snow,  
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs.  
His lips are of the rose's hue,  
Still dropping with a fragrant dew;  
Tall as the cedar he appears,  
And as erect his form he bears.

331  
SINCE sweet love has had possession  
Of my fond and tender breast,  
Take my free and true confession,  
Friendship is too cold a guest.  
Love has got the whole direction,  
Friendship has no longer charms;  
Only mutual, strong affection,  
Now my raptur'd bosom burns.  
Friendship now is cool as reason,  
Tasteless all it's pleasures prove;  
Love's the passion now in season;  
Welcome, dear bewitching love.

333  
 't, why is gentle love  
 to that mind  
 and esteem can move,  
 I be just and kind?  
 you fear to prove  
 at love molest;  
 are, the sighs that move  
 rated breath?

a degree of woe,  
 bliss must gain;  
 in ne'er a transport know,  
 I felt a pain.

333  
 fe, beat the drum, to my standard repair,  
 who will conquer or die;  
 my sex, as a captain I'm here,  
 courage and valour to try:  
 g and your country now call for your  
 dies command you to go; [aid,  
 announce it, and you, who're afraid,  
 our vengeance shall know.

he single—these things I declare,  
 hidden most firmly decrees,)  
 all be granted, by black, brown, or fair;  
 e, a sigh, or a squeeze.  
 ed—if they but look glum, or say, no,  
 monsieur dare bluster or huff,  
 in'd, *non. car*. that their foreheads shall  
 the wife is enough. [shew—

ments we've in *terrorem* proclaim'd;  
 ould your courage be lacking,  
 I resort, this resolve shall be nam'd,  
 d I will soon send you all packing.  
 ches assume, 'pon my honor 'tis true!  
 as, maids, widows, and wives;  
 rich, beat the *French*, then march back,  
 (and beat you,  
 rear 'em the rest of our lives,

334  
 SHE that would gain a constant lover,  
 Must at a distance keep the slave,  
 Nor by a look her heart discover;  
 Men should but guess the thoughts we have.  
 Whilst they're in doubt, their flame increases;  
 And all attendance they will pay:  
 When we're possess'd their transport ceases,  
 And vows, like vapours, float away.

335  
 SINCE *Jenny* thinks mean her heart's love to deny,  
 And *Peggy's* uneasy when *Harry's* not nigh;  
 I will own, without blushing, were all the world by,  
 That *Willy's* the lad, the lad for me.

He brought me a wreath which his head did compose,  
 Where the dale-loving lily was twin'd with the rose;  
 Young myrtle in sprigs did the border inclose,  
 And *Willy's* the lad, the lad for me.

By myrtle, said he, is my passion express'd;  
 The rose, like your lips, in vermilion is dress'd:  
 And the lily for whiteness, would vie with your breast  
 And *Willy's* the lad, the lad for me.

These ribbands of mine were his gifts at the fair,  
 My mother look'd cross, and cry'd, *Fanny* beware!  
 But d'ye think I regard her? not I, I declare,  
 And *Willy's* the lad, the lad for me.

Beneath a tall beach, and reclin'd on his crook,  
 I saw my young shepherd; how sweet was his look!  
 He ask'd for one kiss, but an hundred he took.  
 And *Willy's* the lad, the lad for me.

Then what can I do, O instruct me, ye maids!  
 When a lover so kindly, so warmly invades,  
 Whose silence as much as his language persuades?  
 And *Willy's* the lad, the lad for me.

336  
 THO' prudence may praise me,  
 And duty distress me,  
 Against inclination, ah! what can they do?  
 No longer a rover,  
 His follies are over,  
 My heart, my fond heart, says, my *Henry* is true.

The bee thus at changing,  
From sweet to sweet ranging,  
A rose should be tight on ne'er wishes to stray;  
With raptures possessing  
In one ev'ry blessing,  
Till torn from her bosom ne'er flies far away.

337  
**T**HAT little rogue *Cupid*, I vow,  
Is playing such tricks with my heart,  
I flutter—I cannot tell how,

Yet feel the sharp pangs of his dart.  
What cruel, ungenerous swain,  
Could send this fond urchin to me,  
Whose heart was a stranger to pain,  
And e'er lov'd as free as a bee.

But now my poor senses are gone,  
My spirits are fled from me quite,  
And I'm a poor maiden forlorn,  
No rest can I take day or night.  
How happy, ah! once, sure, was I!  
So cheerfully rose in the morn,  
But now am addicted to sigh  
For him that I treated with scorn.

Young *Caledon* must be the swain,  
None like him appears to my view;  
He caught my fond heart on the plain,  
Ah! shepherd, I'm wretched for you:  
Oh! come then, dear youth, and be kind,  
No longer disdainful I'll be,  
But harbour content in my mind,  
And think upon no one but thee.

338  
**T**HE story goes, that sister *Bet*,  
Resolv'd to play the field coquette,  
Amongst the rustic breed:  
But tir'd of flirting on the green,  
She cry'd, who'd live, to live unseen!  
Not I, not I, indeed.

Away she flies, leaves ev'ry squire,  
To tell his tale by winter fire,  
While hearts like cherries bleed:

But what's all this to I? says she;  
A rural life won't do for me,  
It won't, it won't, indeed.

Give me the *Park* to flout about,  
The *play-house*, *Ranelagh*, and *route*.—  
But how did this succeed?  
Admir'd by lords, she lost her fame,  
On ev'ry window glar'd her name,  
'Tis true, 'tis true indeed.

At length she sought the slighted plain,  
Grew a good girl, carest'd her swain,  
And soon they were agreed:  
Will you not love me now? he says.  
O yes! the longest nights and days,  
I'll love, I'll love, indeed,

339  
**W**ITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,  
Young *Willy* won my heart,  
A blither swain you could na see,  
All beauty without art.  
*Willy's* rare, and *Willy's* fair,  
And *Willy's* wond'rous bonny;  
And *Willy* says he'll marry me  
Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

O came you by yon water-side,  
Pull'd you the rose or lily,  
Or came you by yon meadow green,  
Or saw you my sweet *Willy*  
*Willy's* rare, and *Willy's* fair, &c.  
Sin now the trees are in their bloom,  
And flow'rs spread o'er ilka field,  
I'll meet my lad among the broom,  
And lead him to my summer's shield,  
*Willy's* rare, and *Willy's* fair, &c.

340  
**W**AFT, O *Cupid*! to *Leander*  
Sighs that rend my tender breast;  
Whilst I stray in groves meander,  
Bid him fly to make me blest.

He be gently flowing,  
 & glades your sweets distill;  
 ear's incessant glowing,  
 content my fancy fill.

haste! my lover to me;  
 t, now, my cold disdain:  
 'eet shepherd, you pursue me,  
 p my heart I strive in vain.

## 341

an has long boasted an absolute sway,  
 man's hard fate was love, honour, obey;  
 over wedlock fair liberty dawns,  
 ords of creation must pull in their horns;  
 among ye proclaims his decree,  
 bands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

h your doubts, your surmises, and fears,  
 beats up for her gay volunteers;  
 er banner, you'll vanquish, with ease,  
 of your husbands what creatures you please;  
 hen, ye fair ones, and let the world see,  
 bands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

s of your sex, would you e'er see, restor'd,  
 es shou'd be us'd as a two edged sword;  
 rcing weapon each husband must dread,  
 rs of the mark you may place on his head;  
 ty unite, till the men all agree,  
 an, dear woman, shall ever be free.

hall the wife, all as meek as a lamb,  
 to, sounds! do you know who I am?  
 soliteness shall flourish again,  
 men take courage to govern the men;  
 d to your charter, and let the world see,  
 and are tyrants, their wives will be free.

## 342

or no purpose I spent many days,  
 the Park, th' Exchange, and the plays;  
 n my rambles, till now, did I prove  
 o meet with the man I cou'd love.  
 am I pleas'd, when I think on this man,  
 d I must love, let me do what I can,

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,  
 Than had I a fever, when I should be well.  
 My passion shall kill me before I will shew it,  
 And yet I would give all the world he did know it:  
 But oh, how I sigh, when I think should he woo me,  
 I cannot deny what I know wou'd undo me!

YOUNG Roger he courted me for a whole year,  
 He sigh'd and made such a moan,  
 That I lov'd him, yet dare not to tell him (thro' fear)  
 So I vow'd that I would lie alone.  
 He said, and he swore, if I'd be his bride,  
 He would bring me to fine London town,  
 I should see Fox's Hall and the playhouse beside,  
 But I still said I would lie alone.

Away then he went, to the dance at the fair,  
 Where I saw him give Sue a green gown;  
 I wish'd from my heart that I had not gone there,  
 And hop'd that she might lie alone:  
 I redder'd and sigh'd, I danc'd and I cry'd,  
 And my heart sent forth many a groan;  
 To get him again all my arts they were try'd,  
 For I now thought I'd not lie alone.

T'other ev'ning he came to my cot, with a smile,  
 And ask'd if I kinder was grown;  
 I told him no longer his hopes I'd beguile,  
 Nor would I lie longer alone;  
 To London we came, to the playhouse I've been,  
 And then dear Foxball was I shewn;  
 Such dressing, such dancing, such sights have I seen,  
 That I am glad I no more lie alone.

## 344

THE morning young Jockey would make me his  
 He stole to my chamber, and sat by my side; [bride,  
 When he open'd the curtains, such joy 'twas to me,  
 That my heart play'd a tune, that went pity patty.  
 But feigning to sleep (oh, how great was my bliss!)  
 So gently, so kindly, he gave me a kiss!  
 Then my head to his bosom he press'd with such glee,  
 That my heart play'd a tune, that went pity patty.

Crown bold with success, he ventur'd to take,  
A second salute.—Then 'twas time to awake.  
Arise, love, he said, to the kirk let us flee,  
As our hearts play a tune that goes pitty patty.

345  
**W**HEN hope was quite sunk in despair,  
My heart it was going to break,  
My life appear'd worthless my care,  
But now I will sav't for thy sake.

Where'er my love travels by day,  
Wherever he lodges by night,  
With me his dear image shall stay,  
And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,  
And study the gentlest charms,  
Hope time away till thou appear,  
For ay to lock thee in my arms.

Whilst thou was a shepherd I priz'd,  
No higher degree in this life,  
But now I'll endeavour to rise  
To a height that's becoming a wife.

For beauty, that's only skin deep,  
Must fade like the gowans in May,  
But inwardly rooted will keep  
For ever without a decay.

Nor age nor the changes of life  
Can quench the fair fire of love,  
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,  
And the husband have sense to approve.

346  
**W**HEN last we parted on the plain,  
Fond *Damon* seem'd full lothe to go ;  
He kiss'd and said, That soon again  
He'd come and wou'd not leave me so ;  
For that, says he, the time is near,  
And then, my love, I do design,  
It is the best day in the year,  
'To come and be your *Valentine*.

I wish'd the tedious hours to fly,  
And long'd the look'd for day to see ;

And as the time then grew so nigh,  
How blest, thought I, will *Nancy* be !  
The morning came, and at my door  
I heard a noise, that said, Incline  
For once, dear girl, if never more,  
To rise and be my *Valentine*.

A thousand fears disturb'd my mind,  
'Twas *Thyrsis* there in *Damon's* stead,  
I thought my youth was quite unkind,  
Nor knew what should be done or said.  
I hop'd it could not be a sin,  
In spite to *Damon* now not mine,  
I let the kinder *Thyrsis* in,  
And was that shepherd's *Valentine*.

Nor what I did I now repent,  
For fickle *Damon* soon as light,  
To *Lucy* on that morning went,  
Nor has been since from out her sight !  
And *Thyrsis*, late but half lov'd swain,  
Is now both all and only mine ;  
I bless the time that once was pain,  
He came to be my *Valentine*.

347  
**W**HAT is he gone ? and can it be ?  
And is she then more fair than me ?  
The sight of her might give me pain ;  
Bring her not near me, fickle swain !  
And since that you can leave me so,  
Go get you gone, for ever go.

Oh ! I in rage wou'd madly tear,  
This gaudy ribband from my hair ;  
These bated gifts I'd have him take ;  
I'll wear no baubles for his sake ;  
I scorn the gifts and hands untrue ;  
For her they well enough may do.

How near was I when with a kiss,  
He ask'd my heart to answer yes !  
To hear him at the altar say,  
Vows he'd have broke the soonest day !  
There he may love and take his fill,  
And swear to her just what he will.

now's I now defy,  
 be blest, and so will I;  
 as long I'm sure to find,  
 more suited to my mind;  
 well, *Florio*, now for good,  
 let have you if I cou'd.

348

Let me young *Colin* came many a mile,  
 to by my side he has fat;  
 saying I often requested to know,  
 wonder'd what he would be at.  
 He said many pretty soft things,  
 saying the height of his passion;  
 when I've bid him to hold his fool's tongue,  
 faith—'twas against inclination.

Let help laughing sometimes I declare,  
 he swore that he lov'd beyond measure;  
 me, and sighing—he'd kiss me again,  
 saying I was his whole pleasure:  
 and him forbear—my heart it said—no,  
 not in my heart to deny;  
 when he requested, if I'd be his wife,  
 moment—I thought I shou'd—die.

That says no, never meant it as so,  
 seemingly prudish or sly;  
 say why't she will—but cannot disown  
 —the word—yes—does imply.  
 As he wou'ld he would tell a love-tale,  
 now, that for me he shou'd die;  
 rather than such a mischance shou'd e'er hap,  
 but I'd much better comply.

All the time, how it play'd pit a-pit,  
 inute he urg'd his request!  
 As he teiz'd—I thought any more,  
 'd, to the purpose—be best.  
 Murch in the village next morning we went,  
 nonsense being over and done,  
 I at the altar united our hands,  
 and we made one.

349

So *Jocky* who teiz'd me a 12 month or more  
 later is grown than *was mortal before*,

He whispers such things as no virgin should hear,  
 And he presses my lips with a warmth I can't bear.  
 With stories of love he would soften my mind,  
 And his eyes speak a temper to mischief inclin'd;  
 But I view not a moment I'll trust him alone,  
 And when next he grows rude I will bid him be gone,  
 Of honour and truth not a word has he spoke,  
 And his actions declare he thinks virtue a joke:  
 He shall find his mistake: he ventures to try;  
 For, than yield on such terms, oh! I rather would die.  
 With no creature beside he such freedom dare take,  
 Yet the handsome and witty he quits for my sake:  
 But how can I think that he loves me the best?  
 Or how can I love him who'd break all my rest?

Oh! *Jocky*, reform, nor be foolish again,  
 Left you lose a fond heart you shall never regain;  
 If you change your behaviour, to church we will go,  
 I'll forgive all that's past, and will never say no.

350

Young *Strephon*, a shepherd, the pride of the plain,  
 Each day is attempting my kindness to gain:  
 He takes all occasions his flame to renew;  
 I always reply, that his courting won't do.  
 He spares no rich presents to make me more kind,  
 And exhausts in my praise all the wit of his mind,  
 I say, I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go;  
 He asks me so oft, till I rudely say no.

To *Thyrsis* last Valentine's day, the dear youth,  
 I tell him I plighted my faith and my truth;  
 That wealth cannot peace and contentment bestow,  
 And my heart is another's—so beg he will go.  
 That love is not purchas'd with titles and gold,  
 And the heart that's honest can never be sold,  
 That I sigh not for grandeur, but look down on show.  
 And to *Thyrsis* must hasten, nor answer him no.

He hears me and trembling all over, replies,  
 If his suit I prefer not he instantly dies:  
 He gives me his hand, and would orce me to go;  
 I pity his suffering, but boldly say, no.

I try to avoid him in hopes of sweet peace;  
 He haunts me each moment to make me say Yes;



But to-morrow, ye fair ones, with *Thyrsis* I go;  
And trust me, at church, that I will not say, no.

351  
**W**HEN I enter'd my teens, and threw playthings  
I conceiv'd myself woman, and sit for a bride;  
By the men I was flatter'd, my pride to enhance;  
For the maids will believe and the men will romance.  
They swore that my eyes the bright di'mond excell'd,  
Such a face and such tresses sure ne'er were beheld,  
That to gaze on my neck was all rapture & trance!  
Oh, the maids will believe and the men will romance.

Young *Polydore* saw me one night at the ball,  
And swore to my charms he a conquest must fall;  
On his knees he intreated my hand for a dance,  
Ah, the maids will believe and the men will romance.  
He conducted me home when the pastime was o'er,  
And declar'd he ne'er saw so much beauty before,  
He op'd and sigh'd, as he saw me advance,  
Ah, the maids will believe and the men will romance.

Then day after day I his company had;  
At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad;  
But my father lov'd money and would not advance,  
And reply'd to my lover, Young men will romance.  
But tho' my papa would not give us a shilling,  
My *Polydore* swore he to wed me was willing;  
So to church we both went, & at night had a dance,  
And believe me, my *Polydore* did not romance.

352  
**W**HEN first the youth his fears forsook,  
And that he lov'd I fondly heard,  
What sweetness was in ev'ry look!  
What eloquence in ev'ry word!

From her whole store, to make me bless'd,  
Did fortune bid me chuse;  
How gladly would I all the rest  
For love and him refuse.

353  
**T**HE last that would know how to manage a man,  
Let her listen and learn it from me,  
*His courage to quell, or his heart to trepan,*  
*As the time and occasion agree,*

The girl that has beauty, tho' she'll be her wit  
May wheedle the clown or the beau,  
The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit,  
By the use of that pretty word No.

When powder'd toupees around are in chat,  
Each striving his passion to shew,  
With kiss me, and love me, my dear, and all the  
Let her answer to all be, O no.

When a dose is contriv'd to lay virtue asleep,  
A present, a treat, or a ball,  
She still must refuse, if her empire she'll keep,  
And No be her answer to all.

But when *Mr. Dapperwit* offers his hand,  
Her partner in wedlock to go;  
A house and a coach, and a jointure in hand,  
She's an idiot, if then she says no.

But if she's attack'd by a youth full of charms,  
Whose courtship proclaims him a man;  
When press'd to his bosom, and clasp'd in his arms  
Then let her say no, if she can.

354  
**W**HEN vapours o'er the meadows die,  
And morning streaks the purple sky,  
I wake to love with jocund glee,  
To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove,  
And *Philomel* laments her love,  
Each sigh I breathe my love reveals,  
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With secret pleasure I survey,  
The frolic birds in am'rous play,  
While sondest cares my heart employ,  
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

355  
**W**HEN first my dear laddie gave to the groom  
And I at ewe-milking first show'd my young  
To bear the milk bowie nae pain gave to me,  
So at eve I was blest with thy piping and thee  
For aye as I milk'd, and aye as I sang,  
My yellow hair'd laddie shall be my good man.

eggs waved yellow, and blue hether bells;  
 y on moorland, or sweet rising fells;  
 iers, or brakens, gave trouble to me,  
 weet berries when gather'd by thee;  
 alk'd, and aye as I sang,  
 ur'd laddie shall be my good man.

n, or you wrestled, or putted the stane,  
 the victor, my heart was aye fain,  
 all these pleasures, my study shall be,  
 elf better and sweeter for thee;  
 edded, and aye as I sang,  
 ur'd laddie shall be my good man.

— 356 —  
 ee my *Sirebbon* languish,  
 ender love oppress,  
 is pain and anguish,  
 my tender breast.

in and humble nature  
 first to hear his tale;  
 th, by every creature,  
 'd through all the vale.  
 below'd again,  
 l *Sirebbon* sigh in vain!  
 faith, and find it true,  
 oyness bid adieu.

— 357 —  
 good part the squeeze of the hand,  
 e of lovers who dare not demand,  
 ith another as close and as dear,  
 ade him believe his happiness near;  
 him a tale of a cock and a bull, [fool.  
 ant no such thing, but was playing the  
 the toe to admit and be free,  
 to reply with the toe repartee;  
 ith your eyes your inward desires,  
 ith full hopes to kindle his fires;  
 ell him a tale, &c.

unts to disclose what he dares not reveal;  
 oks every silly, and means a great deal;  
 lks, it e'er thinking thou'd enter his  
 what his wish, the ease of his pain, [brain  
 him a tale, &c.

To let him, enaptur'd, proceed on to bliss;  
 To suffer the snatch or the theft of a kiss;  
 When covnefs retreating unwillingly flies;  
 when sighs answer murmurs, and eyes talk to eyes;  
 Then to tell him, &c.

— 358 —  
**YOUNG *Thyrsis***, ye shepherds, is gone;  
 I look all around for the swain;  
 He's fled, and joy with him is flown;  
 He leaves me to sorrow and pain.  
 Where is it I madly wou'd rove?  
 Can ye tell me what's left worth my stay?  
 Too late I perceive it was love  
 All the while led my fancy astray.

What avails if I tarry behind,  
 Now my heart he has stole quite away?  
 No comfort on earth shall I find,  
 No rest or by night or by day.  
 When he sung, oh! I listen'd with glee:  
 When he smil'd, how I languish'd and sigh'd!  
 Ne'er thought I the moment to see,  
 Than to see I cou'd wish to have died.

But who is it comes o'er the green,  
 'Tis *Thyrsis*, the dear, wi'd' for youth;  
 Not death e'er shall part us, I ween,  
 For than death is much stronger his truth.  
 The muse saw them meet in the grove;  
 Saw the maid and the shepherd all blest:  
 He vow'd to be true to his love;  
 She dares not to whisper the rest.

— 359 —  
**W**HY will *Delia* thus retire,  
 And languish all her life away,  
 While the sighing crowd admire?  
 'Tis too soon for hart-horn tea.  
 All those dismal looks and fretting  
 Cannot *Damen's* life restore;  
 Long ago the worms have eat him,  
 You can never see him more.

Once again consult your toilette,  
 In the glass your face review,

So much weeping soon will spoil it,  
And no spring your charms renew.

I like you was born a woman,  
Well I know what vapours mean;  
The disease, alas! is common;  
Single, we have all the spleen.

All the morals that they tell us,  
Never cur'd the sorrow yet:  
Chuse, among the pretty fellows,  
One of humour, youth and wit.

Pr'ythee hear him ev'ry morning,  
At the least an hour or two;  
Once again at night returning:—  
I believe the dose will do.

ONE morning young Roger accosted me thus,—  
Come here, pretty maiden, and give me a buss.  
Lord! fellow, said I, mind your plough and your cart;  
Yes, I thank you for nothing, thank you for nothing,  
Thank you for nothing with all my heart.

Well then, to be sure, he grew civil enough,  
He gave me a box, with a paper of snuff;  
I took it, I own, yet had still so much art  
To cry, thank you for nothing with all my heart.

He said, If so be he might make me his wife—  
Good Lord! I was never so dash'd in my life;  
Yet could not help laughing to see the fool start,  
When I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my consent,  
And with him, on *Sunday*, to chapel I went;  
But said, 'twas my goodness more than his desert,  
Not to thank him for nothing with all my heart.

The parson cry'd, child, you must after me say,  
And then talk'd of honour, and love, and obey;  
But faith, when his reverence came to that part,  
There I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

At night our brisk neighbours the stocking would  
I must not tell tales, but I know what I know; [throw,  
Young Roger confesses I cur'd all his smart,  
And I thank'd him for something with all my heart.

THE blithest bird that sings in *May*,  
Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay,  
Than I, ah well-a-day!  
Than I, ah well-a-day!  
Ere *Colin* yet had learn'd to sigh,  
Or I to guess the reason why,  
Oh joye, ah well-a-day!  
Oh love, ah well-a-day!

We kiss'd, we toy'd, we neither knew  
From whence these fond endearments grew,  
Till he, ah well-a-day!  
Till he, &c.  
By time and other swains made wise,  
Began to talk of hearts and eyes,  
And love, ah well-a-day!  
And love, &c.

Kind nature now took *Colin's* part;  
My eyes inform'd against my heart:  
My heart, ah well-a-day!  
My heart, &c.  
Straits glow'd with thrilling sympathy,  
And echo'd back each gentle sigh,  
Each sigh, ah well-a-day!  
Each sigh, &c.

Can love, alas! by words be won?  
He ask'd a proof, a tender one.  
While I, ah well-a-day!  
While I, &c.  
In silence blush'd a fond reply:  
Can she who truly loves deny?  
Ah no, ah well-a-day!  
Ah no, &c.

AS 't'other day in harmless chat,  
With *Sylvia* I was walking,  
Admitting this, admiring that,  
Together sweetly talking;  
Young *Damon* met us in the grove,  
With joy in every feature;

hand, then wisper'd love,  
charming creature!

ft times he express'd  
o soft and kind,  
thing in my breast,  
were in my mind.  
with *Doll* was seen,  
he came to meet her;  
was his only Queen,  
charming creature!

murch then shall we go?  
ie to comply;  
e men thus tease one so?)  
n him to fly:

*Delia* name the day  
kindly greet her?  
preft, what could I say  
charming creature?

— 363 —  
anging o'er the lee,  
o look behind,  
ht glancing shu'd I see  
land for the Hind?  
d gang'd the braes a-while,  
me, my dow,  
upon this stile,  
your bonny mou?

: are a wee mista'en,  
name of these;  
e mair breeding ken,  
e lassie claiiths.  
ctick'd, and vow'd to seek  
er wi' blithsome brow;  
a clasp her round the neck,  
her bonny mou'.

een proud hearted swain,  
to be said nay:  
ght he started then,  
d the wedding day.  
d blith, I lik'd him weel,  
*upon him now;*

Tho' bolder grown, his vows to seal,  
He kiss'd my bonny mou'.

I Sigh and lament me in vain,  
These walls can but echo my moan;  
Alas! it increases my pain,  
When I think of the days that are gone.  
Thro' the gate of my prison I see  
The birds as they wanton in air;  
My heart how it pants to be free,  
My looks they are wild with despair.

Above the oppress by my fate,  
I burn with contempt for my foes,  
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,  
She ne'er can subdue me to those:  
False woman, in ages to come,  
Thy malice detested shall be,  
And when we are cold in the tomb,  
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,  
With silence and solitude dwell,  
How comfortless passes the day,  
How sad tolls the evening bell!  
The owls from the battlements cry,  
Hollow winds seem to murmur around;  
O Mary! prepare thee to die,  
My blood it runs cold at the sound!

— 365 —  
WILL you go to the Ewe Bughts, *Marion*,  
And wear in the sheep wi' me?  
The mavis sings sweetly, my *Marion*,  
But nae sa' sweetly as thee.  
These aft were the words of my *Sandy*,  
At night in the how of the glen,  
At nae mair shall I meet wi' my *Sandy*;  
For *Sandy* to India is gone.

How can the trumpet's loud clarion  
Thus send a' the Shepherds awar!  
Oh cud na' the Ewe Bughts and *Marion*,  
Pleace mair than the horton of war!

But, oh! 't's the gate o' them a', Sirs,  
In seeking for grandeur and fame,  
The lads daily wander awa! Sirs,  
And leave their pair sweethearts at hame.

## QUICK VERSE.

But now that the troubles are over,  
And we're likely again to have rest;  
I hope to get haud of my rover,  
And grip him again to my breast.  
Oh! then to the Ewe Bughts shall *Marion*  
He aften dear *Sandy* wi' thee;  
And when thou art wedded to *Marion*,  
Fu' blithsome and blest shall we be!

366  
YOUNG *Strephon*, pride of yonder plain,  
Long strove me, si kkle heart to gain,  
With many an amorous ditty:  
I, smiling, heard the love-sick swain,  
With sigh and song express his pain,  
And told him 'twas a pity.  
With hopes to please, last Whitfun fair,  
He brought me ribbons for my hair,  
Wi' h other presents pretty:  
Then, smiling, su'd the same I'd wear;  
To ease his anxious heart from care;  
I said 'twould be a pity.

Next morning, early, on the green,  
With *Kitty*, toying, he was seen;  
He call'd her fair and witty;  
I smil'd, tho' fit to burst with spleen,  
To see him kiss the little queen,  
And cry'd it was a pity.

This cunning swain the consist ey'd,  
And kindly gazing while I sigh'd,  
Forsook the hand of *Kitty*:  
Then, smiling, begg'd I'd be his bride,  
I answered yes, or sure he'd dy'd,  
And that had been a pity.

367  
*CEASE! cease, heart-easing tears;*  
*no, you flatter'ing tears,*

Which seven long tedious years  
Taught me to bear.  
Tears are for lighter woes;  
Fear no such danger knows  
As Fate remorseless shews,  
Endless despair!

Dear cause of all my pain,  
On the wide stormy main  
Thou wast preserv'd in vain,  
Tho' still ador'd!  
Hadt thou dy'd there unseen,  
My wounded eyes had been  
Sav'd from the direst scene  
Maid e'er deplor'd!

368  
LET me live remov'd from noise,  
Remov'd from scenes of pride and strife,  
And only taste those tranquil joys,  
Which Heav'n bestows on rural life!  
Innocence shall guide my youth,  
Whilst Nature's paths I still pursue,  
Each step I take be mark'd with truth,  
And Virtue ever be my view.  
Adieu ye gay, adieu ye great,  
I see you all without a sigh,  
Contented with my happier fate,  
In silence let me live and die;  
Sweet Peace I'll court to follow me,  
And woo the Graces to my cell,  
For all the Graces love to be  
Where Innocence and Virtue dwell.

369  
THE ruddy morn blink'd o'er the bras,  
As blythe I gang'd to milk my kine;  
When near the winding bourn of taw,  
Wi' bonny gait, and twa black een,  
A highland lad sae kind me tent,  
Saying, sonfy lafs, how's a wi' you?  
Shall I your pail tak o'er the bent?  
'Twas yes, kind Sir, and I thank you ti

Again he met me i' the e'en,  
As I were linkan o'er the lee

dance upon the green,  
blithe lads I've gang wi' thee.  
I look'd i' th' highland gear,  
I plaid, and bonnet blue,  
raight whisp'e'd in my ear,  
kind Sir, and I thank you too.

until the gleaming moon  
ice that 'twas time to part;  
we reel was o'er too soon,  
he had had staw' my heart.  
hame across the plain,  
a fae sweet, I vow 'tis true,  
he ask'd to kifs again,  
kind Sir, and I thank you too.

ld he press'd to stay the night,  
d'd me close unto his breast;  
my mither fair wou'd flyte,  
I grant wi'out the priest.  
ore him, gif ye be leal,  
at what I then maun do;  
kiss me when you will,  
yes, dear love, and I thank you too.

370  
ne, ye shepherds, that live on the lee.  
young virgin more virtuous than me!  
en long winters I've fairly seen o'er,  
tue preserv'd, can a maiden say more!  
remain, yet am no prudish Miss,  
if I would, long e'er this done amiss.

so cautious, cries, "*Kitty*, beware  
and *Damon*, and *Colin* take care"  
and tell her, her words I'll fulfil,  
ce shall guide let me go where I will;  
restrain me, I promise her this,  
fear that I might do amiss.

umer eve, as I walk'd o'er the vale,  
we o'ertook me and told a love tale;  
he lov'd me the most of the mead,  
ever prefer me, indeed and indeed;  
e kind shepherd—he offer'd a kiss,  
dly accepted, as *nothing amiss*.

He told me, I look'd like the *Cyprian Queen*;  
But surely more charming in manner and mien;  
I curtsied and thank'd; he said in the grove  
"I'll shew my dear *Kitty* the bower of love";  
But as I suspected some mischief in this,  
I drew back my hand, and did nothing amiss.

The evening was fair and the season was mild,  
And as I had heard much of ma dens beguill'd,  
By heark'ning too much to the suit of a swain,  
I left the fond shepherd alone on the plain,  
And ran home to milking, (no harm was in this)  
Since caution prevented my doing amiss.

The ladies of pleasure may laugh at my rule,  
And cry—"the young wench is an innocent fool"  
But let me just tell them by way of a pun,  
The men I admire, but their artifice shun;  
I'm satisfied now in pure innocent bliss,  
And when *Hymen* approves, I'll not do amiss.

371  
IN *Summer*, when the leaves were green, and blof-  
some deck'd each tree, [to me;  
Young *Teddy* then declar'd his love, his artless love

On *Shannon's* flow'ry banks we sat, and there he told  
his tale—

Oh *Patty*, softest of thy sex, O let fond love prevail!  
Ah well-a-day, you see me pine in sorrow and despair,  
Yet heed me not, then let me die, and end my grief  
and care. [my thanks,

Ah! no, dear youth, I softly said, such love dem'nds  
And here I vow eternal truth—on *Shannon's* flow'ry  
banks.

And here we vow'd eternal truth on *Shannon's* flow'ry  
banks, [such artless pranks,  
And then we gather'd sweetest flowers, and play'd  
But woe is me, the press-gang came, and forc'd my  
*Ned* away, [wedding day,  
Just when we nam'd next morning fair—to be our  
My love, he cried, they force me hence, but still my  
heart is thine— [it mine;

All peace be your's, my gentle *Pat*, while war and toll  
Woe

With riches I'll return to thee—I sobb'd out words  
of thanks— [banks]

And then he vow'd eternal truth on *Shannon's* flow'ry

And then he vow'd eternal truth on *Shannon's* flow'ry  
banks, [banks]

And then I saw him sail away, and join the hostile  
From morn to eve, for twelve dull months his ab-  
sence sad I mourn'd [ne'er return'd]

The peace was made—the ship came back—but *Teddy*  
His beauteous face, his manly form, has won a noble  
fair— [pair]

My *Teddy's* false, and I forlorn, must die in sad des-  
Ye gentle maidens see me laid, while you stand round  
in ranks [banks]

And plant a willow o'er my head on *Shannon's* flow'ry

— 372 —

What means this loud tumult, this constant alarm?  
'Tis he for to the Amazons! arm virgins, arm;  
With the helmet of virtue distinguish your brow,  
And the foes to our peace we shall quickly lay low.

Vice and folly their flags now display to full view  
To conquer by prudence belongs now to you:

In the fair field of fame then exert ev'ry charm  
And let the loud trumpets sound, arm, virgins,

Rear the standard of honour, the flag of our race  
With the trophies now won without blame or disgrace

When proudly those lords of the world would con-  
That charm of distinction, a woman's free face

When we drove them inglorious away from the  
And by prudence and virtue compell'd them to

Then rouse to the battle, exert ev'ry charm,  
While the trumpet loud sounding cries, arm, ye

Thus the Amazons once, as by poets we're told  
In defence of their honour and conduct were

Defied each vain coxcomb of powder and praise  
And nobly determin'd to be a free state:

Ye females of *Britania*, adopt the same plan,  
And thus prove the brightest examples to man

To those who are worthy display ev'ry charm  
But when others invade you, then arm, female

## A COLLECTION of SONGS for GENTLEMEN

### SONG I.

WHEN here, *Lucinda*, first we came,  
Where *Arno* rolls his silver stream,  
How brisk the nymphs the swains how gay!  
Content inspir'd each rural lay:  
The birds in livelier concert sung,  
The grapes in thicker clusters hung;  
All look'd as joy could never fail  
Among the sweets of *Arno's* vale.

But since the good *Palemon* dy'd,  
The chief of shepherds, and their pride,  
Now *Arno's* sons none could give place  
To northern men, an iron race:

The taste of pleasure now is o'er;  
Thy notes, *Lucinda*, please no more;  
The muses droop, the Goths prevail;  
Adieu the sweets of *Arno's* vale!

— 2 —  
HOW pleas'd within my native bow'rs,  
Ere while I pass'd the day;  
Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs,  
Were ever flow'rs so gay!  
How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,  
And all the landscape round;  
The rivers gliding down the dale,  
The hill with beeches crown'd!

urg'd by tender woes,  
et my dear ;  
ream my zeal oppose,  
fond career.

*Cupid* was my theme,  
d charms I see ;  
ill, and silver stream,  
ve and me.

3 —————  
a love with two nymphs that are fair,  
my garden these nymphs I compare ;  
nor can blossom, be better than those,  
y myrtle, and *Cloe's* my rose.

d all her charms to display,  
n her cheek, she to all would be gay ;  
atties she looks down with pride,  
ot a flow'ret to grow by her side.

how quickly these charms will expire  
they first came, and with summer re-  
soon over, is foolish and vain, [tire ;  
on beauty, can't hold with a swain.

myrtle, ne'er changes her face,  
age can her features displace ;  
raise, nor with envy is stung,  
deas'd, and is pleasing and young.

udden must make my retreat,  
blooming, too short-liv'd and sweet ;  
y myrtle is lasting and green,  
ur thro' thou the same still art seen.

4 —————  
Fast persuasion,  
lover's part :  
some kind occasion  
ithful heart.

tyrants call,  
ould enthral ;  
cruel kind,  
ld enslave the mind,  
, &c.

What is grandeur ? foe to rest ;  
Childish mummery at best.  
Happy I in humble state !  
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.  
*Cupid*, god of, &c.

5 —————  
OH ! would'st thou know what sacred charms  
This destin'd heart of mine alarms,  
This destin'd heart of mine alarms ;  
What kind of nymph the heav'n's decree,  
The maid that's made for love and me,  
The maid that's, &c.

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,  
Who melts to see the tender tear,  
Who melts to see, &c.  
From each ungen'rous passion free ;  
Be such the maid that's made for me,  
Be such the maid, &c.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,  
Who feels the blessings she bestows,  
Who feels the blessings, &c.  
Gentle to all, but kind to me ;  
Be such the maid that's made for me,  
Be such the maid, &c.

Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art,  
Are all the natives of her heart,  
Are all the natives, &c.  
A gentle train, from falsehood free ;  
Be such the maid that's made for me,  
Be such the maid, &c.

Avant ! ye light coquettes, retire !  
Where flatt'ring fops around admire,  
Where flatt'ring, &c.  
Unmov'd, your tinsel'd charms I see,  
More genuine beauties are for me,  
More genuine, &c.

6 —————  
A Sailor's voice, tho' coarse, can raise  
A note to melodize his lays,  
And quit the swelling seas to praise  
The charms of Highland Nelly.



The ironing bagpipe shall be mute,  
Such music with such charms can't suit,  
When ev'ry muse will tune her lute

In praise of *Highland Nelly*.

Ye tinkling rills, ye fertile plains,  
Where blythe content for ever reigns,  
Repeat abroad the honest strains

Which flow in praise of *Nelly*.

Still be the Lowland lassies fair,  
Still be they proud of golden hair;  
But where's the grace, the mien, the air,  
That shines in *Highland Nelly*.

Amidst her nymphs when *Venus* stood,  
Fair as the left the briny flood,  
Unless she mov'd no gazer cou'd  
Discern the *Queen of Beauty*.

So at a lowland ball I've seen  
Unmov'd this pretty *Highland Queen*;  
But when she danc'd, ye gods! I've been  
In love with *Highland Nelly*.

YE virgins of *Britain*, who wisely attend  
The dictates of reason, who va'ue a friend,  
Come list to my counsel, and mark what I say,  
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of *May*.  
Ye, &c.

Tho' guarded by virtue's all fostering hand;  
Tho' modesty lend you her magical wand;  
Tho' innocence deck you with spotless array,  
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of *May*.

When first the gay beauties of nature appear,  
And *Phæbus'* bright smile cheers the juvenile year;  
When the birds chaunt their amorous notes from each  
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of *May*. [spray,

Should *Flora* propose you the vernal delight,  
Her delicate paintings exhibit to sight;  
In her meadows and fields, should you frolic and play,  
Beware, oh! beware of the dangers of *May*.

When the blood briskly flows, the all-eloquent eyes  
Reveal ev'ry secret the heart would disguise;

The bosom quick-panting with force seem  
'Tis hard to resist all the dangers of *May*.  
Should an amorous youth this soft scene to  
With ardour implore the reward of his love  
If *Hymen* attend you his dictates obey,  
For wedlock removes all the dangers of *May*.

YES, *Delia*, 'tis at length too plain,  
My boasted liberty how vain,  
Thy eyes triumphant prove:  
My freedom now I cease to boast,  
But think that freedom nobly lost,  
By serving thee and love.

I talk'd, I laugh'd, with ev'ry fair,  
No jealous pang, no anxious care,  
Did e'er my heart perplex;  
Till I beheld, too lovely maid!  
In thee, with ev'ry grace display'd,  
The charms of all thy sex.

O *Venus*, queen of soft delights,  
Accept a suppliant's pray'rs,  
Who wishes to attend the rites  
In which thy vot'ries share:  
Inspire his tongue with gentlest airs,  
Yet void of art or skill,  
Whilst he his unfeign'd love declares  
For *Patty* of the hill.

What strains, O goddess! must he find  
To melt her frozen heart,  
Since words can ne'er express his mind,  
Nor e'er his pain impart?  
Unless thy son shall aid his lays,  
And love in her instil,  
In vain will prove his artless praise  
Of *Patty* of the hill.

Her cheeks with rose and lily vices,  
Her breath with sweet woodbine,  
Inferior far unto her eyes  
The sparkling diamonds shine;

excess the linner's notes,  
Is the thrush's file,  
By strive to raise their notes  
Patty's of the Hill.

It paint her tender mind,  
Charms I most admire)  
Every virtue join'd  
Passion can inspire.  
The Graces all refine,  
Ends to Reason's will;  
All the world resign  
Army of the Hill.

TO  
In the morning, the blooming spring,  
Chearful birds to sing;  
As they warble on each spray,  
Is the universal lay:  
Manda, timely wise,  
To improve the hour that flies,  
Not raptures waste the day,  
As Birks of Endermay.  
Among, &c.

As the winter of the year,  
Life's winter will appear;  
As living bloom will fade,  
Will strip the verdant shade:  
Of pleasure then is o'er,  
As'd songsters are no more;  
As they droop and we decay,  
As Birks of Endermay.

As the hills and vales around,  
As the herds and flocks abound;  
As the kids and frisking lambs  
And dance about their dams,  
As bees with humming noise,  
As the reptile kind rejoice;  
As they then sing and play  
As Birks of Endermay.

TO  
As my gentle Jesse  
Labour would seem hard!  
Some ask how easy,  
We the sweet reward!

The bee thus uncomplaining,  
Esteems no toil severe;  
The sweet reward obtaining  
Of honey all the year.

CONSIDER fond shepherd how fleeting the plea-  
That flatters our hope in pursuit of the fair; [sure,  
The joys that attend it by moments we measure,  
But life is too little to measure our care.

TO  
VAINLY now ye strive to charm me,  
All ye sweets of blooming May;  
How should empty sunshine warm me,  
While Lotbaria keeps away?  
Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me;  
Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky;  
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,  
Softer sunshine fills her eye.

TO  
WHILE you, Felicia, heedless stray  
Thro' woods and groves and flow'rets gay,  
Exempt from ev'ry fear,  
Exempt, &c.  
Secure within thy rosy bow'rs,  
Content the sweetest influence pours,  
And gilds the blooming year,  
And gilds, &c.

No anxious doubts invade thy breast,  
All, all, is tranquil, calm and blest,  
And joys on joys abound;  
Where'er thy fragrant footsteps lead,  
Or in the grove, or on the mead,  
The graces smile around.

As such ever be Felicia's fate,  
Such transports ever round her wait,  
Whom gods and men approve;  
O may these blessings never cease,  
May all her days be crown'd with peace,  
And all her hours be love.

TO  
SINCE artists, who sue for the trophies of fame  
Their wit, and their taste, and their genius proclaim

Attend to my song, where you'll certainly find  
A secret disclos'd for the good of mankind;  
And deny it who can, sure the laurel's my due—  
I have found out a padlock to keep a wife true.

Should the amorous goddess preside o'er your dame,  
With the ardours of youth all her passions inflame;  
Should her beauty lead captive each softer desire,  
And languishing lovers still sigh and admire;  
Yet fearless you'd trust her, tho' thousand misgives,  
When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true:

Tho' the husband may think that he wisely restrains  
With his bars and his bolts, his confinement and  
How fatally weak must this artifice prove! [chains;  
Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love?  
Throw jealousy hence, bid suspicion adieu;  
Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,  
All-complying and kind you must give her her way;  
While her taste and her judgment you fondly approve,  
'Tis reason secures you the treasures of love:  
And, believe me, no coxcomb admission can find,  
For the fair-one is safe, if you padlock her mind.

Tho' her virtues with foibles should frequently blend,  
Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend;  
Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,  
'Tis the charm of indulgence that binds the soft sex;  
They ne'er can prove false while this maxim's in view  
Good-humour's the padlock to keep a wife true.

16  
**H**OW heavy the time rolls along  
Now *Julia* is out of my sight?  
How dull is the nightingale's song  
That formerly gave such delight?  
The meadows that seemed so green,  
Now lose all their verdure of *May*;  
The cowslip and violet are seen  
To droop, fade, and wither away:

Bright *Phœbus* no longer can please,  
Gasps for *ecstasy* no longer can charm;  
*E'en munc afford me no ease,*  
*Tho' wout ev'ry passion to calm;*

My flocks too disorderly stray,  
And bleat their complaints in my ear  
No more they leap, frolic and play,  
But sad, like their master, appear.

But ah! if my *Julia* were seen,  
My lambs they'd rebound on the plain  
Each *flow'et* would spring on the green  
And nightingales charm me again:  
Return then, my fair one, return,  
Your coming no longer delay;  
O leave not your shepherd to mourn,  
But hadden, my charms, away.

17  
**T**HE goodness of women sometimes w  
But I shall their arguments fairly confu  
Undeniably prove that they do what the  
And say what you will, they are never it  
You sometimes object to their voluble te  
That they harrafs your ears, & destroy the  
Should they talk, pretty creatures! from  
From fifteen to fifty they're all in the rig  
If resentment against the fair-sex you cc  
Give attention to slanders, and slanders  
Behold their sweet faces—resentment w  
Vexation turn pleasure, and jealousy die  
The poets strange tales tell of *Orpheus*,  
How he went for his wife to the region  
But it must be a falsehood, because one so  
So lovely and kind, was too good to go  
No more at these charmers, ye unthinki  
But o'er your barbarity let 'em prevail  
Perfection to kings and to females below  
For women, like monarchs, can never d

18  
**S**OME love to range, so fond of chang  
Variety's their shrine;  
Each has his scheme, and fav'rite whin  
But woman, woman's mine.

The festive bowl, the martial soul,  
The miser I decline;

to some their joys,  
oman's mine.

she charms our hearts,  
his life divine;  
of all the sex,  
woman mine.

ho what they'd have  
can't define;  
s form'd to please,  
woman mine.

e, the melting sigh,  
and heart conjoin;  
all bliss above,  
his woman mine.

s, success, ye great,  
re pine;  
r, to life's last hour,  
r woman mine.

19  
y thee, matchless fair,  
h ev'ry charm;  
m love forbear?  
passion calm?  
harms in thee appear,  
morning sun:  
ple shepherd, here,  
be undone?

design'd us harm,  
ch skill employ'd;  
ke, and beauteous charm,  
to be enjoy'd.  
auteous smiles confess  
y of mind,  
fire express;  
re fair, be kind.

with ev'ry grace,  
ow you despise  
coquets embrace,  
guarded eyes:  
with justice claim  
y must deplore,

Unblemish'd manners, purest fame,  
When beauty'll be no more.

20  
SINCE ev'ry charm on earth's combin'd  
In *Cloe's* face, in *Cloe's* mind,  
Why was I born, ye gods, to see  
What robs me of my liberty?

Until that fatal hapless day,  
My heart was lively, blithe and gay,  
Could sport with ev'ry nymph but she  
Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear *Cloe*, ere too late,  
That death must be my hapless fate,  
If love and you do not agree  
To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,  
Reflecting on the pains of love,  
And envy every clown I see  
Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow *Hymen's* happy train,  
And ev'ry idle care disdain;  
We'll live in sweet tranquillity,  
Nor wish for greater liberty.

21  
IF that man is happy, whose life is most free,  
How blissful a state must a bachelor's be;  
From one friend to another, with pleasure he roams,  
Bor a bachelor's welcome wherever he comes.  
If he's blest with enough, & content with his station,  
The whole world he may claim for his own recreation  
He's in no place a stranger from *London* to *Rome*,  
For wherever he comes is a bachelor's home.

If a husband can boast greater pleasure than these,  
That're obtain'd at th' expense of his freedom & ease  
Whilst with liberty, pleasure, & merriment crown'd,  
A bachelor's minutes pass jovially round.  
Tho' his house be'n't so nice, he is sure to be neat,  
And the ladies are always well-pleas'd with his treat.  
By the smack of their lips, at a parting, declare  
How delicious a feast they think bachelor's fare

O rather, far rather, good fortune, for me,  
 The peaceable still of a cobbler decree,  
 Undisturb'd by the din of a termagant wife,  
 Than crown me a king and a cuckold for life.  
 To my wishes, instead of a mistress, commend  
 The solid delights of a bottle and friend;  
 Go marry, if hen peck'd and wretched you'd be,  
 But if blest, you'd continue still single as we.

22  
 FAR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,  
 Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,  
 And all the meadows fill;  
 Much fairer than the lily blows,  
 More lovely than the blushing rose,  
 Is *Patty* of the Mill.

The neighbouring swains her beauty fir'd,  
 With wonder struck they all admir'd,  
 And prais'd her from the hill;  
 Each strove, with all his rustic art,  
 To sooth and charm the honest heart  
 Of *Patty* of the Mill.

But vain were all attempts to move  
 A fixed heart more true to love  
 Than turtles when they bill;  
 A cheerful soul, a pleasing grace,  
 And sweet content smiles in the face  
 Of *Patty* of the Mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,  
 Exalts the honest virtuous mind,  
 And guards it from all ill;  
 Ye fair, for ever constant prove,  
 Be ever kind, be true to love,  
 Like *Patty* of the Mill.

23  
 LOVELY nymph assuage my anguish,  
 At your feet a tender swain  
 Prays you will not let him languish;  
 One kind look would ease his pain.  
*Did you know the lad that courts you,*  
*He not long need sue in vain;*

Prince of song, of dance, of sports, you  
 Scarce will meet his like again.

24  
 COME ye hours with bliss replete,  
 Bear me to *Lorenza's* feet;  
 Cheerless winter must I prove  
 Absent from the maid I love;  
 But the joys our meetings bring  
 Shew the glad return of spring.

25  
 DAME nature, in forming a creature so fair  
 Each beauty selected; then cull'd the most rare  
 Two bright constellations she caught for her  
 A station so blest, can they wish for their  
 The gale lends its sweets, as from *Paphos* it  
 The snow drops its whiteness, its blushes, its  
 Bright *Venus*, her hair, as from ocean the  
 Sage *Palas*, the accents that fell from her  
 Tho' nature, in forming this creature so fair  
 Each beauty selected, and cull'd the most rare  
 Yet fortune, her step dame, severe and unkind  
 Is unjust to her worth, to her beauty is blind

26  
 GIVE me but a wife, I expect not to find  
 Each virtue and grace in one female combin'd  
 No goddess for me; 'tis a woman I prize,  
 And he that seeks more is more curious than  
 Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to  
 Or she claims my respect, like a mother, if  
 Thus either can please me, since woman I prize,  
 And he that seeks more is more curious than  
 Like *Venus* she ogle, if squinting her eye;  
 If blind she the roving of mine cannot spy  
 Thus either is lovely; for woman I prize,  
 And he that seeks more is more curious than  
 If rich be my bride, she brings tokens of love  
 If poor, then the farther from pride my love  
 Thus either contents me; for woman I prize,  
 And he that seeks more is more curious than

want converse, if tongue she possess ;  
 o, still the rarity pleases no less ;  
 o either ; for woman I prize,  
 seeks more is more curious than wise.  
 ye prophane, on the sex to discant ;  
 r to discern, of charms they've no want ;  
 n make happy, if woman we prize ;  
 seeks more is more curious than wise.

27

oe, whilst thus beyond measure  
 me with doubts and disdain,  
 your youth of its pleasure,  
 d up an old age of pain ;  
 n, that love is still founded  
 ns that will quickly decay,  
 to be very ill-grounded,  
 ce you its dictates obey.

, from beauty first drawn,  
 idness will vastly improve ;  
 and gay looks are the dawn,  
 s the sunshine of love :  
 the bright beams of your eyes  
 e clouded, that now are so gay,  
 ish possess all the skies,  
 can forget it was day.

with Joan by his side,  
 sten regarded with wonder ;  
 al, she is fore-ey'd ;  
 're ever uneasy afunder :  
 hey totter about,  
 the sun at the door,  
 ht, when old Darby's pot's out,  
 will not smoke a whiff more.

or wit they possess,  
 veral failings to smother ;  
 : are the charms, can you guess,  
 s them so fond of each other ?  
 easing remembrance of youth,  
 earments that love did bestow ;  
 hts of past pleasure and truth,  
 l of all blessings below.

These traces for ever will last,  
 Which sickness nor time can remove ;  
 For when youth and beauty are past,  
 And age brings the winter of love,  
 A friendship insensibly grows  
 By reviews of such raptures as these ;  
 The current of fondness still flows,  
 Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

28

YE fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm  
 To captivate the will ;  
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,  
 Whose frowns at once can kill ;  
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,  
 Where flattery bears no part ;  
 An honest verse, that flows sincere  
 And candid from the heart.

Great is your pow'r ; but, greater yet,  
 Mankind it might engage,  
 If, as ye all can make a net,  
 Ye all could make a cage :  
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take ;  
 For who's to beauty blind ?  
 But to what end a prisoner make,  
 Unless you've strength to bind ?  
 Attend the counsel often told,  
 Too often told in vain ;  
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,  
 And lock the lover's chain.  
 Gamesters to little purpose win,  
 Who lose again as fast ;  
 Tho' beauty may the charm begin,  
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

29

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam  
 Steals softly thro' the night,  
 To wanton with the winding stream,  
 And kiss reflected light ;  
 To courts be gone, heart-soothing sleep,  
 Where you've so seldom been,  
 While I May's wakeful vigil keep  
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

M 3



umbkins skip around,  
he sister fair.  
strains his liquid throat,  
maid rejoice,  
while he swells his note,  
elf of her voice :  
Zephyrs round her play,  
a sheds perfume,  
wret seems to say,  
ally bloom.

youths her charms proclaim,  
a to eve their tale ;  
nd unspotted fame  
il ev'ry vale ;  
band ring thro' the mead,  
I name conveys ;  
ice, and ev'ry reed.  
*Sally's praise.*

I blithsome lass and swain  
ul wake resort,  
zy morn on the plain  
a rural sport :  
I gush the purling rill,  
wake the grove,  
ok snow like on the hill,  
vget to love.

32  
aus to please the ladies write,  
get a dinner by't,  
ell-seign'd passions tell,  
mble verse proclaim  
er who bears the name  
ming *Kitty Fell*.  
*Kitty, lovely Kitty,*  
ning *Kitty, Kitty Fell*.  
beautiful and young,  
danc'd, that she has sung,  
know full well :  
shall ever feel,  
e sharp than pointed steel,  
me from *Kitty Fell*,  
*Kitty, &c.*

Of late I hop'd, by reason's aid,  
To cure the wounds which love has made,

And bade a long farewell :  
But t'other day the cross'd the green ;  
I saw, I wish I had not seen,  
My charming *Kitty Fell*,  
Charming *Kitty, &c.*

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way ?  
To church, she cry'd—I cannot stay :  
Why, don't you hear the bell ?  
To church—oh ! take me with thee there,  
I pray'd : she would not hear my prayer,  
Ah ! cruel *Kitty Fell*.  
Cruel *Kitty, &c.*

And now I find 'tis all in vain,  
I live to love, and to complain,  
Condemn'd in chains to dwell :  
For tho' she casts a scornful eye,  
In death my fault-ring tongue will cry,  
Adieu ! dear *Kitty Fell*.  
Charming *Kitty, cruel Kitty,*  
Adieu, sweet *Kitty, Kitty Fell*.

33  
THAT *Jenny's* my friend, my delight & my pride  
I always have boasted and seek not to hide ;  
I dwell on her praises wherever I go ;  
They say, I'm in love, but I answer, No, no ;  
They say, &c.

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleasure I see  
A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea !"  
My heart how it bounds when I hear her below !  
But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;  
But say, &c.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain ;  
Again, I cry *Jenny, sweet Jenny* again ;  
I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I could grow ;  
But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;  
But say, &c.

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee ;  
I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me ;

My



My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so :  
Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no ;  
Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit, and good humour, how I  
Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly :  
Thy bounty, O fortune, make haste to bestow,  
And let me deserve her, or till I'll say, No ;  
And let me, &c.

34  
**SURE** Sally is the loveliest lass  
That e'er gave shepherd glee ;  
**Not** *May-day*, in its morning dress,  
Is fair so fair as she.  
**Let** poets paint the *Paphian* queen,  
And fancy'd forms adore :  
**Ye** bards, had ye my *Sally* seen,  
You'd think on those no more.

**No** more ye'd prate of *Hybla's* hill,  
Where bees their honey sip,  
**Did** ye but know the sweets that dwell  
On *Sally's* love-taught lip :  
**But**, ah ! take heed, ye tuneful swains,  
The ripe temptation shun ;  
**Or** else like me you'll wear her chains,  
Like me you'll be undone.

**Once** in my cot secure I slept,  
And sank like hail'd the dawn ;  
**More** sportive than the kid I kept,  
I wond'ring o'er the lawn :  
**To** ev'ry maid love-tales I told,  
And did my truth aver ;  
**Yet**, ere the parting kiss was cold,  
I laugh'd at love and her.

**But** now the gloomy grove I see,  
Where love torn shepherds stray ;  
**There** to the winds my glee I speak,  
And sigh my soul away :  
**Nought** but despair my fancy paints,  
No dawn of hope I see ;  
**For** *Sally's* pleas'd with my complaints,  
And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,  
So late my only care,  
Have lost their tender fleecy dams,  
And stray'd I know not where :  
Alas ! my ewes, in vain ye bleat :  
My lambskins lost, adieu !  
**No** more we on the plains shall meet,  
For lost's your shepherd too.

35  
**THE** bird that hears her nestlings cry,  
And flies abroad for food,  
Returns impatient thro' the sky,  
To nurse the callow brood :  
The tender mother knows no joy,  
But bodes a thousand harms ;  
And sickens for the darling boy,  
When absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd  
My faithful bosom fires ;  
**Now** forc'd to leave my fair behind,  
The queen of my desires :  
The powers of verse too languid prove,  
All families are vain,  
To shew how ardently I love,  
Or to relieve my pain.

The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd,  
For heav'n and joy divine ;  
The saint is not with rapture fir'd,  
More pure, more warm than mine :  
I take what liberty I dare,  
'Twere impious to say more ;  
Convey my longings to the fair,  
The goddess I adore.

36  
**By** the dew-besprinkled rose ;  
By the blackbird piping clear ;  
By the western gale, that blows  
Fragrance on the vernal year ;  
Hear *Amanda*, hear thy swain ;  
Nor let me longer sigh in vain ;  
Hear *Amanda*, &c.

id in gold;  
 's light;  
 ere you behold  
 green and white;  
 ar thy swain,  
 h! sigh again;

nbled race;  
 at it makes;  
 erted face,  
 cam his *sky* forsakes;  
 ar thy swain,  
 ert his pain;

## 37

to the room t'other day,  
 here so long could you stay?  
 you never regarded your hour;  
 wo, but—look, child! 'tis four;  
 seds neher figures or wheels;  
 'tis loaded with baubles and seals:  
 less no mortal can bear—  
 n with a resolute air;

d she, let a body but speak;  
 rd rose bud fall'n into my neck:  
 id vex'd me, to such a degree;  
 u never believe me, pray see,  
 y breast, what a mark it has made!  
 om the careless display'd:  
 ight I with wonder survey'd,  
 word I design'd to have said.

## 38

ye tune:u' mine,  
 soft and witty;  
 e the linc,  
 humble ditty.

grover, the am'rous song;  
 he sound along,  
 ag *sylvan throng*,

To praise my charming *Bessy*;  
 My lovely, charming *Bessy*.

Let others sing the cruel fair,  
 Who glories in undoing,  
 And proudly bids the wretch despair,  
 Rejoicing in his ruin;  
 And proudly, &c.

Such haughty tyrants I detest;  
 And let me scorn them, while I rest  
 Upon thy gentle-swelling breast,  
 My lovely, charming *Bessy*;  
 My lovely, &c.

The rose I'll pluck to deck her head,  
 The violet and the pansy;  
 The cowslip too shall quit the mead,  
 To aid my am'rous fancy;  
 The cowslip, &c.

Ye fragrant sisters of the spring,  
 Who shed your sweets on Zephyr's wing,  
 Around my fair your odours fling,  
 Around my charming *Bessy*;  
 Around, &c.

When evening dapples o'er the skies,  
 The sun no longer burning,  
 Methinks I see before my eyes  
 Thy well-known form returning,  
 Thy well-known, &c.

On hill or dale, by wood or stream,  
 Thou art alone my constant theme,  
 My waking wish, my morning dream,  
 Thou lovely, charming *Bessy*;  
 Thou lovely, &c.

## 39

[aways]

ON pleasure's smooth wing, how old time steals  
 And love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray?  
 My days, O ye swains! were a round of delight,  
 From the cool of the morn to the stillness of nights  
 No care found a place in my cottage or bower;  
 But health and content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair *Phyllis* my heart could ensnare  
 With voice or with features, with dress or with air;  
 So

Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,  
And I'll love her for ever—I mean, if I can.

THE world, my dear *Myra*, is full of deceit,  
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;  
How strange does it seem, that in searching around,  
This source of content is so rare to be found?  
O, friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetener of life;  
Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;  
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,  
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd as a friend,  
On whom she may always with safety depend?  
Our joys, when extended, will always increase,  
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace:  
When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear  
Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;  
Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,  
No longer to court you they'll eagerly press.

WHY heaves my fond bosom, ah! what can it mean  
Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?  
Why this sighing and trembling when *Daphne* is near  
Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?  
Or why when she's absent, &c.

Metlinks I for ever with wonder could trace  
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face:  
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;  
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy  
With thy face, &c. [mind;

Untainted with folly, unsway'd by pride,  
There native good-humour and virtue reside:  
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply  
With compassion for him, who without thee must die.  
With compassion, &c.

AGAINST the destructive wiles of man,  
Your hearts, ye fair ones, guard;  
Their only study's to trepan,  
And play a trickster's card:  
With strange delight poor women they slight,  
Amuse, cajole, belie;

Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take  
For men are wondrous fly.

That *Proteus*, man, like him of old,  
A thousand forms will take;  
His venal soul is all for gold,  
A crocodile, or snake.  
See his dithread! th's spider spread  
To catch the female fly:  
Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take  
For men are wondrous fly.

A porcupine, with rage inspir'd,  
At nymphs he darts his quills;  
A basting by frenzy fir'd,  
His glance by poison kills:  
With craftful arts he steals their heart  
Then throws the baubles by:  
Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take  
For men are wondrous fly.

Was the whole race of men to meet  
In one wide-spreading plain,  
Of constancy, of faith, to treat,  
And virtue's spotless train,  
To find a youth renown'd for truth,  
Whole ages you might try:  
Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take  
For men are wondrous fly.

WHY will *Florella*, when I gaze,  
My ravish'd eyes repr' ve,  
And hide them from the only face  
They can behold with love?

To ease my pain, and sooth my care,  
I seek a nymph more kind,  
And as I rove from fair to fair,  
Still gentle usage find.

But, oh! how weak is ev'ry joy  
Where nature has no part?  
Fresh beauties may my eyes employ,  
But you alone my heart.

shed exiles, when they roam,  
pity ev'ry where;  
tho' for their native home,  
gh death attends them there.

## 51

On, ye fair-ones, assert your pretence,  
e'er to language beneath common sense:  
else man call ye, and homage would pay,  
lit the tale, you're as faulty as they.  
and gay scenes are presented to view,  
and oaths sworn, but not one of them true;  
O heed not, unless to deride,  
sim you fall to an ill-grounded pride.  
the dictates of virtue to sound,  
ings can ne'er without goodness be found;  
y and fashions, misguiders of youth,  
to their opposites, freedom and truth.

## 52

e shall meads be deckt with flow'rs,  
ness dwell in rosy bow'rs;  
est buds in branches spring,  
ling birds delight to sing;  
'violets paint the grove,  
e my *Celia's* love.

hall in the ocean burn,  
ains sweet shall bitter turn,  
ble vale no flood shall know,  
ods shall highest hills o'erflow;  
be shall oblivion leave,  
*Celia* I deceive.

his bow and shaft lay by,  
s' doves want wings to fly;  
esufe to shew his light,  
e turned into night;  
at night no star appear,  
eave my *Celia* dear.

## 53

IC fair, beneath yon pine,  
verdure let's recline,  
like the morn be gay:

See how *Aurora* smiles on spring,  
See how the larks arise and sing,  
To hail the infant day.

Music shall wake the morn—the day  
Shall roll unheeded as we play  
In wiles, impell'd by love:  
When weary, we shall deign to rest  
Alternate on each other's breast,  
While *Cupid* guards the grove.

What prince can boast more happiness  
Than I (possessing thee) possess?  
All care is banish'd hence,  
Say, mortals, who our deeds despise,  
In what superior pleasure lies,  
Than love and innocence?

## 54

YOU say, at your feet that I wept in despair,  
And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair;  
How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke?  
What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,  
And nothing but death should my passion remove;  
I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year;  
And not yet contented I have conscience my dear.

## 55

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,  
To hills and dales my passion tell,  
A flame which time can never quell,  
But burns for thee, my *Peggy*;  
You, greater bards, the lyre should hit;  
For say, what subject is more fit,  
Than to record the sparkling wit  
And bloom of lovely *Peggy*?

The sun first rising in the morn,  
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,  
Does not so much the day adorn,  
As does my lovely *Peggy*!

And when in *Thetis'* lap to rest,  
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,  
He not so beauteous as, undrest,  
Appears my lovely *Peggy*.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,  
Or breathes upon the damask rose,  
It does not half the sweets disclose,  
As does my lovely *Peggy*.

I stole a kiss the other day,  
And, (trust me) nought but truth I say,  
The fragrance of the blooming *May*  
Was not so sweet as *Peggy*.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,  
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,  
And pipe upon the eaten seed;

To please my lovely *Peggy*;  
With her a cottage would delight;  
All's happy when she's in my sight;  
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,  
All's dark without my *Peggy*.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,  
And linnetts warble thro' the grove,  
Or stately swans the water love,  
So long shall I love *Peggy*;

And when death, with his pointed dart,  
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,  
My words shall be when I depart,  
Adieu, my lovely *Peggy*.

56  
THE winter's dreary scene is o'er,  
The sun unlocks the frozen ground;  
The vessels leave the verdant shore,  
And woods with vocal music sound:  
Warm'd by the sun's enlivening ray,  
The feather'd songsters of the grove,  
Transported, hop from spray to spray,  
And feel the genial pow'r of love.

A feather of peculiar dye,  
A softer note, a sweeter voice,  
May reach their little breasts to sigh,  
And guide them in their transient choice:

No wonder that these tri-  
Transfix their hearts,  
Their nuptial union soon  
Nor can survive the cir-  
Far nobler gifts my fancy  
Far nobler gifts must fit  
I rove in quest of brighter  
And seek a mate discern  
In *Chloe* all those charms  
That wit and virtue ca-  
She then shall be my *Fai*  
And ever triumph o'er

WHEN, lovely maid,  
In humble suit to thee  
Unusual comfort cheer'd  
And spoke my soul  
My griefs were hush'd, and  
No anxious care I knew  
Lost to my thought this ease  
All but my love for  
Fain would I think, that  
By pitying heav'n was  
To lend an erring sinner  
And teach him to re-  
Vouchsafe me still the p  
O! crown the great  
Reward my passion, cha-  
And fix me heav'n's

YES, these are the scenes  
But short was her sway  
In the bloom of her youth  
In the bloom of her grace  
Ill-grounded, no doubt,  
So fatal to beauty, so kind  
Yes, these are the meadows  
Once the scene of my ple.  
How many lost moments  
How fair was my nymph

my heart, thine emotion give o'er;  
 the season of love is no more.  
 Now I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,  
 behind, and collected the flow'rs!  
 Alike, with ardour, my fair one pursu'd,  
 with what favor my garland she view'd!  
 my fond heart, this emotion give o'er;  
 it thou forget, thou must love her no more

59  
 life that heav'n can give,  
*Myra* is to live,  
 look, and see her smile,  
 sing all the while:

with raptures trace  
 in of mind and grace;  
 to my glowing breast,  
 tenderness oppress.  
 bliss, &c.

or, if once depriv'd,  
 long, I shall have liv'd;  
 I resign my breath;  
 worse than death.  
 bliss, &c.

60  
 think on your truth, I doubt you no more;  
 the fears I gave way to before;  
 heart, be at rest, and believe  
 once the has chosen the never will leave.  
 when I think on each ravishing grace,  
 in the smiles of that heavenly face,  
 beats again; I again apprehend  
 mate rival in every friend.

useful suspicions you cannot remove,  
 neither can lessen your charms nor my love  
 caus'd by passion, you never can blame,  
 re not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

61  
 a hopes to get the better  
 stubborn flame I try,

Swear this moment to forget her,  
 And the next my oath deny.  
 Now prepare with scorn to treat her,  
 Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;  
 Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,  
 And confess myself her slave.

62  
 AS bringing home, the other day,  
 Two linnets I had ta'en,  
 The little warblers seem'd to pray  
 For liberty again:  
 Unheedful of their plaintive notes  
 I sung across the mead;  
 In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,  
 And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing thro' the tufted grove  
 Near which my cottage stood,  
 I thought I saw the Queen of Love,  
 When *Chlora's* charms I view'd:  
 I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay,  
 To hear my tender tale,  
 But all in vain—she fled away,  
 Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound, which love had made,  
 Came pity to my breast,  
 And thus I (as compassion bade)  
 The feather'd pair address'd:  
 "Ye little warblers, cheerful be,  
 "Remember not ye flew;  
 "For I who thought myself to free,  
 "Am far more caught than you."

63  
 WHEN beauty on the lover's soul  
 Imprints its first and fairest charms,  
 It soon does reason's force controul,  
 And ev'ry passion quite disarms.  
 'Tis beauty triumphs o'er the brave,  
 As ev'ry feature blooms divine;  
 'Tis beauty makes the king a slave,  
 When in an angel's form, like thine.

OF woman to tell you my mind,  
And I speak from th' experience I've had,  
Nottwo out of fifty you'll find,  
Be they daughters or wives,  
But are plagues of our lives,  
And enough to make any man mad.

The wrong and the right  
Being set in their fight,  
They're sure to take hold of the wrong ;  
They'll cajole and they'll whimper,  
They'll whine and they'll snivel,  
They'll coax and they'll simper—  
In short, they're the devil ;  
And so there's an end of my song.

LET heroes delight in the toils of the war,  
In maims, blood, and bruises, and blows ;  
Not a sword, but a sword-knot, rejoices the fair :  
And what are rough soldiers to beaux ?  
Away then with laurels ! come beauty and love,  
And silence the trumpet and drum ;  
Let me with soft myrtle my brows bare involve,  
And tenderly combat at home.

HEAR me, blooming goddess, hear me !  
Queen of smiles and soft desire ;  
Send the beauty to endear me,  
Who has lit this am'rous fire.  
Oh ! how sweet the mild dominion  
Of the charmer we approve !  
Honour clips the wanton pinlon,  
And we're willing slaves to love.

TO heal the smart a bee had made  
Upon my *Chloe's* face,  
Honey upon her cheek she laid,  
And bid me kiss the place.  
*Plas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound*  
*Imbib'd both sweet and smart ;*

The honey on my lips I found,  
The sting within my heart.

WHEN real joy we miss  
'Tis some degree of bliss,  
To reap ideal pleasure,  
And dream of hidden tre  
The soldier dreams of war  
And conquest without fear  
The sailor in his sleep  
With safety ploughs the  
So I, through fancy's aid  
Enjoy my heav'nly maid  
And, blest with thee and  
Am greater far than *Joo*

THEN hey for a frolicksome I  
I'll ramble where pleasures ar  
Strike up with the free-hearted  
And never think more of a w  
Plague on it, men are but asses,  
To run after noise and strife.

Had we been together buckled,  
'Twould have prov'd a fine ass  
Dogs would have bark'd at the c  
And boys pointing. cry'd—Lo

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now  
And *Celia* has undone me ;  
And yet, I swear, I can't tell her  
The pleasing plague stole on me  
'Tis not her face that love creates  
For there the graces revel ;  
'Tis not her shape, for there the  
'Tis not her shape, for there the  
Have rather been uncivil,  
Have rather, &c.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that  
There's nothing more than a

sense is only chat,  
 other woman's  
 her touch, might give th' alarm;  
 perhaps, or neither;  
 s that provoking charm  
 s that provoking charm  
 all together.  
 all together.

71  
 and complain,  
 disdain,  
 ny wish to enjoy;  
 reflect  
 y's neglect,  
 y peace for a toy.

as in war,  
 t a scar;  
 proud enemy yield,  
 that remains  
 her in chains,  
 the rich spoils of the field.

72  
 could I now, my love, complain,  
 waits thy cheerful swain;  
 or oft a sweet bestows,  
 splendor never knows?  
 ngs the purple tide of health,  
 an's with, the poor man's wealth;  
 those blushes o'er the face,  
 se and go with native grace.  
 of dress, the pomp of show,  
 igs oft that cover woe;  
 rose wishes never roam,  
 of real joys at home.

73  
 dress, as my manners, is simple & plain,  
 rate, and a knave I disdain;  
 s are just, and my conscience is clear,  
 her than those who have thousands a year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting uncouth,  
 I feel no remorse for the follies of youth;  
 I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,  
 And my boys think my age not a moment too long.  
 Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin & grimace,  
 Creep under, dance over, for title or place;  
 Above all the titles that flow from a throne,  
 That of honest I prize—and that title's my own.

74  
 W HEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,  
 From nymph to nymph I strove in vain  
 My wild desires to rally:  
 But now they're of themselves come home,  
 And, strange! no longer seek to roam,  
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one! damps my joy,  
 And cries, I court but to destroy;  
 Can love with ruin tally?  
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,  
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,  
 Rather than injure Sally.

Come, then, oh! come, thou sweeter far  
 Than jessamine and roses are,  
 Or lilies of the valley;  
 O follow love, and quit your fear,  
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,  
 And make me blest in Sally.

75  
 T HO' my features, I'm told,  
 Are grown wrinkled and old,  
 Dull wisdom I hate and detest;  
 Not a wrinkle is there,  
 Which is furrow'd with care,  
 And my heart is as light as the best.  
 When I look on my boys,  
 They renew all my joys,  
 Myself in my children I see;  
 While the comforts I find  
 In the kingdom my mind,  
 Pronounce that my kingdom is free.



In the days I was young  
Oh ! I caper'd and sung,  
The lasses came flocking space ;  
But now turn'd of threescore,  
I can do so no more—  
Why then let my boy take his place.

Of our pleasures we crack ;  
For we still love the smack,  
And chuckle o'er what we have been ;  
Yet why should we repine ?  
You've had your's, I've had mine,  
And now let our children begin.

————— 76 —————  
**C**ONSTANTIA, see thy faithful slave  
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave :  
Ah ! gentle nymph, no longer try  
From fond pursuing love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,  
Pity my bleeding, aching heart ;  
Regard my sighs, and flowing tears,  
And with a smile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou would'st be,  
By sacred *Hymen* join'd to me,  
Ere yet the western sun decline,  
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

————— 77 —————  
**T**HY origin divine I see,  
Of mortal race thou can'st not be :  
Thy lip a ruby lustre shows,  
Thy purple cheek outlines the rose :  
And thy bright eye is brighter far  
Than any planet, any star.  
Thy sordid way of life despise ;  
Above thy slav'ry, *Silvia*, rise :  
Display thy beauty, form, and mien,  
And grow a goddess, or a queen.

————— 78 —————  
**L**OVELY *Phyllis*, when thou'rt kind,  
Nought but raptures fill my mind ;

Then I think thee so divine,  
Thou excell'st a'en mighty wine :  
But when you insult me and laugh :  
I wash thee away in sparkling cham  
So bravely contemn both the boy and  
And drive out one god by the pow'r.

Eyes relenting when I see,  
Friends I freely quit for thee ;  
Love persuades and charms me then,  
Freedom I'd not wish to gain :  
But when thou art cruel and head'st  
Then straight with a bumper I banish  
So bravely contemn both the boy and  
And drive out one god by the pow'r.

————— 79 —————  
**W**AS *Nanny* but a rural maid,  
And I her only swain,  
To tend her flocks in verdant meads  
And on the verdant plain ;  
Oh ! how I'd pipe upon my reed,  
To please my lovely maid ;  
While of all sense of care we're free  
Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambskins under hedges bleat  
And rain seems in the sky,  
Then to our oaken, safe retreat,  
We'd both together hie !  
There I repeat my vows of love  
Unto my charming fair,  
Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart won  
A mind like mine, sincere.

Let others fancy courtly joys,  
I'd live in rural ease ;  
Then grandeur, bustle, pride, and  
Could ne'er my fancy please :  
In *Nanny* ev'ry joy combines,  
With grace and blooming youth,  
Sincerity and virtue shines,  
With modesty and truth.

— 30 —  
*'d Constantia*, heavenly fair,  
 servant's form I wear;  
 With wealth, and nobly born,  
 Wealth and birth I scorn.  
 If maid, my constant flame  
 Remains the same;  
 Ne'er, will cease, my love  
 O thy beauty prove.

— 31 —  
 my sighs, my tears, my dear,  
 A heart you've won:  
 Rows to you sincere,  
 I'm undone.  
 False, and apt to change  
 See that's new:  
 Ris I ever saw,  
 'd one but you:  
 As like a flake of ice,  
 'd by your bright eyes,  
 Kindled in a trice,  
 Not never dies.  
 And try me, you shall find  
 A heart that's true:  
 Ris I ever saw,  
 'd one like you.

— 32 —  
 ye green fields and sweet groves,  
 Phillis engag'd my fond heart;  
 Singales warble their loves,  
 Re is dress'd without art:  
 Ye now can afford,  
 Can lull me to rest;  
 Rows false to her word,  
 Bon can never be blest.  
 Y the side of a spring,  
 Es and lilies appear,  
 If *Srephon* would sing,  
 You was all the held dear:  
 As she found, by my eyes,  
 A that glow'd in my breast,

She then, to my grief and surprise,  
 Prov'd all she had said was a jest.

Too late, to my sorrow, I find,  
 The beauties alone that will last,  
 Are those that are fix'd in the mind.  
 Which envy or time cannot blast:  
 Beware, then, beware how ye trust  
 Coquets, who to love make pretence;  
 For *Phyllis* to me had been just,  
 If nature had bless'd her with sense.

— 33 —  
 SURE never poor shepherd was tortur'd like me,  
 From morning to night I could never be free;  
 The charms of young *Phyllis* so ran in my head,  
 I wish'd she was mine, or I wish'd myself dead.  
 Whenever I saw her and told her my case,  
 She gave me a frown, or she laugh'd in my face;  
 Yet still I ador'd her, and call'd her my wife,  
 My passion was fix'd, nor could end but with life.  
 I found all the offers I made her of love  
 Produc'd no effect, nor affection could move;  
 So schem'd a contrivance her passion to try,  
 And boldly resolved, to conquer, or die.  
 'Twas spread round the village I courted young *Prue*  
 And *Phyllis* had left her own schemes to pursue;  
 This answer'd my wishes, the soon prov'd more kind,  
 And vow'd to be true, if I'd not change my mind.  
 I catch'd the occasion, and sent for a priest,  
 For fear she should alter, I thought it the best;  
 From hence learn, ye virgins, be blest if ye can,  
 And never refuse the sincere honest man.

— 34 —  
 HERE *Phæbus* shall peep on the fresh-bud'ing flow'r,  
 Or blue bells are robb'd of their dew;  
 Sleep on, my *Maria*, while I deck the bow'r,  
 To make it more worthy of you.  
 There roses and jess'min each other shall greet,  
 And mingle, to copy thy hue;  
 The lily to match with thy bosom so sweet,  
 How faint its resemblance of you.

With sweets of thy breath the hedge vi'let shall vie,  
But weakly, and pay it its due;  
The thorn shall be robb'd of the fleece for thine eye,  
Yet nature paints nothing like you.

The leaves of the sensitive-plant must declare  
The truth of my well-belov'd she;  
Whose hand if to touch it bold shepherds should dare,  
Would shrink from all others but me.

LET misers hug their darling store,  
And kiss each guinea o'er and o'er,  
I'm richer with a shilling;  
It brings me out to cheerful air,  
To meet my lovely, cruel fair,  
Oh! that she was but willing.

To make her such, I point to groves,  
And bid her mark the heart-sick doves,  
How sweetly they are billing;  
But all in vain, as yet, my art,  
For, oh! I feel across my heart,  
Love's god his poison spilling.

The streams which flow like my sad eye,  
Will leave, at last, their channels dry,  
Unless the springs are filling;  
And softest rain, on hardest stone,  
Will wear, tho' drops fall one by one,  
A hole, by constant drilling.

But, oh! my springs will ne'er again  
Replenish, but with fresher pain,  
Her frowns are still so killing;  
Nor will my tears her marble pierce,  
Though constant drops bedew my verse,  
From eyes, like limbeck's stilling.

I sung the song, it pleas'd her too,  
How *Sue* loves I, and I loves *Sue*,  
While neighbour's grift was milling;  
But all was vain, if you must know,  
So I resolv'd to let her go,  
Because she was not willing.

THE gentle swan, with  
Her glossy plumage lave  
And sailing down the silv'  
Divides the whispering  
The silver tide that wand'  
Sweet to the bird must  
But not so sweet, blithe C  
As *Delia* is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive  
On yonder fruit-tree su  
And still the pendent nett  
That held her callow y  
Tho' dear to her maternal  
The genial brood must  
They're not so dear, the t  
As *Delia* is to me.

The roses that my brow f  
Were natives of the da  
Scarce pluck'd, and in a g  
Before the hue grew pa  
My vital blood would thu  
If luckless torn from th  
For what the root is to th  
My *Delia* is to me.

Two doves I found, like  
So white the beauteous  
The birds to *Delia* I'll be  
They're like her bosom  
May they of our connubis  
A happy omen be;  
Then such fond bliss as t  
Shall *Delia* share with

COME *Rosalind*, oh, co  
What pleasures are in sto  
What pleasures are in sto  
The flow'rs in all their f  
The fields their gayest be  
The fields, &c.

rd, in ev'ry grove,  
at their songs of love ;  
sing, and roses bloom,  
e invites to come.

rd, and *Celin* join ;  
cks and all are thine :  
*ofalind* be near,  
pleasure all the year.

ottage and a swain :  
y love or gifts disdain ?  
Ec.

ind, no longer stay,  
s, then haste away,  
s, &c.

## 37

soft, ye winds, be calm ye skies,  
w'ry race, arise ;  
rs, ye vernal show'rs,  
blooming waste of flow'rs.  
: rose, a beauteous guest,  
: on my fair one's breast,  
er hand, or deck her hair,  
most sweet, the nymph most fair.

## 38

he controul'd by advice ?  
less and reason agree ?  
ho'd ever be wife,  
s is loving : thee ?  
attend to despise  
they want spirits to taste ;  
: on old time as he flies,  
blessings of life while they last.  
n but adds to our cares ;  
e will improve ev'ry joy ;  
e may meet with grey hairs,  
may repent being coy :  
y, for what should we stay  
best blood begins to run cold ?  
we can have but to-day ;  
always find time to grow old.

## 39

BEHOLD the sweet flowers around,  
With all the bright beauties they wear,  
With, all the bright beauties they wear ;  
Yet none on the plains can be found,  
So lovely, so lovely, as *Celia* is fair,  
So lovely as *Celia* is fair.

Ye warblers, come raise your sweet throats,  
No longer in silence remain ;  
No longer in silence remain ;  
Oh ! lend a fond lover your notes,  
'To soften, to soften my *Celia's* disdain ?  
'To soften my *Celia's* disdain.

Oft times in yon flowery vale  
I breathe my complaints in a song,  
I breathe my complaints in a song ;  
Fair *Flora* attends the sad tale,  
And sweetens, and sweetens the borders along,  
And sweetens the borders along.  
But *Celia*, whose breath might perfume  
The bosom of *Flora* in *May*,  
The bosom of *Flora* in *May*,  
Still frowning, pronounces my doom,  
Regardless, regardless of all I can say,  
Regardless of all I can say.

## 40

GO, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,  
To *Daphne's* window speed thy way,  
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,  
And there thy vocal art display,  
And if she deign thy notes to hear,  
And if she praise thy matin song ;  
Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,  
To *Damon's* native plaints belong.  
Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,  
The bird from *Indian* groves may shine ;  
But ask the lovely, partial maid.  
What are his notes, compar'd to thine ?  
Then bid her treat yon witless beau,  
And all his flaunting race, with scorn.

And lend an ear to *Damon's* woe,  
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

I Am marry'd and happy, with wonder hear this,  
Ye rovers and rakes of the age;  
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,  
And who only loose pleasures engage:  
You may laugh, but, believe me, you're all in the  
When you merrily marriage deride; [wrong,  
For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,  
And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,  
Are fugitive, never sincere;  
Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprise,  
Interrupted by doubts and by fear:  
But those which in legal attachments we find,  
When the heart is with innocence pure,  
Is from ev'ry imbit'ring reflection refin'd,  
And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that name,  
True love is with sentiment join'd;  
But your's is a passion, a feverish flame,  
Rais'd without the consent of the mind.  
When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,  
With this and with that ye are cloy'd;  
Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,  
And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me—from whence my felicity flows?  
My answer is short—From a wife,  
Who for cheerfulness, sense, and good nature, I chose  
Which are beauties that charm us for life.—  
To make home the seat of perpetual delight,  
Ev'ry hour each studies to seize;  
And we find ourselves happy from morning till night,  
By our mutual endeavours to please.

NOT on beauty's transient pleasure,  
Which no real joys impart;  
Nor on heaps of sordid treasure  
Did I fix my youthful heart.

'Twas not *Chloe's* perfect feature  
Did the fickle wand'rer bind;  
Nor her form, the boast of nature;  
'Twas alone her spotless mind.  
Not on beauty's transient pleasure,  
Which no real joys impart;  
Nor on heaps of sordid treasure  
Did I fix my youthful heart.  
Take, ye swains, the real blessing  
That will joys for life ensure;  
The virtuous mind alone possessing,  
Will your lasting bliss secure.

I HO' *Chloe's* out of fashion,  
Can blush and be sincere;  
I'll toast her in a bumper,  
If all the belles were here.  
What tho' no diamonds sparkle  
Around her neck and waist,  
With ev'ry shining virtue  
The lovely maid is grac'd.  
In modest plain apparel,  
No patches, paint, nor airs,  
In debt alone to nature,  
An angel she appears:  
From gay coquets, high finish'd,  
My *Chloe* takes no rules,  
Nor envies them their coquets,  
The hearts of all the fools.

Who wins her must have merit,  
Such merit as her own;  
The graces all possessing,  
Yet knows not she has one:  
Then grant me gracious heav'n,  
The gift you must approve,  
And *Chloe*, charming *Chloe*,  
Will bless me with her love.

FAIR is the swan, the ermine white,  
And fair the kity of the vale;

ident queen of night,  
drive before the gale:  
eie the rest excel,  
my *Isabel*.

, sweet the rose,  
morning breath of *May*;  
ieir sweets disclose,  
winding woodbines stray:  
these the rest excel,  
my *Isabel*.

, call the dove,  
ey the sparrow call:  
rk of his love,  
rather'd lovers all:  
these the rest excel,  
of *Isabel*.

— 95 —  
I, with vain pretence  
force employs,  
:spite of sense,  
s no real joys:  
ny heart abjures;  
immortal *Love*,  
fs to your's,  
rms of her I love.  
v'n desires to men,  
oyment free:  
only then,  
shall cease to be?  
ny heart abjures;  
mmortal *Love*,  
fs to your's,  
rms of her I love.

— 96 —  
the op'ning lilies,  
he morning rose,  
charms of *Phyllis*;  
loses the disclose.  
*Cupid's* pow'r,  
hall'd my breast,

Till in one short fatal hour,  
She depriv'd my soul of rest.

*Cupid*, god of pleasing anguish,  
From whose shafts I bleed and burn!  
Teach, O! teach the maid to languish!  
Strike fair *Phyllis* in her turn.  
From that torment in her breast,  
Soon to pity she'll incline,  
And, to give her bosom rest,  
Kindly heal the wound in mine.

— 97 —  
DEAR, *Cbloe*, come give me sweet kisses,  
For sweeter no girl ever gave;  
But why, in the midst of my blisses,  
Do'st ask me how many I'd have?  
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure;  
Then, pr'ythee, dear *Cbloe*, be kind;  
For, since I love thee beyond measure,  
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on *Hybla* are playing;  
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields;  
Count the flocks that in *Tempe* are straying,  
And the grain that rich *Sicily* yields;  
Count how many stars are in heaven;  
Go number the sands on the shore;  
And when so many kisses you've given,  
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,  
A heart which, dear *Cbloe*, is thine;  
In my arms let me ever infold thee,  
And circle thee round, like a vine.  
What joy can be greater than this is?  
My life on your lips shall be spent:  
The wretch that can number his kisses,  
Will always with few be content.

— 98 —  
F Arewell, my *Pastora*, no longer your swain,  
Quite sick of his bondage, can suffer his chain:  
Nay, arm not your brow with such haughty disdain;  
My heart leaps with joy to be free once again.  
Sing tol derol, &c.

I'll live like the birds, those sweet tenants of *May*;  
Who always are sportful, who always are gay;  
How fleetly their sonnets they carol all day!  
Their love is but frolic, their courtship but play.  
Sing tol derol, &c.

If struck by a beauty they ne'er saw before,  
In chirping soft notes they her pity implore:  
She yields to intreaty; and when the fit's o'er,  
'Tis a hundred to ten that they never meet more.  
Sing tol derol, &c.

THE nymph that I love was as chearful as day,  
And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in *May*;  
Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,  
And her face was as fair as the Mother of Love:  
Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds  
And receives gentle odours from flowery beds;  
Yet warm in affection as *Phæbus* at noon,  
And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unsully'd as new-fall'n snow,  
And as lively as tints from young *Iris*'s bow;  
As clear as the stream and as deep as the flood;  
She, tho' witty, was wise, and tho' beautiful, good:  
The sweets that each virtue or grace had in store,  
She cull'd, as the bee does, the bloom of each flow'r,  
Which, treasur'd for me, O! how happy was I!  
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

COME, give your attention to what I unfold,  
The moral is true, tho' the matter is old,  
The moral is true, &c.  
My honest confession's intended to prove,  
How tasteless, insipid, is life without love;  
My honest confession's, &c.

In works of old sophist my mind I employ'd;  
My bottle and friend, too, by turns, I enjoy'd,  
My bottle, &c.  
I laugh'd at the sex, and presumptuously strove  
Their charms to target, and bid farewell to love:  
*I hugh'd, &c.*

I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew  
A patriot in politics, fond o'  
A patriot, &c.  
Each passion indulging, my  
They center'd in pleasure, &  
Each passion, &c.

How sweet my resolves, I  
When *Phillis*, sweet *Phillis*,  
When *Phillis*, &c.  
I caught her, and mention'd  
Consenting she made me a c  
I caught her, &c.

Ye lovers of freedom, no lo  
We're born fellow-subjects  
We're born, &c.  
My purchas'd experience thi  
That life is not life when d  
My purchas'd experience, &

BEHOLD, fairest *Phæbe*,  
So rural the arbours, so plea  
The trees how they're clad v  
And lovers, for pleasure, a  
See the meadows & fields, wit  
And the clear limpid stream  
See the innocent lambs how  
While their dams, on the ba

In the air hear the birds, wit  
All chanting their lays in t  
Thelark in the morning, as  
With out-stretched wings t  
The cowslips and v'lets ad  
And pleasantly grow in irre  
Not a thing is there wantir  
But you, my dear *Phæbe*, t  
Suppose, then, for pleasure,  
Around yonder green, and  
What say you, my fair one  
What pleases your fancy, w

to be rude; my thoughts I'd employ  
that which I thought would annoy.  
d sincere, as a lover should be;  
atter'd, and love to be free.

102

of love sincere I felt,  
'd the passion long;  
y soul it dwelt,  
ppress'd my tongue.  
ld my dearest maid,  
as fix'd upon her;  
I can love, she said,  
n my honour.

at once is roving caught,  
t nymphs distrust;  
or a youthful fault  
deem'd unjust?  
d, so sense decreed,  
e still to shun her;  
said, won't here succeed,  
pon my honour.

ry'd, I've been to blame,  
h confess;  
o canst the rake reclaim,  
rn passion bless!  
nph like Celia prov'd,  
have undone her;  
ht maid, thou best-belov'd,  
n my honour.

ymph my suit repress'd,  
cy to prove,  
blush consent express'd,  
me with her love.

ed the blooming fair,  
that I'd won her;  
's sweetest joys we share,  
on my honour.

103

tempest of war,  
no a far,  
's and cannon' alarms-

Let the brave, if they will,  
By their valour or skill,  
Seek honour and conquest in arms.

To live safe, and retire,  
Is what I desire,  
Of my flocks and my Chloe possess;  
For in them I obtain  
True peace without pain,  
And the lasting enjoyment of rest:  
In some cottage or cell,  
Like a shepherd to dwell,  
From all interruption at ease;  
In a peaceable life,  
To be blest with a wife,  
Who will study her husband to please,

104

WHERE virtue incircles the fair,  
Their lilies and roses are vain;  
Each Blossom must drop with despair,  
Where innocency takes up her reign:  
No gaudy embellishing arts  
The fair-one need call to her aid,  
Who kindly by nature imparts  
The graces that Nature has made.  
The swain who has sense, must despise  
Each coquettish art to ensnare;  
If timely ye'd wish to be wise,  
Attend to my counsel, ye fair;  
Let virgins whom Nature has blest,  
Her sovereign dictates obey;  
For beauties by Nature express'd,  
Are beauties that never decay.

105

MY fair, ye swains, is gone astray;  
The little wand'rer lost her way  
In gath'ring flow'rs the other day:  
Poor Phillis, poor Phillis, poor lovely Phillis.  
Ah! lead her home, ye gentle swains,  
Who know an absent lover's pains;  
And bring her safely o'er the plains;  
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

Conclude



Conceive what tortures rack my mind ;  
And, if you'll be so just and kind,  
I'll give you certain marks to find  
My Phillis, &c.

Whene'er a charming form you see,  
Serenely grave, sedately free,  
And mildly gay, it must be she ;  
'Tis Phillis, &c.

Not boldly bare, not half undress'd,  
But under cover slightly prest,  
In secret plays the little breast  
Of Phillis, &c.

When such a heavenly voice you hear,  
As makes you think a Dryad near,  
Ah ! seize her, and bring home my dear ;  
'Tis Phillis, &c.

The nymph, whose person, void of art,  
Has ev'ry grace, in every part,  
With mur'ring eyes, yet harmless heart,  
Is Phillis, &c.

Whose teeth are like an iv'ry row,  
Whose skin is like the clearest snow,  
Whose face like—nothing that I know,  
Is Phillis, &c.

But rest, my soul, and bless your fate ;  
The Gods, who form'd a piece so neat,  
So just, exact, and so complet  
As Phillis, &c.

Proud of their bit in such a flow'r,  
Which so exemplifies their pow'r,  
Will guard, in ev'ry dang'rous hour,  
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis,

106  
WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,  
And steal its fragrance from the rose,  
To dress their Fanny's Queen ;  
Fain would I sing ; but words are faint,  
All music's powers too weak to paint  
Jenny of the Green.

Beneath this elm, be side this stream,  
How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,  
And told my tale unfein'd !  
While, faithful in the lovers' cause,  
The winds would murmur soft applause  
To Jenny of the Green.

With joy my soul revives the day,  
When, deck'd in all the pride of May,  
She hail'd the sylvan scene ;  
Then ev'ry nymh that hop'd to please,  
First strove to catch the grace and ease  
Of Jenny of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,  
On me she cast her partial eye ;  
Nor scorn'd my humble mien ;  
The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,  
That day adorn'd the lovely hair  
Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the fairy land of love,  
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,  
The pride of gay fifteen ;  
Tho' now she treads some distant plain,  
Tho' far apart, I'll meet again  
My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time, till that blest night  
That brings her back with speedy flight,  
Melt down the hours between ;  
And when we meet, the loss repay,  
On loit'ring wing prolong my stay  
With Jenny of the Green.

107  
SOFT pleasing pairs, unknown before,  
My beating bosom feels,  
When I behold the blissful bow'r  
Where dearest Delia dwells.  
That way I daily drive my flock ;  
Ah ! happy, happy vale !  
There look, and wish ; and while I look,  
My sighs increase the gale.  
My sighs increase the gale.

at midnight I do stray  
th' inclement skies,  
my true devotion pays  
a sleep-seal'd eye:  
grims nightly roam,  
ious travel faint,  
se the clay-cold tomb  
lov'd fav'rite saint,  
&c.

rades, that fold my fair,  
my bliss contain,  
ould ye those blessings share,  
I sigh in vain?  
not at fate repine,  
my grief impart:  
ur tenant;—she is mine;  
ion is my heart,  
on is my heart.

108  
a giddy wand'ring youth,  
to fair I rov'd;  
ask I vow'd my truth,  
like I lov'd:

be joy I with'd was past,  
appear'd a jest;  
I'm convinc'd at last  
ancy is best,  
ancy is best.

qls, at flemble wiles  
delight to rail;  
their vows, their tears, their smiles,  
I thought, and frail:  
tion's bright'ning pow'r,  
worth confess;  
not enough adore,  
ancy is best,  
ancy is best,  
part at beauty's fight  
with fond desire;  
kesson yield delight,  
e lawless fire:

But love's celestial faithful flames  
Still catch from breast to breast;  
While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims  
That constancy is best,  
That constancy is best.

No solid bliss from change results,  
No real raptures flow;  
But, fix'd to one, the soul exults,  
And tastes of heav'n below.  
With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,  
Is truth's fair form impress'd;  
And reason dictates to mankind,  
That constancy is best,  
That constancy is best.

109  
CUPID, god of love and joy,  
Wanton rosy winged boy,  
Guard her heart from all alarms,  
Bring her deck'd in all her charms,  
Blushing, panting, to my arms.

All the heaven I ask below,  
Is to use thy darts and bow,  
Could I have them in my pow'r,  
One sweet smiling happy hour,  
One sweet woman I'd secure.

She's the first which Venus made,  
With her graces full array'd;  
When she treads the velvet ground,  
We feel the zone with which she's bound,  
All is paradise around.

110  
I N pursuit of the fox and the hare  
What joys and what comforts abound!  
But I am alone in despair,  
Since Silvia's not there to be found.

When I join with my friends roud the bowl!  
What raptures I view in each face!  
But Sylvia possesses my soul,  
And no pleasures her form can erase.

I have told her a tale of soft love,  
As we sat in the cool myrtle shade;

But nothing I said could remove  
Her idea of being betray'd.

O! could I but make her my wife,  
I'd bid ev'ry folly adieu!  
And resolve for the rest of my life  
To center my wishes with You.

O Betsey! wilt thou gang with me,  
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?  
Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
The lowly cot and russet gown.  
Nae longer drest in silken sheen,  
Nae longer deckt wi' jewels rare;  
Say, can't thou quit each courtly scene,  
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

O Betsey! when thou'rt far awa,  
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?  
Say, can't thou face the flakey snaw,  
Nor shrink beneath the northern wind?  
Say, can that fast and gentlest mien,  
Severest hardships learn to bear?  
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

O Betsey! can't thou love sa true,  
Thro' perils keen wi' me to go?  
Or when midship the swain should rue,  
To share with him the pang of woe?  
Or when invading pains befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?  
Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,  
Where thou wert Fairest of the Fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay  
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?  
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

IN pity, *Celia*, to my pain,  
No more my heart reprove,  
Nor let the blasts of cold disdain  
Destroy my rising love.

My love, as yet, but newly blown,  
Must die for want of care;  
'Tis yours (as you the seeds have sown)  
To save the flow'rs they bare.

When first the springing flow'r appears,  
And shews its rising head.  
Each gentlest wind is shiv'ring fear.  
And courts the gardener's aid.

In pity then, no longer strive  
To grieve my faithful mind;  
Since love and faith, and justice too,  
Expect you to be kind.

SAY, why must the poet's soft lays  
To beauty be always confin'd?  
Or why not the tribute of praise  
Be paid to the charms of the mind?  
Why need we observe what we know,  
That beauty will quickly decay,  
Like flow'rs, which as soon as they blow,  
Droop, wither, and then fade away?

Tho' not with that ravishing form,  
Which blooming *Lucinda* can boast,  
Shall *Celia* be treated with scorn,  
Or slighted, because she's no toast?  
No, surely, for all must revere  
The charms of her temper and mind;  
Her judgement so solid and clear,  
Her taste so correct and refin'd.

Then why not the tribute of praise  
Be paid to the charms of the mind?  
Or why must the poet's soft lays  
To beauty be always confin'd?  
Ye swains, then be prudent and wise,  
Nor listen to beauty's false voice;  
A happiness pure it is prize,  
Let merit alone claim your choice.

114  
thy dear bosom lying,  
an tell my bliss?  
as I'm enjoying,  
my lips I kiss?  
love inspires me;  
my bosom warms;  
transport fires me;  
in thine arms.

that sweetly languish,  
as with raptures beat;  
turns to anguish,  
transport is so great,  
nely on me;  
die with bliss;  
those eyes upon me;  
a death like this?

115  
Lily of the Vale,  
air,  
resume the fanning gale,  
spare;  
earth it lowly grows,  
head to hide;  
out-vies the rose,  
with so much pride.

owes its hue  
pale stain;  
the virgin white  
remain;  
lous florist's hand  
mble head;  
the charming flower,  
to his bed.

reds its sweets around,  
sch modest grace;  
its owner stands,  
vely face:  
she, now observe  
of my tale;  
be—and thou  
in Vale.

116  
WHEN once I with *Phyllis* stray'd,  
Where rivers ran murmuring by,  
I heard the soft vows that she made,  
What swain was so happy as I?  
My breast was a stranger to care,  
For my wealth by her kisses I told;  
I thought myself richer, by far,  
Than he that had mountains of Gold.

But now I am poor and undone,  
Her vows have prov'd empty and vain;  
The kisses, I once thought my own,  
Are bestow'd on a happier swain;  
But cease, gentle shepherd, to deem  
Her vows shall be constant and true;  
They're as false as a Midsummer-dream,  
As fickle as Midsummer dew.

O *Phyllis*, so fickle and fair,  
Why did you my love then approve?  
Had you frown'd on my suit, thro' despair,  
I soon had forgotten to love:  
You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,  
You spoke, and your words were so kind,  
I could not suspect the deceit,  
But gave my loose sails to the wind.

When tempests the ocean deform.  
And billows so mountainous roar,  
The Pilot, secure from the storm,  
Ne'er ventures his bark from the shore;  
As soon as soft breezes arise,  
And smiles the false face of the sea,  
His art he too credulous tries,  
And sailing is shipwreck'd like me.

HARK! 'tis I, your own true lover;  
After walking three long miles,  
One kind look, at least, discover,  
Come and speak a word to *Giles*.  
You alone my heart I fix on,  
Ah, you little cunning wren!  
I can see your roguish smiles.

Addicks! my mind is so possess'd,  
 'Till we're sped I shan't have rest;  
 Only say the thing's a bargain,  
 Here, an you like it, ready to strike it,  
 There's at once an end of arguing;  
 I am her's, she is mine;  
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

THE smiling plains, profusely gay,  
 Are dress'd in all the pride of May,  
 The birds around in every vale,  
 Breathe rapture on the vernal gale.

But ah! *Miranda*, without thee,  
 Nor spring nor summer smiles on me!  
 All lonely in the secret shade,  
 I mourn thy absence, charming maid,  
 O soft as love! as honour fair!  
 More gently sweet than vernal air,  
 Come to my arms, for you alone  
 Can all my anguish pass atone!  
 O come! and to my bleeding heart,  
 Th' ambrosial balm of love impart!  
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,  
 And give the year eternal spring.

HOW sweet are the roses of June,  
 The pink and the jessamine gay;  
 But stripp'd of their blossoms, how soon,  
 How sudden those sweets will decay!  
 Just such is the maid in her prime,  
 Adorn'd with the bloom of sixteen;  
 But robb'd of her beauty by time,  
 No traces of youth can be seen.

Then *Phillis*, be wise whilst you may,  
 To *Damon's* addresses prove kind;  
 Relent, or, believe what I say,  
 Too late you will alien your mind.  
 When next the fond youth shall declare,  
 The passion which glows in his breast,  
 With him to the altar repair,  
 'Longer refuse to be blest,

YE gods ye gave to me a wife,  
 Out of your grace and favour,  
 To be the comfort of my life,  
 And I was glad to have her.  
 But if your providence divine  
 For greater bliss design her;  
 To obey your will at any time,  
 I'm ready to resign her.

ADIEU, dear maid, whose charms insi-  
 A never-fading love;  
 Once more to rural scenes retire,  
 And range the thoughtful grove;  
 Where peace shall all thy steps attend,  
 And Nature's various beauties blend,  
 And Nature's various, &c.

There no corroding cares intrude,  
 Which haunt th' ambitious throng;  
 Th' embow'ring shades of solitude  
 To humble minds belong;  
 To those whose virtue is too great  
 To live in regions of deceit.

Though new ill-nature throws her dart  
 And wounds our social joy,  
 Blest friendship still unites our hearts  
 With her endearing tie,  
 While thus supported, we can brave  
 Each cruel storm and threat'ning wave.  
 Vice shall try all her arts in vain  
 Our union to divide;  
 For purest love's eternal chain  
 Our spirits has ally'd;  
 Then let not parting give us pain,  
 We parted but to meet again.

SAY, oh! too lovely creature,  
 Thou cause of all my smart,  
 What means this palpitation,  
 Without a feeling heart?  
 There's conversation in it:  
 It ceases—Then, in a minute,

Song for GENTLEMEN.

151

pping,  
ping,  
r would rest;  
o, I vow,  
tell how,  
rft my breast.

123  
y my Heart hath enchain'd,  
I among Beauties so free;  
ie Fates had ordain'd  
: should enslave it but she.

r, is *Lucy* forgot,  
thou didst Confrancy swear?  
at sweetn'd thy Lot  
, Vexation, and Care!  
he Thought? She was mine,  
t could ask from above;  
ye Hearts that combine  
of conjugal Love.

e. insatiable Foe  
nor Entreaties will hear,  
is murderous Blow,  
me of all that was dear.

, my lyre I would string,  
ons of Death would explore,  
m thence would I bring,  
I can see her no more  
then haste to my Arms,  
ght can reverse the Decree;  
to taste of thy Charms,  
fond *Lucy* in these.

124  
ng shepherd, the pride of the plain;  
I strive my affection to gain;  
young *Phyllis*, young *Bridget* and *Sue*;  
ould you have such a young shepherd do  
afy wherever I go,  
the reason they follow me so;  
am sure you will readily own,  
efuse, they won't let me alone.

Last night at the wake, when I danc'd on the green,  
Such numbers came round me as never were seen;  
To be teaz'd in this manner no mortal could bear,  
So I fix'd upon one who is lovely and fair.

Her ease and good-nature, I vow and protest,  
Have gain'd my affection beyond all the rest;  
She has wit, youth and beauty, the passions to move,  
And at last, I must own, I am smitten with love.

125  
THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride;  
For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness hide;  
The slave that is poor must starve all his life,  
In a bachelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads  
In settling of jointures, or making of deeds;  
But *Adam* and *Eve*, when they first enter'd course,  
E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then pr'ythee, dear *Chloe*, ne'er aim to be great;  
Let love be thy jointure, ne'er mind an estate;  
You can never be poor, who have all those charms;  
And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

126  
DECLARE, my pretty maid,  
Must my fond suit miscarry?  
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;  
But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry;  
With you I'll toy, &c.

Then speak your mind at once,  
Nor let me longer tarry;  
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;  
But hang me if I marry:  
With you, &c.

Tho' charms and wit assail,  
The stroke I well can parry;  
I love to kiss, to toy and play;  
But do not choose to marry:  
I love, &c.

Young *Molly* of the dale  
Makes a mere slave of *Harry*;

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along :  
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,  
 The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,  
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love .  
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,  
 Nor balmy sleep to lab'rs spent with pain,  
 Nor show'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,  
 Are half so pleasing as thy sight to me.

135  
 I Love thee, by heavens I cannot say more ;  
 Then set not my passion a cooling :  
 If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er,  
 For I am but a novice at fooling. [deeds ;  
 What my love wants in words it shall make up in  
 Then why should we waste time in stuff, child ?  
 A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds ;  
 A word to thine wife is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known ;  
 But I hate all protesting and arguing :  
 Had a goddess my heart, she should e'en lie alone,  
 If she made many words to a bargain.

I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm  
 Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying ;  
 Pr'ythee be thou so too ; seek for no better term,  
 But e'en throw thy yes, or thy nay, in.

I cannot bear love like a Chancery suit,  
 The age of a patriarch depending ;  
 Then pluck up a spirit ; no longer be mute ;  
 Give it, one way or other, an ending.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,  
 Like the grace of fanatical sinners ; [cool,  
 Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow  
 Before men sit down to their dinners.

136  
 BRIGHT was the morning, cool was the air,  
 Serene was all the sky,  
 When on the wave I left my dear,  
 The center of my joy ;  
 Heaven and nature smiling were,  
 And nothing sad but I.

Each rosy field did odours spread,  
 All fragrant was the shore ;  
 Each river-god rose from his bed,  
 And sigh'd, and own'd her pow'r ;  
 Curling their waves, they deck'd their hall  
 As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair Egyptian queen  
 Her hero went to see,  
 Cindus (swell'd o'er her banks with pride,  
 As much in love as he.

Glide on, ye waters, bear these lines,  
 And tell her how distress'd :  
 Bear all my sighs, ye gentle winds,  
 And waft e'm to her breast :  
 Tell her, if e'er she proves unkind,  
 I never shall have rest.

137  
 WHAT beauties does *Flora* disclose,  
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !  
 Yet *Maggie's*, still sweeter than those,  
 Both nature and fancy exceed :  
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,  
 Nor Tweed, gliding gently thro' those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove.  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush ;  
 The black-bird, and sweet cooling dove  
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;  
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
 And love while the feather'd folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?  
 Does *Maggie* not tend a few sheep ?  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While, happily, she lies asleep ?  
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,  
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
 To relieve the soft pangs of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

untiemly pow'r  
oming spring;  
, from blasts secure,  
tribute bring.

131  
ip-swells with pride,  
auties to the sun,  
born tints of Iris's bow;  
let springs beside,  
le it strives to shun  
some rapacious foe.

ic, small the store  
tulip can arise,  
from its glowing bed:  
n't let charms the more,  
in its native skies,  
to grace the virgin head.

air ones, how these flow'rs  
nature's various robe:  
declines, and merit thrives,  
ity o'er-pow'r's  
the conquer'd globe:  
ompliance makes ye wives.

132  
gins, have ye seen  
pals the green,  
'mine bow'r?  
seek the woodbine shade:  
the blooming maid,  
day-blown flow'r.

ike the maiden rose,  
ily as it blows,  
a sweetness vie;  
liff'ning in the morn,  
lds the flow'ring thorn,  
s in her eye.

the linnet's lay,  
arful on the spray,  
all beams

Her heart is blither than her song,  
Her passions gently move along,  
Like the smooth gliding stream.

ADIEU, ye streams, that smoothly flow;  
Ye vernal airs, that softly blow;  
Ye plains, by blooming spring array'd;  
Ye birds, that warble thro' the glade,  
Ye birds, &c.

Unhurt from you, my soul could fly,  
Nor drop one tear, nor hear one sigh;  
But, forc'd from *Celia's* smiles to part,  
All joy deserts my drooping heart,  
All joy, &c.

O! fairer than the rosy morn,  
When flow'rs the dewy field adorn;  
Unfully'd as the genial ray,  
That warms the gentle breeze of May,  
That warms, &c.

Thy charms divinely sweet appear,  
And add new splendor to the year;  
Improve the day with fresh delight,  
And gild with joy the dreary night,  
And gild, &c.

134  
THE plite'ring sun begins to rise  
On yonder hill, and paints the skies;  
The lark his warbling matin sings;  
Each flow'r in all its beauty springs;  
The village up, the shepherd tries  
His pipe, and to the woodland hies.

Oh! that on th' enamell'd green  
My *Delia*, lovely maid, were seen,  
Fresher than the roses bloom,  
Sweeter than the meads perfume.  
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,  
To *Delia's* ear the tender notes convey:  
As some lone turtle his lost love deplores,  
And with shrill echoes fills the sounding shores,  
So I, like him, abandon'd and forlorn,  
With ceaseless plaints my absent *Delia* mourn.



The fair, the smart, the witty,  
 'The fair, the smart, the witty.  
 In *Cupid's* fetters, most severe,  
 I languish out a long, long year,  
 The slave of wanton *Kitty*,  
 The slave of wanton *Kitty*.

At length I broke the galling chain,  
 And swore that love was endless pain,  
 One constant scene of folly,  
 One constant, &c.

I vow'd no more to wear the yoke;  
 But soon I felt a second stroke,  
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd *Mally*,  
 And sigh'd, &c.

With tresses next of flaxen hue,  
 Young *Jenny* did my soul subdue,  
 That lives in yonder valley,  
 That lives, &c.

Then *Cupid* threw another snare,  
 And caught me in the curling hair  
 Of little tempting *Sally*,  
 Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with charms, tho' blithe and young,  
 My roving heart from bondage sprung,  
 This heart of yielding mettle,  
 This heart, &c.

And now it wanders here and there,  
 By turns the prize of brown and fair,  
 But never more will settle,

HASTE, haste, *Amelia*, gentle fair,  
 To soft *Elysian* gales;  
 From smoke to smiling skies repair,  
 And sun-illumined vales:

No sighs, no murmurs, haunt the grove,  
 But blessings crown the plains;  
 Here calm Contentment, heav'n-born maid,  
 And Peace, the cherub, reigns.

O come! for thee the roses bloom,  
 The deep carnation grows,  
 For thee sweet violets breathe perfume,  
 The white-rob'd lily blows;

For thee their dreams the Naiads roll,  
 The daisied hills are gay,  
 Where (emblems of *Amelia's* soul)  
 The spotless lambskins play.  
 From vale to vale the *Zephyrs* rove,  
 To rob th' unfolding flow'rs;  
 And music melts in ev'ry grove,  
 To charm thy rural hours;  
 The warbling lark, high-poiz'd in air,  
 Exerting all his pride,  
 Will strive to please *Amelia* fair,  
 Who pleases all beside.

THE morning fresh, the sun in east  
 New gilds the smiling day;  
 The morning fresh, &c.  
 The lark forsakes his dewy nest,  
 The fields all round are gaily dress'd;  
 Arise, my love, and play, and play;  
 Arise, my love, and play.

Come forth, my fair, come forth, bright!  
 And bless thy shepherd's sight;  
 Come forth, &c.  
 Lend ev'ry folded flow'r thy aid,  
 Unveil the rose's blushing shade,  
 And give them sweet delight,  
 And give, &c.

Thy presence makes all nature smile,  
 Those smiles your charms improve;  
 Thy presence, &c.  
 Thy strains the list'ning birds beguile,  
 And, as invite, reward their toil,  
 And tune their notes to love,  
 And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,  
 The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine;  
 Beneath, &c.  
 E'er other eyes ye beauties see,  
 Then on my brows adorn'd shall be;  
 Thy happy fate be mine, be mine,  
 Thy happy fate be mine.

— 145 —  
 with blooming charms,  
 arms,  
 thing;  
 wou'd her wit  
 oft fit,  
 i, Spring.

as'd away;  
 midian day,  
 become her:  
 and the wife,  
 ll the life.  
 Summer.

i career,  
 it an ear,  
 v she taught 'em;  
 sing round,  
 gin found  
 f Autumn.

faded quite;—  
 w it right,  
 ise to flint her;  
 well employs,  
 n's solid joys,  
 of Winter.

— 146 —  
 spherds that join in this throng,  
 ad attend to my song:  
 s, is true that I tell;  
 u all wonderful well.

o a wake on the green,  
 air as beauty's gay queen;  
 the damsel cry'd no;  
 wu'd, and said, pray let me go,  
 s, don't be a prude;  
 I'll cry out if you're rude:  
 'd her, the more she cry'd no,  
 wu'd, and said, pray let me go,  
 would make her comply;  
 r 'twas *she*, *Collin*, tye.

So I sent for a parson, and made her my wife,  
 And now I am welco ac to kiss her for life.  
 Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this,  
 Take care how too freely you part with a kiss;  
 Conceal for a time all the favours you can, [man,  
 For that's the best way to make sure of your

— 147 —  
**P**HILIRA's charms poor *Damon* took;  
 How eager he for billing!  
 When lo! the nymph the swain forsook,  
 To shew her pow'r of killing:  
 In either eye she sheath'd a dart,  
 He felt it never doubt him:  
 Odzooks! a man were thro' the heart,  
 Ere he could look about him.

But mark the end—with scythe so sharp  
 Time o'er the forehead struck her;  
 And all her charms began to warp—  
 Then she was in a pucker:  
 She then began to rave and curse,  
 Her time she pass'd no better;  
 Yet still had hopes, ere bad grew worse,  
 Some comely swain might get her.

*Philira*, ev'ry lad she meets,  
 Now makes an am'rous trial;  
 But each with scorn her warmth treats;  
 Each frowns in cold denial.  
 Coquets, take warning; change your tune;  
 'Tis woeful case remember:  
 The bed-fellow you flit in June,  
 You'll wish for in December.

— 148 —  
**C**OME, dear *Amanda*, quit the town,  
 And to the rural hamlets ply;  
 Behold the winter storms are gone,  
 A gentle radiance glads the sky.

The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,  
 Each spreads a verdant couch for thee;  
 'Tis joy and music all we hear,  
 'Tis love and beauty all we see.

Come let us mark the gradual spring,  
How peep the buds, the blossom blows,  
Till *Philomel* begins to sing,  
And perfect May to spread the rose.

Let us secure the short delight,  
And wisely crop the blooming day;  
For soon, too soon, it will be night;  
Arise, my love, and come away.

149

**A**TTEND all ye shepherds and nymphs to my lay  
You may learn from my tale, and go wiser away:  
A damsel once dwelt at the foot of the hill,  
Well known by the name of the Maid of the Mill.

In her all the graces had jointly combin'd  
Her face to improve, and embellish her mind;  
Nor pride or deceit e'er her bosom did fill;  
'Twas nature alone in the Maid of the Mill.

The lord of the village beheld the sweet maid;  
Each art to subdue her was presently laid;  
With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill,  
But nought could prevail with the Maid of the Mill.

Her virtue she priz'd beyond splendor and state;  
Tho' poor, yet she never repin'd at her fate;  
His proffers she slighted—in vain all his skill  
To ruin the fame of the Maid of the Mill.

Young *Collin* address'd her with hope and with fear,  
His heart was right honest, his love was sincere;  
With rapture his bosom each moment would thrill,  
When'er he beheld his dear Maid of the Mill.

His passion was founded in honour and truth—  
The girl read his heart, & of courteslov'd the youth;  
At church little *Patty* soon answer'd, "I will."  
His lordship was ban'd of the Maid of the Mill.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial pair!  
Content, they are strangers to sorrow and care!  
The flame they first rais'd in each other, burns still,  
And *Collin* is blest'd with the Maid of the Mill.

150

**Y**OUNG *Moby*, who lives at the foot of the hill,  
And whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,

Of beauty is blest'd with so ample a share  
That men call her the lass with the delicate  
One ev'ning last May when I travers'd the  
In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming  
I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declar'd  
And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, by a green moss  
A chaplet composing, the fair-one was I  
Surpris'd and transported, I could not for  
With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

That moment young *Cupid* selected a dam  
And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent  
And from thence, how to win the dear man  
For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

As she saw me, she blush'd, & complain'd  
And begg'd of all things that I would not  
I answer'd, I could not tell how I came  
But laid all the blame on her delicate air.

Said her heart was the prize which I sought  
And hop'd she would grant it to ease my thought  
She neither reject'd, nor granted my prayer  
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my  
But still the tormenter affects to be mute  
Then tell me, ye swains, who have to do  
How to win the dear lass with the delicate

151

**W**HILE servile scribes take the pen  
To flatter some great ruling men,  
In hopes to get a dinner;

Not so the bard who now invokes  
The nine, and such celestial folks,  
In praise of *Bessy Skinner*.

Before my tongue should frame a lie,  
For wealth, or fame, I'd sooner die,  
An unforgiven sinner;

If truth direct me on my way,  
Do thou approve my feeble lay,  
Oh charming *Bessy Skinner*,

casts a sparkling eye,  
 eek a crimson dye,  
 is, *Corinna*;  
 ading charms shall shine  
 once compar'd with thine,  
 thy *Skinner*.

nly form we find,  
 ise, and wisdom join'd,  
 dwell within her;  
 ough the fairest she,  
 eek her native sea,  
 thy *Skinner*.

be express'd  
 v supremely blest'd  
 at's doom'd to win her;  
 y kings, who wear  
 sin an care,  
 thy *Skinner*.

152  
 nymph approve the flame  
 r'd within my breast;  
 thought proclaim  
 love, and how distress'd;  
 nselfes want energy to prove  
 fers by capricious love.

n the pleading thought,  
 ft nature must advance;  
 the contest caught,  
 nds have fell by chance.  
 nda, generous and kind,  
 ance on the humble mind.

153  
 here *Thames* glides so softly along,  
 my heart, the dear girl of my song;  
 e day I with rapture repeat,  
 'n the shepherds but talk of my *Kate*.

ne is by, the whole village is gay,  
 the sun, that enlivens the day;  
 appy when round her they wait,  
 rn beauty by watching my *Kate*.

ose lily or bluthpainted rose [pose  
 Sweet woodbine's a garland com-

More lovely to sight are her looks, and more sweet  
 Is the fragrance that dwells on the lips of my *Kate*.

Hush hush ye vain warblers no more croud the spray  
 Nor think to delight with your love-liven'd lay;  
 With success each may tune a shrill note to his mate,  
 But your notes are all harsh to the voice of my *Kate*.

As she sits on the banks by the side of the stream,  
 The fish, without fear, feed & play by the beam;  
 And why should they not? they can think no deceit,  
 Such truth is confess'd in the looks of my *Kate*.

The shepherds bring posies of flow'rs: but the maid  
 Cries, these are but emblems that I too must fade!  
 But myrtles I'll bring, and in their happy date,  
 Shew the untading charms of the mind of my *Kate*.

154  
 DEAREST *Kitty*, kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, and tell me where,  
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain  
 When we thus shall meet again?  
 When shall *Strephon* fondly see  
 Beauties only found in thee?  
 Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play,  
 All the happy live long day?  
 Dearest *Kitty*! kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, and tell me where?

All the happy day, 'tis true,  
 Blest'd, but only when with you;  
 Nightly *Strephon* sings alone,  
 Sighs till *Hymen* makes us one.  
 Tell me then, and ease my pain,  
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,  
 When the priest shall kindly join  
*Kitty's* trembling hand to mine?  
 Dearest *Kitty*! kind and fair,  
 Tell me when—I care not where.

155  
 IN vain, dear *Chloe*, you suggest,  
 That I, unconstant, have possess'd,  
 Or lov'd a fairer she.  
 If that at once, you would be cur'd,  
 Of all the pains you've long endur'd,  
 Consult your glass and me. P 2

In gardens did you never see  
The little, wanton, curious bee,  
Where ev'ry blossom blows,  
Fly gently o'er each flower he meets,  
And, for the quintessence of sweets,  
He ravishes the rose.

So I, my fancy to employ,  
On each variety of joy,  
From fair ro fair I roam,  
Perchance, to thousands in a day ?  
Those are but visits that I pay—  
My *Cbloe*, you're my home.

156  
**G**RANT me, ye pow'rs, a calm repose,  
Exempt from noise, and strife, and pride,  
Where I may pity human woes,  
And taste the pleasures you provide,  
Unenvy'd by the proud and great,  
My hours shall sweetly glide away ;  
While conscious of my still retreat,  
Chearful I hail the opening day.

And if I may select the maid  
From all the softer sex below,  
May *Stella* be alone convey'd,  
Whose beauties bid my bosom glow,  
At length, when life is in decline,  
Celestial mansions let me view ;  
Without a groan my breath resign,  
And peaceful bid the world adieu.

157  
**F**AIR *Kitty*, beautiful and young,  
And wild as colt untam'd,  
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,  
With little rage inflam'd ;  
Inflam'd with rage and sad restraint,  
Which wise mama ordain'd,  
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,  
While wit and beauty reign'd,  
While wit and beauty reign'd,  
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,  
While wit and beauty reign'd.

Must lady *Fanny* frisk about  
And visit with her cousins ?  
At balls must she make all the rout,  
And bring home hearts by dozens ?  
What has she better, pray, than I,  
What hidden charms to boast,  
That all mankind for her should die,  
While I am scarce a toast ?  
While I am scarce a toast ?  
That all mankind for her should die,  
While I am scarce a toast ?

Dear, dear mama for once let me,  
Unchain'd, my fortune try ;  
I'll have my earl as well as she,  
Or know the reason why.  
Fond love prevail'd, mama gave way ;  
*Kitty*, has heart's desire,  
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,  
And set the world on fire,  
And set the world on fire.  
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,  
And set the world on fire.

158  
**T**HE woodlark whistles through the grove  
Tuning the sweetest notes of love  
To please his female on the spray ;  
Perch'd by his side, her little breast  
Swells with a lover's joy confess'd,  
To hear, and to reward the lay.

Come then, my fair-one, let us prove  
From their example how to love :  
For thee the early pipe I'll breathe ;  
And when my flock returns to fold,  
Their shepherd to thy bosom hold,  
And crown him with the nuptial wreath

159  
**T**HINK, oh ! think, within my breast  
While contending passions reign,  
How my heart is robb'd of rest ;  
And, in pity, ease my pain.

a distress'd,  
doubts, and hopes, and fears,  
, till he's bless'd,  
, thousand years.

160

is a young thing  
in her teens;  
e day, and sweet as *May*,  
e day, and always gay:  
young thing,  
t very old;  
s to meet her  
king of the fold.

aks fac sweetly,  
e meet alone;  
e mair to lay my care,  
e more of a' that's rare:  
aks so sweetly,  
ve I'm could;  
my spiri's glow,  
g of the fold.

les fac kindly  
whisper love,  
ok down on a' the town,  
ok down upon a crown:  
les fac kindly,  
e blyth and bauld,  
gives me sic delight  
g of the fold.

ps fac fastly,  
y pipe I play;  
rest it is contest,  
rest, that the sings best:  
ps fac fastly,  
fangs are tauld,  
ce the vale of senfe,  
g of the fold.

161

ns of bright beauties, & fond to explore  
of such charms as I'd ne'er seen before,  
sions, and wak'd from my dreams,  
no nymphs were like those of the

On the banks of the *Seine* I was pleas'd to survey  
Such crowds of fair nymphs all so merry and gay;  
But then they were merry and gay to extremes,  
And no nymphs could I find like the nymphs of the  
*Thames*.

Then I trav'rd each mountain, each river & plain,  
But my labour alas was all labour in vain,  
O *Tyber*, O *Po*, why so fam'd are your streams,  
Since no nymphs can you boast like the nymphs of  
the *Thames*.

But of *Italy's* merit and fame, to say true,  
And give as 'tis fit ev'ry nation its due,  
Each fair like a *Syren* with music inflames,  
But what is a song to the nymphs of the *Thames*?

As for *Germany*, there I was struck with surprize,  
What the belles want in beauty, they make up in size  
And 'tis just with their girls as it is with their streams  
You've a ton on the *Rhine* for a quart on the *Thames*

Then ye youths of *Great Britain* on wandering so keen  
To feed your fond fancy with beauties unseen,  
Go, enquire of the sun, and he'll tell you his beams  
Ne'er shone on such nymphs as the nymphs of the  
*Thames*.

162

THE sun, just glancing thro' the trees,  
Gave life and joy to ilka grove,  
And pleasure in each southern breeze  
Awaken'd hope and slumbering love:

When *Jeany* sung with hearty glee,  
To charm her winsome marrow,  
My bonny laddie gang wi me  
Will o'er the braes of *Yarrow*.

Young *Sandy* was the blitheest swain,  
That ever pip'd on broomy brae;  
No lass cou'd ken him free fra' pain,  
So graceful, kind, so fair and gay.

And *Jeany* sung, &c.

He kiss'd and lov'd the bonny maid,  
Her sparkling eyes had won his heart;  
No lass the youth had e'er berry'd,  
No fears had she, the lass no art.

And still she sung, &c.

163  
**S**HALL I waiving in despair,  
 Die because a woman's fair?  
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,  
 'Cause another's rosy are?  
 Be she fairer than the day,  
 Or the flow'ry meads in *May*?  
 Yet if she think not well of me,  
 What care I how fair she be.  
 Shall a woman's goodness move  
 Me to perish for her love?  
 Or her worthy merits known  
 Make me quite forget my own?  
 Be she with that goodness blest  
 As may merit name the best,  
 Yet if she be not such to me  
 What care I how good she be.  
 Be she good, or kind, or fair  
 I will never more despair;  
 If she love me, th's believe,  
 I will die ere she shall grieve;  
 If she slight me when I woo,  
 I will scorn and let her go;  
 So if she be not fit for me,  
 What care I for whom she be.

164  
**O**! How to bid my love adieu,  
 The painful task reveal!  
 No more the conscious blush to view,  
 The tender glance to steal.  
 Alas! how sharp will be my woe,  
 For ever torn from thee I  
 Shall that fond breast one joy forego,  
 Or yield one sigh for me?  
 Though destin'd every anxious pain,  
 Each tender fear to prove,  
 My constant heart shall still remain  
*Unchang'd to thee and love!*

165  
**F**ROM College I came,  
 Full of spirits and flame,  
 'And I ne'er would despair;

I'll search the town through,  
 For the last I've in view,  
 She must have a delicate air.  
 I'll search the town through,  
 For the last I've in view,  
 She must have a delicate air.  
 There's you miss, and you,  
 Ay, and you madam too,  
 Who look so contoundedly fly;  
 You think I'll declare,  
 Now the name of the fair,  
 If I can, I wish I may die.  
 I've search'd the town round,  
 She is not to be found,  
 I find myself quite in despair;  
 There's this thing and that,  
 Sets my heart pit a pat,  
 Whenever I speak to the fair.  
 Resolv'd then I am,  
 And blame me if you can,  
 If one of your hearts to ensnare,  
 In wedlock's soft chains,  
 I'll forget all my pains,  
 Live constant and blest'd with my  
 166  
**A**! sure a pair was never seen  
 So justly form'd to meet by nature!  
 The youth excelling so in mien,  
 The maid in every grace of feature  
 O how happy are such lovers,  
 When kindled beauties each disc  
 For surely she  
 Was made for thee,  
 And thou to bless this lovely creature  
 So mild your looks, your children  
 Will early learn the task of duty.  
 The boys with all their father's sen  
 The girls with all their mother's  
 O how happy to inherit  
 At once such graces and such  
 That while you live  
 May fortune give  
 Each blessing, equal to your joy

167  
 art for falsehood fram'd,  
 I injure you;  
 Ur-tongue no promise claim'd,  
 As would make me true,  
 I shall bear deceit,  
 Offer wrong:  
 All the ag'd you'll meet,  
 In the young.

Learn that you have blest  
 With your heart,  
 Inspiring passion rest,  
 Another's part.  
 Read not here deceit,  
 Suffer wrong:  
 On all the ag'd you'll meet,  
 Try in the young.

168  
 King *Kitty's* to my mind,  
 May can please me,  
 As'd, faithful, fond and kind,  
 Tries to tease me;  
 And, by night or day,  
 Engaging creature,  
 Ever have my way;  
 Always meet her,  
 Form a girl so good,  
 A shame and pity,  
 Injure if I cou'd  
 Miling *Kitty*;  
 And from fair to fair,  
 Is my passion,  
 As, is now my care.  
 As is all the fashion.  
 Illion has she shewn,  
 Child of nature,  
 Her shape, is all her own,  
 Her other feature;  
 Spite, and cunning free,  
 Gay, gay, and witty,  
 As expect to see,  
 Die with *Kitty*.

169  
 HOW oft *Louisa* hast thou said,  
 (Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)  
 Thou would'st not lose *Antonio's* love,  
 To reign the partner of a throne.  
 And by those lips that spoke so kind!  
 And by this hand I press to mine!  
 To gain a subject nation's love.  
 I swear I would not part with thine.  
 Then how, my soul, can we be poor  
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy!  
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,  
 And, serving thee, a monarch I.  
 Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,  
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine;  
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips  
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

170  
 I ASK not beauty quite complete,  
 Give me a girl who simply neat,  
 Rich golden tissue can despise,  
 And wear no brilliants but her eyes:  
 While blended in those eyes there sit,  
 The laughing loves and sparkling wit.  
 O give me *Hymen* such a wife.  
 With joy I'll quit the single life,  
 With joy I'll quit the single life.  
 As pauses find in music place,  
 Her speech let proper silence grace,  
 And in her dimpled smiles be seen,  
 A modest yet a cheerful mien:  
 Her conversation ever free,  
 From censure as from levity,  
 O give me *Hymen* such a wife,  
 With joy I'll quit the single life.  
 Not fond of compliment, nor rude,  
 Not a coquette nor yet a prude,  
 Averse to grandeur and parade,  
 Nor pleas'd with midnight masquerade:  
 The virtues that her sex adorn,  
 By honor guarded not by scorn,  
 To such a virgin, such a wife,  
 I give my love, I give my life.



171  
**A**WAY, let nought to love displeasing,  
 My *Winifrida*, move thy tear;  
 Let nought delay the heav'nly blessing,  
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What tho' no grants of royal donors  
 With pompous titles grace our blood,  
 We'll shine in more substantial honours,  
 And to be noble, we'll be good.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty  
 No mighty treasures we possess;  
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,  
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season  
 Sufficient for our wishes give;  
 For we will live a life of reason,  
 And that's the only life to live.

Our name, whilst virtue thus we tender,  
 Shall sweetly sound whe'er 'tis spoke;  
 And all the great ones much shall wonder,  
 How they admire such little folk.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,  
 We'll hand in hand together treat;  
 Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,  
 And babe, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creature,  
 Whilst round my knees they fondly clung;  
 To see 'em look their mother's features,  
 To hear 'em kiss their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported  
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
 You'll in your girls again be courted,  
 And I go on in my boys.

172  
**A**H, dear *Marcella*! maid divine,  
 No more will I at fate repine,  
 If I this day behold thee mine,  
 For dearly do I love thee.

Thou shalt be my sweet employ,

May then no chance my hopes destroy,  
 For dearly do I love thee.

Sweet is the woodbine to the bee,  
 The rising sun to ev'ry tree,  
 But sweeter far art thou to me,  
 For dearly do I love thee.

And let me but behold thee mine,  
 No more will I at fate repine,  
 But while I live, thou maid divine,  
 With rapture will I love thee.

173  
**A**S down on *Banna's* banks I stray'd,  
 One evening in *May*,  
 The little birds, in blitheest notes,  
 Made vocal ev'ry spray:  
 They sung their little tales of love,  
 They sung them o'er and o'er.  
 Ah! gramachree, ma chollesnoug,  
 Ma *Molly* ashore!

The daisy py'd, and all the sweets,  
 The dawn of nature yields,  
 The primrose pale, and violet blue,  
 Lay scatter'd o'er the fields;  
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies,  
 Of her whom I adore.  
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,  
 Bewailing my sad fate,  
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love,  
 And cruel *Molly's* hate;  
 How can she break the honest heart,  
 That wears her in it's core?  
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, *Molly* dear:  
 Ah! why did I believe?  
 Yet who could think such tender words  
 Were meant but to deceive?  
 That love was all I wak'd on earth,  
 Nay, Heav'n could give no more  
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

the flocks that graze  
yellow hill;  
the numerous herds  
green pasture fill;  
I'd gladly share,  
d fleece store.  
ree, &c.

ves, above my head,  
on a bough,  
their happiness,  
bill and con;  
once for me he shew'd,  
las! 'tis o'er,  
ree, &c.

e well, my *Molly* dear,  
e'er shall mourn;  
nains in *Strepson's* heart,  
for thee alone;  
t false, may Heav'n on thee  
t blessings pour.  
ree, &c.

174  
grove I chanc'd to stray,  
*Phillis* on her way;  
ghtning to her arms,  
rapture on her charms;  
eal'd a modest flame,  
ry'd, O fye for shame.

aste I stole a kiss,  
ing *Phillis* look smil'd;  
e from her with a frown,  
e bold presuming clown;  
ess'd myself to blame,  
ry'd, O fye for shame.

as I told my love,  
y faith on things above;  
all her sex, was coy,  
vow, would not comply;  
'd she met my flame,  
ry'd, O fye for shame.  
*law, I quickly cry'd,*  
*illis be my bride;*

For hark, I hear the tinkling-bell;  
To church let's go? It pleas'd her well;  
And soon a kind compliance came,  
But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

Now *Hymen's* bands have made us one,  
The joys we taste to few are known.  
No jealous fears our bosoms move;  
For constant each, we truly love.  
She now declares I'm not to blame,  
Nor longer cries, O fye for shame.

175  
AS I went to the wake that is held on the green,  
I met with young *Phebe*, as blithe as a queen;  
A form so divine might an anchoret move,  
And I found (tho' a clown) I was smitten with love:  
So I ask'd for a kiss, but she, blushing, reply'd,  
Indeed, gentle shepherd, you must be deny'd.

Lovely *Phebe*, I cry'd, don't affect to be shy.  
I vow I will kiss you—here's nobody by;  
No matter for that, she reply'd, 'tis the same;  
For know, silly shepherd, I value my fame:  
So pray let me go, I shall surely be miss'd;  
Besides, I'm resolv'd that I will not be kiss'd.

Lord bless me! I cry'd, I'm surpris'd you refuse;  
A few harmless kisses but serve to amuse:  
The month it is *May*, and the season for love,  
So come my dear girl, to the wake let us rove.  
No, *Damon*, she cry'd, I must first be your wife,  
You then shall be welcome to kiss me for life.

Well, come then, I cry'd, to the church let us go,  
But after dear *Phebe* must never say no.  
Do you prove but true, (she reply'd) you shall find  
I'll ever be constant, good humour'd and kind.  
So I kiss when I please, for she ne'er says she won't,  
And I kiss her so much, that I wonder she don't.

176  
AWAKE, thou blithesome god of day,  
Invites each songster round,  
Let ev'ry heart be blithe and gay,  
The world with mirth abound;  
*Beisy's* sweet seraphic charms  
In raptures now I sing,

Soon let her prison be my arms,  
And I'll thy tribute bring,

Ye regents, who the realms above  
With godlike sweetness guard;  
Fair *Betsy's* heart invade with love,  
Her faithful swain reward;  
If not, avault! ye gods divine,  
Contented let me die,

My *Betsy's* eyes much brighter shine  
Than all your spangled sky.

No longer boast your lilies fair.  
Now rustier seems your snow,  
With *Betsy's* skin their white compare.  
Where new born roses grow;  
Yours sun that gilds the realms above,  
A distant heat may give,  
But *Betsy's* eyes will always prove  
How sweet it is to live.

177  
AS flows the cool and purling rill,  
In silver masses down the hill,  
It cheers the myrtle, and the vine,  
That in each other's foliage twine:

So streams from the maternal heart,  
What tender nature can impart;  
Thus happy, in my arms to fold,  
And to my heart *Almena* hold.

178  
AH, happy hours, how fleeting  
Ye danc'd on down away;  
When, my soft vows repeating,  
At *Daphne's* feet I lay!

But from her charms when sunder'd,  
As *Midas* frowns preface;  
Each hour will seem an hundred,  
Each day appear an age.

179  
BRIGHT *Cynthia's* power, divinely great,  
What heart is no obeying?  
A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,  
And in her eyes are playing.

She seems the queen of love to reign;  
For she alone dispenses  
Such sweets as best can entertain  
The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings;  
Her breath gives balmy blisses;  
I hear an angel when she sings,  
And taste of heav'n in kisses.

Four senses thus she seizes with joy,  
From nature's richest treasure:  
Let me the other sense employ,  
And I shall die with pleasure.

180  
BELINDA, with affected mien,  
Tries ev'ry power of art;  
Yet finds her efforts all in vain,  
To gain a single heart:  
Whilst *Chloe*, in a different way,  
Aims but herself to please,  
And makes new conquests every day,  
Without one borrow'd grace.

*Belinda's* haughty air destroys  
What native charms inspire;  
While *Chloe's* artless, shining eyes,  
Set all the world on fire.  
*Belinda* may our pity move,  
But *Chloe* gives us pain;  
And while she smiles us into love,  
Her sister frowns in vain.

181  
By the side of a stream, at the foot of a  
I met with young *Phoebe* who lives at the  
My heart leapt with joy at so pleasing a sight  
For *Phoebe*, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side  
And swore the next morning I'd make her  
In anger she said, Get out of my sight,  
And go to your *Phyllis*; you met her last  
Surpriz'd, I reply'd Pray, explain what you  
I never, I vow, with young *Phyllis* was in

What my *Phoebe* is at.  
 e cry'd; well, I love you for that.

met her last night on this spot?  
 you can't have forgot;  
 story this morning from *Mat*,  
 y it; I love you for that.

d, dearest *Phoebe* believe,  
 r, and means to deceive;  
 ow he has ruin'd young *Pat*,  
 armer must hate him for that.

the cry'd, if you mean to be kind  
 know the true state of your mind:  
 i'd her; she gave me a pat,  
 ife, and she loves me for that.

— 182 —  
 orn's empurpling light  
 nbe shades of night,  
 hts to *Nancy* rove,  
 the maid I love.

hambers of the East,  
 glories dress'd,  
 ing sun I see,  
 s less fair than she.

re of the fields,  
 a rich *India* yields,  
 ul to my eye  
 carest maid is nigh.

's crimson dyes,  
 : of her eyes;  
 is of flow'rs treads,  
 arms, and droop their heads.

ous, and ye vain,  
 eas, and your pain;  
 es I resign,  
 only mine.

ve, I would defy  
 and envy fly;  
 e without a care,  
 ; or a fear.

— 183 —  
**BY** a cool fountain's flow'ry side,  
 The bright *Celinda* lay;  
 Her looks increas'd the summer's pride;  
 Her eyes the bloom of day.  
 The roseta blush'd with despair'd,  
 To see their charms out-done;  
 The lilies sunk beneath their bed,  
 To see such rival's shown.

Quick through the air, to his retreat,  
 A bee industrious flew;  
 Prepar'd to taste ev'ry sweet,  
 And sip the balmy dew.

Drawn by the fragrance of her breath,  
 Her rosy lips he found;  
 Where he in transports met his death,  
 And dropt upon the ground.

Enjoy, blest bee! enjoy thy fate,  
 Nor at thy fall repine;  
 Each god wou'd quit his blissful state,  
 To share a joy like thine.

— 184 —  
**BEAUTY** and music charm the soul,  
 Tho' separate in the fair;  
 What mortal can their pow'r controul,  
 When heav'n has join'd them there?  
 What needed, then, my *Galila*'s art,  
 To sing or touch the lyre?  
 Your charms before had won my heart,  
 'Twas adding flame to fire.

— 185 —  
**CAN** the shepherds and nymphs of the grove  
 Condemn me for dropping a tear;  
 Or lamenting aloud as I rove,  
 Since *Susan* no longer is here?  
 My flocks, if at random they stray,  
 What wonder, since she's from the plain?  
 Her hand they were wont to obey,  
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swain.

186

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that have  
One morning I rang'd o'er the plain; [stray'd,  
But, alas! after all my researches were made,  
I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeless my lambs to restore,  
I resolv'd to return back again;  
It was useless I thought, to seek after them more,  
Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty *Phæbe* I saw,  
And to love her I could not refrain;  
To solicit a kiss I approach'd her with awe,  
But she told me my labour was vain:

But, *Phæbe* I cry'd, to my suit lend an ear,  
And let me no longer complain:  
She reply'd with a frown, and an aspect severe,  
Young *Collin*, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly clasp'd her quite close to my breast,  
And kiss'd her, and kiss'd her again;  
O *Collin*, she cry'd, if you're rude, I protest  
That your labour shall still be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kisses and vows,  
Compassion she took on my pain;  
She now has consented to make me her spouse,  
So no longer I labour in vain.

187

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of *Celia* to sing,  
For emblems of beauty I search'd thro' the spring;  
To flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet maid,  
But flowers, tho' blowing, at ev'ning may fade.  
Of sunshine and breezes I next thought to write,  
Of breezes so calm, and of sunshine so bright;  
But these with my fair no resemblance will hold,  
For sun sets at night, and breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild evening array'd in pale blue,  
And the sunbeams behind 'em peep'd glittering thro'  
Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise,  
Yet methought they look'd something like *Celia's*  
sweet eyes;

*These beauties are transient; but Celia's will last  
When spring, & when summer, & autumn, are past;*

For sense and good-humour  
And the soul of my *Celia* er

At length, on a fruit-tree  
Which beauty d'play'd, an  
I then thought the muses b  
This blossom, I cry'd, wil  
These colours, so gay, and  
This delicate texture, and  
Be her person's dear emblem  
In nature, a beauty that ea

This blossom, now pleasing  
Must languish at first, and  
But behind it the fruit, its  
By nature disrob'd of its be  
So *Celia*, when youth, that  
By her virtues improv'd, sh  
Shall recall ev'ry beauty tha  
When her merit is ripen'd

18

THO' women, 'tis true,  
Yet nature does their first  
Their will is too strong to  
They're obstinate still til

In vain you attack 'em with  
Your sorrows you only f  
Disputing is always high tr  
No woman was e'er in tl

Relief must be in resignatio  
For if you appear once c  
Perhaps the dear fair in co  
May then condescend to

18

SYLVIA, wilt thou wast  
Strange to the joys of lo  
Thou hast youth, and that  
Ev'ry minute to improv  
Round thee wilt thou neve  
Little wanton girls and t  
Sweetly founding in thy ear  
Sweetly founding in thy ear  
Infant prate and mother

A little dove,  
 g to his mate;  
 roof of love,  
 his kisses wait.  
 warming nightingale,  
 from spray to spray,  
 an am'rous tale,  
 &c.

He strives to say,  
 soul reveal  
 the thousandth part  
 as lovers feel  
 change of heart;  
 g, would'st thou say,  
 from hence remove;  
 thrown away,  
 thrown away,  
 not spend in love.

190  
 fe, were you my wife,  
 should I be;  
 e, in peace and war,  
 pleasure thee.  
 own, from town to town,  
 iers rove,  
 queen, in chaise marine,  
 ke queen of love.  
 se, beyond the skies,  
 poils of war,  
 gree to follow me,  
 ggage car;  
 ho' in distress,  
 ves is seen;  
 ach, has more reproach,  
 chaise marine.

d your love in gold,  
 heart on gain;  
 , with all their state,  
 e care and pain:  
 , I pay no rent,  
 trouble see,  
 I get my pay,  
 verily.

Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,  
 Who lead ignoble lives,  
 Nor deign to smile on men so vile,  
 Who fight none but their wives:  
 For Britain's right, and you we fight,  
 And ev'ry ill defy,  
 Should but the fair reward our care,  
 With love and constancy.

If sighs nor groans, nor tender means,  
 Can't win your harden'd heart,  
 Let love in arms, with all his charms,  
 Then take a soldier's part;  
 With fife and drum, the soldier's come,  
 And all the pomp of war,  
 Then don't think mean of chaise marine,  
 'Tis love's triumphant car.

200  
 DEAR *Sally*, thy charms have undone me,  
 They've robb'd me of freedom and joy;  
 Then dearest, sweet *Sally*, smile on me,  
 For death is my fate if thou'rt coy:  
 Be cautious, dear charmer, in slaying,  
 Since murder's so heinous, comply;  
 And torture me not with delaying  
 What ev'ry cross chit can deny.

Consider, my angel, why nature  
 In forming you took such delight?  
 Don't think you were made that fair creature  
 For nought but to dazzle the sight:  
 No; Jove, when he gave you those graces,  
 Intended you wholly for love;  
 And gave you the fairest of faces,  
 The kindest of females to prove:

Besides, pretty maiden, remember,  
 The flower that's blooming in May  
 Is wither'd and shrunk in December,  
 And cast unregarded away:  
 So it fares with each scornful young charmer,  
 Who takes at her lover distaste;  
 She trifles till thirty disarm her,  
 And then dies forsaken at last.

NOT long ago how blithe was I !

My heart was then at rest ;  
I knew not what it was to fight,  
Of love I made a jest.  
But soon I found 'twas all in vain  
To thwart the urchin's will ;  
For now I'm forc'd to drag the chain  
For *Fanny* of the hill.

When walking out upon the green,  
We chance to toy and kiss,  
The lads and lasses vent their spleen,  
In envy of the bliss.

By turns they censure ev'ry part,  
Her face, her shape, and air ;  
But let 'em rail, with all my heart,  
If I but think her fair.

With golden locks her head is grac'd,  
That fan each dimpled cheek ;  
With lips might tempt e'en Jove to taste,  
And eyes which seem to speak.  
If then such beauties she displays,  
Yet palt'ry critics hence ;  
For such a form was made for praise,  
And not to give offence.

Great gods ! who made mankind your care,  
And judge unseen above ;  
For once be grateful to my pray'r,  
Give me the girl I love :  
That when possess'd of *Fanny's* charms,  
The world I may defy ;  
And when you snatch her from my arms,  
With pleasure then I'll die.

THE topsails shiver in the wind,  
The ship she casts to sea,  
But yet my sole, my heart, my mind,  
Are, *Mary*, moor'd with thee ;  
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,  
Still love shall be his leading star.  
Should landsmen flatter, when we're sail'd,  
O doubt their artful tales,

No gallant sailor ever fail'd,  
If love breath'd constant gales ;  
Thou art the compass of my soul,  
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.  
These are our cases ; but if you're kind,  
We'll scorn the dashing main,  
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,  
'Till we return again.  
Now *England's* glory taste with you,  
Our sails are full, sweet girl, adieu.

WHENCE comes my love ? oh must it  
It comes from cheeks that shame the rose,  
From lips above the ruby's praise,  
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze  
Whence then, alas ! my cause of morn ?  
Ah me ! 'tis from a heart of stone.

Her blush bespeaks a modest mind,  
Her lips all words of gentlest kind ;  
Her eyes provoke to soft desire,  
And seems to promise mutual fire :  
Yet all these charms but cause my morn,  
For, ah ! her heart is made of stone.

Ah ! why are lover's doom'd to find,  
In forms so fair, so cold a mind ?  
O *Venus* ! take your gifts again,  
Since all your gifts occasion pain ;  
Charms are but lovely sources of woe,  
When charms are join'd with heart of stone.

A Twelvemonth & more I had courted you,  
And offer'd to wed her and make her my  
But the silly damsel was froward and shy,  
And always declar'd she a maiden would be.  
" You know, my dear *Kitty*, one evening  
" What danger awaits if you die an old maid  
" The sentence is cruel, then prythee say  
Yet still she declar'd, she a maiden would be  
But for an old gypsey, I vow and declare,  
*Kate* had dy'd an old maid, and I dy'd woe  
But she, by me tutor'd, soon made her choice  
And *Kitty* now fear'd not a maiden's choice

and marriage by destiny weat,  
 Hur'd her, which made her relent;  
 next day, and with looks very shy,  
 I fear'd she no maiden should die.

charm'd me, I made her my wife,  
 I shall be happy for life;  
 find like the conjugal tie,  
 & wishes a maiden to die.

205

weigh'd it, and find it but just,  
 like a man either blessed or curs'd;  
 marry, ah! can I but find,  
 my young lasses, the maid to my mind.

the miss, who advice will despise,  
 it's so foolish to think herself wise;  
 & all men alike would prove kind,  
 for there is the maid to my mind.

who in public will never be free,  
 for ever a toying will be;  
 & too forward, nor just that unkind,  
 for there is the maid to my mind.

for pleasure her husband will slight,  
 & some who thinks always she's right  
 dupe to the fashion's inclin'd;  
 for there is a maid to my mind.

with good-nature and carriage genteel;  
 and can love, and no secrets reveal;  
 I may virtue with modesty find;  
 this only's the maid to my mind.

206

bewitching tricks of love  
 your heart secure,  
 aths of sense you rove,  
 mature,  
 mature.  
 Is there wisdom's glass,  
 naked eye:  
 look sharp, take care,  
 & many a fly,  
 many a fly.

Not only on their hands and necks

The borrow'd white you'll find;

Some bells, when interest directs,

Can even paint the mind, &c.

Joy in distress they can express,

Their very tears can lye:

Gallants beware, &c.

There's not a spinster in the realm

But all mankind can cheat,

Down to the cottage from the helm

The learn'd, the brave, the great, &c.

With lovely looks, and golden hooks,

T'entangle us they try:

Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,

Was earth of parchment made;

Was ev'ry single stick a quill;

Each man a scribe by trade, &c.

To write the tricks of half the sex.

Would suck that ocean dry:

Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,

The blind cat may a fly, &c.

207

YE swains that are courting a maid,

Be warn'd and instructed by me:

Tho' small experience I've had,

I'll give you good counsel and free.

For women are changeable things,

And seldom a moment the same,

As time a variety brings,

Their looks new humours proclaim,

Their looks new humours proclaim.

But he who in love would succeed,

And his mistress's favour obtain,

Must mind it as sure as his creed,

To make hay while the sun is serene.

There's a season to conquer the fair,

And that's when they're merry and gay;

To catch the occasion take care,

When 'tis gone in vain you'll stay, &c.



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 202
 

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I Tell with equal truth and grief,  
That *Cleoe* is an ardent thief;  
Before the urchin well could go,  
She stole the whiteness of the snow;  
And more, that whiteness to adorn,  
She stole the blushes of the morn.  
She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,  
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;  
The cherry, steep'd in morning-dew,  
Gave moisture to her lips hue;  
These were her infant-spoils, a store,  
To which in time she added more.

At twelve she stole from *Cypris'* queen  
Her air and love-commanding mien;  
Stole *Juno's* dignity, and stole  
From *Pallas* sense to charm the soul.  
*Apollo's* wit was next her prey;  
Her next the beam that lights the day.

There's no repeating all her wiles;  
She stole the graces winning smiles;  
She sung, amaz'd the *Syrens* heard,  
And to assert their voice appear'd;  
She play'd, the muses from their hill  
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill.

Great *Jove* approv'd her crimes and art,  
And t'other day she stole my heart.  
If lovers, *Cupid*, are thy care,  
Exert thy vengeance on the fair;  
To trial bring her stolen charms,  
And let her prison be—my arms.

---

 209
 

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MISTAKEN fair, lay *Sherlock* by,  
His doctrine is deceiving;  
For whilst he teaches us to die,  
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know  
Too soon without a master;  
Then let us only study now  
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bless, be blest  
With mutual inclination;  
Share then my ardour in your breast,  
And kindly meet my passion.  
But if thus blest I may not live,  
And pity you deny,  
To me at least your *Sherlock* give,  
'Tis I must learn to die.

---

 210
 

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WHEN first I sought fair *Celia's* love,  
And ev'ry charm was new,  
I swore by all the gods above,  
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,  
Long wept and sigh'd in vain;  
She still protected, vow'd and swore  
She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last, o'ercome, she made me blest  
And yielded all her charms;  
And I forsook her when possess'd,  
And fled to other arms.

But let not this, dear *Celia*, now  
Thy breast to rage incline;  
For why, since you forgot your vow,  
Should I remember mine?

---

 211
 

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MY time, O ye muses, was happily  
When *Phæbe* went with me whenever  
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my  
Sure never fond shepherd like *Collin* was  
But now she is gone and has left me be  
What a marvellous change on a sudden!  
When things were as fine as could possi  
I thought it was spring, but alas! it wa  
The fountain that us'd to run sweetly  
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles  
Thou know'st, little *Cupid*, if *Phæbe* w  
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music  
But now she is absent, I walk by its side  
And still as it murmurs to nothing but

So cheerful whilst I go in pain ? {plain  
with your bubbling, and hear me com-

us ever well pleased to see  
ng his tail to my fair one and me;  
was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,  
poor fellow, and patted his head :  
as he's frowning I with a sour look  
and give him a blow with my crook ;  
him another, for why should not *Tray*  
his master when *Phoebe's* away ?

went with us both all the wood thro'  
noet, thrush, and nightingale too ;  
us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,  
eat the grasshopper under our feet :  
is absent, tho' still they sing on,  
re but lonely, the melody's gone ;  
the concert, as now I have found,  
sing else an agreeable sound.

ing power, that hears me complain,  
disquiet, or soften my pain ?  
thou must, *Calin*, thy passion remove ;  
ain is so silly to live without love ?  
id the dear nymph to return,  
a poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.  
all I do ? I shall die with despair :  
all ye swains, how you love one so fair.

212

he man kind, & keep true to the bed,  
choice or your destiny brings you to wed  
rom a friend that experience has taught  
nce you know never fails, when 'tis  
you praetis'd at first to insure {thought  
little arts, as in battle are fair ;}  
treats, or prudence, or wit were the bait,  
still be cover'd, and still play the cheat.

ney another, upbraid not his flame ;  
him is never the way to reclaim :  
recover than conquer the heart,  
nature, but that is all art.

to them what a face is to you : {due :  
as, like us, they'll but think is their

And he'll give you perfections at present unknown,  
Doubt the strength of your judgment compar'd to his  
[own

Tho' you learn that your rival his bounty partakes,  
And your meriting favour ungrateful forsakes ;  
Still, still deponair, kind, engaging, and free,  
Be deaf tho' you hear, and be blind tho' you see !

213

Come all you young lovers, who wan with despair  
Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair ;  
Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms,  
And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms :  
Be wise by example, take pattern by me,  
For let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free,

By *Jove* I'll be free,

For let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free.

Young *Daphne* I saw, in the net I was caught,  
I ly'd and I flatter'd as custom had taught ;  
I press'd her to bliss, which she granted full soon,  
But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon :  
She, vow'd she was ruin'd, I said it might be ;  
I'm sorry, my dear, but by *Jove* I'll be free, &c.

The next was young *Phillis* as bright as the morn,  
The love that I proffer'd she treated with scorn ;  
I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,  
That none could be handsome but such as were kind  
Her pride and ill-nature were lost upon me.  
For in spite of fair faces, by *Jove* I'll be free, &c.

Let others call marriage the labour of joys,  
Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise ;  
Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange rage,  
Like birds that sing best when they're put in a cage,  
Confinement's the devil, 'twas he'er made for me :  
Let who will be bond slaves, by *Jove* I'll be free, &c.

Then let the brisk bumper run over the glass,  
In a toast to the young and the beautiful lass,  
Who, yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,  
Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool :  
I'll bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee,  
For in spite of grave lessons, by *Jove* I'll be free, &c.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,  
The western clouds were lin'd with gold,  
The sky was clear, the winds were still,  
The flocks were pent within the fold;  
When from the silence of the grove  
Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose  
From the bare rock or oozy beach,  
Who from each barren weed that grows  
Expects the grape or blushing peach,  
With equal faith may hope to find  
The truth of love in womankind.

I have no herds, no steepe care,  
No fields that wave with golden grain,  
No pastures green, nor garden fair,  
A damsel's venal heart to gain:  
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,  
For I, alas! have nought but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,  
Since women's hearts are bought and sold!  
They ask not vows of sacred truth;  
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold:  
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove.  
But I, alas! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of *India's* coast,  
What wealth, what treasure can suffice?  
Not all their fire can ever boast  
The living lustre of her eyes:  
For these the world to cheap would prove,  
But I, alas! have nought but love.

Oh *Sylvia*! since nor gems nor ore,  
Can with your brighter charms compare,  
Consider that I proffer more,  
More seldom found—a heart sincere:  
Let treasure meaner beauties move;  
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

NO glory I covet, do riches I want,  
Ambition is nothing to me;

The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant,  
Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,  
By reason my life let me square:  
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd  
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings, which providence freely has  
I'll justly and gratefully prize;  
While sweet meditation and cheerful content  
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions  
Uneasy I'll challenge my part;  
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey  
Contributes to gladden my heart:

How vainly, through infinite trouble and  
The many their labours employ!  
Since all that is truly delightful in life,  
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a  
With my fair one as blooming as *May*, full  
Undisturbed by all but the sighs of the breeze  
Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward  
For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,  
And see the rays dance as inverted he shines  
On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I on the verge as we  
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme)  
Our shadows may view in the watery glass,  
While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, & the lambs  
When she sings me some amorous strain!  
All be silent and hush'd, unless echo repeat  
The kind words and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,  
Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,  
Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves  
Just direct us and cheer us our way.

hlingale warble its note in our walk,  
 gently and slowly we move;  
 gle thought be express'd in our walk,  
 d this improv'd into love.

ented each day with these rural delights,  
 re from ambition's alarms,  
 nd repose shall divide all our nights,  
 a morning shall rise with new charms.

— 217 —  
 ming damsel, whose defence  
 ine innocence,  
 o guardian to attend  
 for modesty's her friend.  
 ir arms are weak to wield  
 ng spear, and massy shield;  
 m force and fraud combin'd,  
*Maxen* in mind.

rtillery she goes  
 ongst the harmless beaux,  
 hurt and undismay'd,  
 ong sword and fierce cockade,  
 yren as she talks,  
 oddest as she walks,  
 each motion guides,  
 a o'er her tongue presides.

! *Russia's* show'ry plains,  
 rpetual winter reigns;  
 its may rave and range.  
 d mind will never change.  
 mbition, in thy tow'rs,  
 more dangerous golden show'rs;  
 she'd spurn the venal tribe,  
 r arms against the bribe.

efenceless and alone,  
 n the torrid zone,  
 e there might vainly vie  
 ight lustre of her eye;  
 ' self, with all his fire,  
 one unchaste thought inspires;  
 path she'd still pursue,  
 air, would copy you,

— 218 —  
 W Hene'er I meet my *Celia's* eyes,  
 Sweet raptures in my bosom rise,  
 My feet forgot to move;  
 She too declines her lovely head,  
 Soft blushes o'er her cheeks are spread:  
 Sure this is mutual love!

My beating heart is wrapt in bliss,  
 Whene'er I steal a tender kiss  
 Beneath the silent grove;  
 She strives to frown, and puts me by,  
 Yet anger dwells not in her eye:  
 Sure this is mutual love!

And once, oh! once, the dearest maid,  
 As on her breast my head was laid,  
 Some secret impulse drove;  
 Me, me, her gentle arms caress'd,  
 And to her bosom closely press'd:  
 Sure this was mutual love.

Transported with her blooming charms,  
 A soft desire my bosom warms  
 Forbidden joys to prove:  
 Trembling for fear she should comply,  
 She from my arms prepares to fly,  
 Tho' warm'd with mutual love.

Oh! stay, I cry'd—let *Hymen's* bands  
 This moment join our willing hands,  
 And all thy fears remove:  
 She blush'd consent, her fears suppress'd,  
 And now we live, supremely bless'd,  
 A life of mutual love.

— 219 —  
 T HO' cruel you seem to my pain,  
 And hate me because I am true;  
 Yet, *Phyllis*, you love a false swain.  
 Who has other nymphs in his views  
 Enjoyment's a trifle to him;  
 'To me what a heaven 'twould be!  
 To him but a woman you seem,  
 But ah! you're an angel to me.

Those lips which he touches in haste,  
To them I for ever could grow;  
Still clinging around that dear waist,  
Which he spans as beside him you go.  
That arm, like a lily so white,  
Which over his shoulders you lay,  
My bosom could warm it all night,  
My lips they would press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,  
Were graces my subjects to be,  
I'd leave 'em and fly to the plain,  
To dwell in a cottage with thee.  
But if I must feel thy disdain,  
If tears cannot cruelly drown,  
Oh! let me not live in this pain,  
But give me any death in a frown.

220

COME, take your glass, the northern lass,  
So prettily advis'd;  
I drank her health, and really was  
Agreeably surpris'd.

Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet,  
Her air and mien so free;  
The *Syrén* charm'd me from my meat,  
But take your drink, said she.

If from the north such beauty came,  
How is it that I feel  
Within my 'breast that glowing flame,  
No tongue can e'er reveal?

Tho' cold and raw the north wind blow,  
All summer on her breast;  
Her skin was like the driven snow,  
But sun-shine all the rest.

Her heart may southern climates melt,  
Tho' frozen now it seems;  
That joy with pain be equal felt,  
And balanc'd in extremes.

Then like our genial wine she'll charm,  
With love my panting breast;  
Me, like our sun, her heart shall warm;  
'Twice to all this rest.

FANNY, fairer than a flower,  
But uncertain as the wind,  
Ever trifling with her power  
Meant alone to bless mankind;  
Now with smiles her face adorning,  
She to love my heart invites;  
But if love I offer, scornings,  
She with frowns my passion slights.  
Oh! thou god of pleasing anguish,  
If indeed a god you be,  
Teach the tyrant how to languish,  
Make her heart and eyes agree:  
But if wilful she refuses  
To obey the power divine;  
Make the man whom first she chafes,  
Treat her heart as she does mine.

222

FAREWEL to *Lochabar*, and farewell  
Where he is come with thee I've seen;  
For *Lochabar* no more, *Lochabar* not  
I'll may be return to *Lochabar* no more  
These tears that I shed they are a' for  
And nae for the dangers attending o'  
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far ble  
May be to return to *Lochabar* no more  
Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like  
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder  
That's naething like leaving my k  
To leave thee behind my heart is  
By ease that's inglorious no fame  
And beauty and love's the reward  
And I must deserve it before I ca  
Then glory, my *Jenny*, maun p!  
Since honour commands me ho  
Without it I ne'er can have me  
And, without thy favour, I'd b  
I gae then, my lass, to win ho  
And if I should luck to come,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with  
And then I'll leave thee w/

223  
the bustle, care, and strife,  
variegated life,  
I spend my days  
trifling with a friend,  
I mind I may unbend,  
I heed or praise,

cares—I ask not wealth;  
but peace and health,  
the great.  
we can make me blest'd;  
like of East and West,  
at these or state.

extravagant nor near,  
the well-spent chequer'd year,  
tough to live;  
little with a friend,  
distress, ne'er lend,  
freely give.

wish, to sweeten life,  
and, good-natur'd wife,  
visible, and fair;  
old love but me alone,  
to e'er a throne,  
my e'ry care.

with my wife and friend,  
carefully would spend,  
as thoughts oppress'd,  
a bliss for me in store,  
this, I ask no more,  
truly blest'd.

224  
on my truth relying,  
to your cares applying,  
sorrow flying,  
peace, and love your break.

by the pow'rs that hear us,  
and protectors near us,  
troubles safely flee us  
of joy and rest.

225  
FAIR *Iris* I love, and I hourly lie,  
But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye,  
She's fickle and false, and there we agree,  
For I am as false and as fickle as she,  
We neither believe what either can say,  
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to hear, and to say things of couple,  
We mean not the taking for better for worse,  
When present we love, when absent agree,  
I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me,  
The legend of love no couple can find,  
So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

226  
HENCE with caution, hence with fear,  
Beauty prompts, and naught shall stop me;  
Boldly for that prize I steer;  
Rocks, nor winds, nor waves dismay me.

Yet, rash lover, look behind,  
Think what evils may beside you;  
Love and fortune both are blind,  
And you have none else to guide you.

227  
HOW can you, lovely *Nancy*, thus cruelly slight  
A lover, who's wretched when banish'd your sight?  
Who for your sake alone thinks life worth his care,  
Whom once if you frown on, must die in despair.

If you meant thus to torture, ah why did your eyes  
Once express so much softness, and sweetly surprise?  
By their lustre inflam'd, I could hardly believe  
A language so artless was meant to deceive.

But, alas! like the pilgrim bewilder'd in night,  
Who sees a false splendor at a distance invite,  
O'erjoy'd hastens on, pursues it and dies;  
A like fate attends me when away *Nancy* flies.

Then fairest, but cruel, consider that love,  
Will, like sickness neglected, more desperate prove;  
That your heart may relent, I implore the kind pow'rs  
Since I'm constant as your sex, be not fickle as ours.

— 228 —

**I** AM a poor shepherd, undone,  
 And cannot be cured by art;  
 For a nymph, as bright as the sun,  
 Has stole away my heart;  
 And how to get it again  
 There's none but she can tell,  
 To cure me of my pain,  
 By saying she loves the well.  
 And alas, poor shepherd! & alack, & a well-a-day!  
 Before I was in love, oh! every month was *May*.  
 If to love she should not incline,  
 I told her I'd die in an hour.  
 To die, says she, 'tis in thine;  
 But to love, 'tis not in my power.  
 I ask'd her the reason why  
 She could not of me approve;  
 She said 'twas a task too hard,  
 To give any reason for love.  
 And alas, &c.  
 She ask'd me of my estate;  
 I told her a flock of sheep;  
 The grass whereto they graze,  
 Where she and I might sleep;  
 Besides a good ten pound,  
 In old king *Harry's* groats,  
 With hooks and crooks abound,  
 And birds of sundry notes.  
 And alas, &c.

— 229 —

**M**Y *Betty* is the blitheft maid  
 That e'er young shepherd woo'd,  
 She has at length my heart betray'd,  
 Alas! do all I could.  
 For shape, for air, and manners too,  
 None can with her compare;  
 O would she but be kind and true,  
 I'd soon my love declare,  
*When'er I see her beauteous face,*  
*My heart with joy does burn;*  
*When'er she's absent from the place,*  
*A long for her return,*

If she all others would forsake,  
 And fly to me alone,  
 What pleasure I with her should take,  
 While they their loss bemoan!  
 I'd bless the day that first I knew  
 My charming *Betty* fair;  
 And all my life should be to show  
 She was my only care.  
 I'd vow to wed next *Whitsunday*,  
 And make her bless'd for life;  
 Should she refuse then, madams, say,  
 To be young *Johnny's* wife?

— 230 —

**M**Y *Fanny* was as fair a maid  
 As any in the town,  
 And I as stout and lively lad  
 As e'er mow'd clover down;  
 When she agreed to tie the knot,  
 I thought of nothing else,  
 I thought of nothing else:  
 The knot was tied,  
*Fan* was my bride,  
 Nor did I grudge the king his lot,  
 When ding-dong went the bells,  
 When, &c.  
 Our sugar kisses, honey words,  
 We never thought too much;  
 I dare be sworn no knight or lord  
 E'er gave their ladies such.  
 To plow went I, to spin went she,  
 And all the parish tells,  
 How *Ralph* and *Fan*,  
 Their loves began,  
 With joys that none can greater be,  
 When ding-dong went the bells.  
 Rare times were these—but ah! how soon  
 Do wedlock's comforts fall!  
 The days that were the honey moon  
 Are wormwood now and gall.  
 What'er of furies they invent  
 Broke out from *Fanny's* cell,

now may see  
an and me,  
cold, and both repent,  
one went the bells.

231

unbounded ransoms o'er the plains,  
the smiles of the damsels & swains,  
the last team of harvest along,  
their toils with a dance and a song;  
plenty that blesses the year,  
approach they behold without fear,  
pests rattle, and hurricanes roar,  
they have, & ne'er languish for more.  
In them let us learn to be wise,  
moment of life as it flies;  
in spring-time, which all must im-  
mature an harvest of love: [prove,  
a provident care should engage,  
in store for the winter of age,  
shall disarm ev'n *Cerberus's* bright eye—  
take place then of youth's fiercer joy.

232

mind of womankind,  
it is this,  
're design'd  
to amiss.  
be they wives,  
give our lives;  
strong, cunning, vain,  
and give men pain.  
ay and night,  
our delight;  
all prevent  
the intent,  
turn about,  
never out.

233

I'm going, and all the day long,  
one, or alone in a throng,

I find that my passions fallibly and strong, [long  
That your name, when d'm silent, runs still in my  
Sing *Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,*  
A kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose;  
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes;  
So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,  
By *St. Patrick* I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.  
Sing *Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,*  
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,  
Unless you comply, and poor *Phelim* will have;  
And grant the petition your lover does crave,  
Who never was free till you made him your slave.  
Sing *Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,*  
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,  
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut & I'll stride  
In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,  
As before you I walk to the church by your side.  
Sing *Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,*  
Your little white fist for me.

234

WITH *Delia* ever could I stay;  
Admire, adore her all the day;  
In the same field our flocks we'll feed,  
To the same spring our heifers lead.  
What joy where peace and love combine,  
To make our days unclouded shine!

Teach me, ye maids, ev'ry art,  
More deeply to engage her heart;  
I strive not to resist my flame;  
I glory in a captive's name;  
Nor would I if I could be free,  
But boast my loss of liberty.

235

WITH doubts and fears, for her I love,  
My heart is still distress'd;  
Afflicted as the plaintive dove,  
When plunder'd of her nest,

When?



When sad and moaning, all the day,  
She pines in solitude away.

Fly, fly, oh! fly, ye minutes, fly,  
On time's expanded wings,  
Till my *Alma* stops the sigh  
That for her safety springs;  
Guard her sweet innocence and charms,  
And safe conduct her to these arms.

— 236 —  
**YOU** say what charm in *Nancy's* face  
This foolish heart has stole;  
O can I name one striking grace—  
Not I upon my soul:  
But sure a certain something's there  
This bosom must adore;  
A something not exactly fair,  
But yet extremely more.

A finer face, perhaps, may try  
A greater share of art;  
But that can only strike the eye,  
And never touch the heart:  
Less native force, experience fees,  
Attends a fairer form;  
For that can only hope to please,  
But never think to charm.

Yet say my passion is misplac'd,  
I live for her alone:  
Pray which should I consult—your taste,  
Or gratify my own?  
Our friendship, if you kindly cease,  
Your silence best secures;  
Nor think I can destroy my peace,  
To please a w him of your's.

— 237 —  
**ASK** not the cause why follen spring  
So long delays her flowers to bear;  
Why warbling birds forget to sing,  
And winter storms invert the year:  
*Chloris* is gone, and fate provides  
To make it spring where she resides.

*Chloris* is gone, the cruel fair;  
She cast not back her pity:  
But left her lover in despair,  
To sigh, to languish, and to  
Ah! how can those fair eyes e  
To give the wounds they will  
Great god of love, why hast th  
A face that can all hearts  
That all religions can invade,  
And change the laws of ev'  
Where thou had'st plac'd such  
Thou should'st have made her

When *Chloris* to the temple  
Adoring crowds before her  
She can restore the dead from  
And ev'ry life but mine rec  
I only am by love design'd  
To be the victim for mankind

— 238 —  
**AS** I saw fair *Chloe* walk alo  
The feather'd snow came soft  
Like *Jove* descending from h  
To court her in a silver show  
The wanton flakes flew to he  
As little birds into their nest  
But being overcome with w  
For grief dissolv'd into a tear  
Thence flowing down her ga  
To deck her, froze into a ger

— 238 —  
**ADVISE** your friend, grav  
I find a strange, unusual sma  
'Tis here—sierce symptoms

'Tis pleasure, pain, a mix'd  
My pulse examine, here's y  
What think you can my sic  
A lover!—'tis my case, too  
O ease me straight—I'll not  
Prescribe, I'll follow close.

of speech or pen)  
 life with other men,  
 what expedient then?

A rope.

— 240 —  
 rural fair,  
 the beauties there,  
 red, and green, and blue,  
 the motley crew!

the petty hawk'd her cows,  
 the bread a spouse;  
 talking pinn'd her hood,  
 ark of flesh and blood.

dy cheapen'd toys,  
 er strain'd her voice;  
 join nymphs of birth,  
 ow'r's enamel'd earth.  
 dies seem'd to me  
 mimic quality;  
 s charms, and awkward ways,  
 nicer fancy please.

n'd, and look'd again,  
 nny in the train,  
 uth and beauty gay,  
 queen of May.

en, and high-born race,  
 the village lass;  
 t which crowns the feast,  
 nds for all the rest.

re faunt'ring youth  
 it with gaping mouth,  
 a apple meets his taste,  
 ts with spitt'ring haste.

ews the Cath'rine pear,  
 rm, and colours rare;  
 ut to reach he skips,  
 ave it at his lips.

— 241 —  
 clinda, hither fly,  
 ight discover,  
 at sun supply,  
 drooping lover,

Arise, my day, with speed arise,  
 And all my sorrows banish;  
 Before the sun of thy bright eyes  
 All gloomy terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,  
 And curse the hoarded treasure:  
 Why should you love to give us pain,  
 When you were made for pleasure?

The petty pow'rs of hell destroy,  
 To save's the pride of heaven;  
 To you the first, if you prove coy,  
 If kind, the last is given.

The choice then sure's not hard to make  
 Betwixt the good and evil;  
 Which title had you rather take,  
 My goddess, or my devil?

— 242 —  
 ASSIT me ev'ry tuneful bard,  
 Oh, lend me all your skill,  
 In choicest lays that I may praise,  
 Dear Nanny of the hill:  
 Sweet Nanny, dear Nanny,  
 Sweet Nanny of the hill.  
 How gay the glitt'ring beam of morn,  
 That gilds the crystal rill!  
 But far more bright than morning light  
 Shines Nanny of the hill:  
 Dear Nanny, shines Nanny, &c.

The gayest flow'r, so fair of late,  
 The ev'ning damps will kill;  
 But ev'ry day, more fresh and gay,  
 Blooms Nanny of the hill:  
 Sweet Nanny, blooms Nanny, &c.

Old time arrests his rapid flight,  
 And keeps his motion still,  
 Resolv'd to spare a face so fair  
 As Nanny's of the hill: &c.

To form my charmer, nature has  
 Exerted all her skill,  
 Wit, beauty, truth, and rosy youth,  
 Deek Nanny of the hill: &c.

R

And now around the festive board  
The jovial bumpers fill ;  
Each take his glass to my dear lass,  
Sweet *Nanny* of the hill :  
Dear *Nanny*, sweet *Nanny*, &c.

243  
**DEAR** madam, when ladies are willing,  
A man must needs look like a fool ;  
For me, I would not give a shilling  
For one that can love out of rule :  
At least you should wait for our offers,  
Nor snatch like old maids in despair ;  
If you've liv'd till these years without proffers,  
Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to grieve at your blushing ;  
And not speak the matter too plain ;  
'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,  
And yours to affect a disdain.  
That you're in a terrible taking,  
By all your fond ogling I see ;  
But the fruit that will fall without shaking,  
Indeed, is too mellow for me.

244  
**LOVE's** a dream of mighty treasure,  
Which in fancy we possess ;  
In the folly lies the pleasure,  
Wisdom always makes it less.  
When we think, by passion heated,  
We a goddess have in chase,  
Like *Ixion* we are cheated.  
And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover,  
Whom his mistress well deceives ;  
Seeking nothing to discover,  
He contented lives at ease.

But the wretch, that would be knowing  
What the fair-one would disguise,  
Labours for his own undoing,  
Changing happy to be wife.

245  
**YOU** may say what you will, but *Belinda's* too tall,  
' *Stella's* all bone, and her shape is too small ;

Dear *Chloe's* my wife, tho' extensive her  
Tho' the front of her stays is too wide for

'Tis certain Miss *Fanny's* a sweet little  
And *Zephyrs* bring odours when *Lucy* is  
But *Chloe's* all sweetness by nature design  
We might call her a hoghead of double-

When she dances then leaps my fond heart  
When with rapture I press her, I'm lost ;  
I beg for a kiss, while my vows I renew  
And imbibe half a pint of ambrosial dew

She frequently mentions young *Strepson*  
But why should I reckon my rival for  
E'en let him proceed, it will ne'er give me  
We both shall find more than our arms will

I've oft over-heard the ill-natur'd express  
That beauty so bulky must fall in possess  
In his notion the critic is surely misled,  
Love's flame by her fat will be constantly

Some nymphs have angelical sweetness and  
But *Chloe* has rather a cherubim's face ;  
She's always good-humour'd, facetious, and  
And only gives pain when she sits on my

I start not, as timorous fribbles have done  
At the substance of three or four females  
First balance her weight with his majesty  
Then let the dear ponderous charmer be

246  
**GODDESS** of ease, leave *Lute's* trial  
Obsequious to the muse and me ;  
For once endure the pain to think,  
O sweet Insensibility !  
Sister of peace and indolence,  
Bring, muse, bring numbers soft and  
Elaborately void of sense,  
And sweetly thoughtless let them flow,  
And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near to some cowslip-painted mead,  
There let me doze away dull hours ;  
And under me let *Flora* break  
A sofa of her softest bowers ;

# SONGS for GENTLEMEN.

mel, your notes you breathe  
behind the neighb'ring pine  
irs of the stream beneath  
unison with thine, &c.  
dleness, the woes  
patiently endure;  
ource whence labour flows,  
as but to make thee sure;  
I bear war's toil and waste,  
thund'ring of the sea,  
at the last,  
pleasing end in thee?  
36.

247  
rees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,  
adown their beauty have lost;  
dkrob'd of her mantle of green,  
ams are fast bound by the frost.  
ent inactive stands shiv'ring with  
e winds northerly blow, [cold,  
ent flock run for ease to the fold,  
lectes besprinkled with snow.  
en the cattle are fodder'd with straw,  
nd forth their breath like a steam;  
oking dairy-maid fees the mist thaw  
s that she finds in the cream.

et country maiden as fresh as a rose  
ssly trips, often slides,  
s laugh loud, if by falling she shews  
ma that her modesty hides.

and the lasses for company join'd,  
und the embers are met,  
and witches that ride on the wind,  
a till they're all in a sweat.

2 this season it may be my lot,  
mph whom I love and admire,  
as hang from the eaves of my cot,  
er in safety retire!

els and quiet, &  
and no h-  
A Grove,

Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,  
But such as each other may cure.

248  
THE new-flown birds, the shepherds sing,  
And welcome in the May;  
Come, *Pastorella*, now the spring  
Makes ev'ry landscape gay;  
Wide-spreading trees their leafy shade  
O'er half the plain extend,  
Or in reflecting fountains play'd  
Their quiv'ring branches bend,  
Their quiv'ring branches bend.  
Come, taste the season in its prime,  
And bless the rising year!  
Oh! how my soul grows sick of time,  
Till thou, my love, appear.  
Then shall I pass the gladsome day,  
Warm in thy beauty's shine,  
When thy dear flocks shall feed and play,  
And intermix with mine, &c.  
For thee, of doves a milk-white pair  
In silken band I hold;  
For thee a firstling lambkin fair  
I keep within the fold:  
If milk-white doves acceptance meet,  
Or tender lambkins please,  
My spotless heart without deceit  
Be offer'd up with these,  
Be offer'd up with these.

249  
WHERE is pleasure, tell me where,  
What can touch my breast with joy?  
All around the spacious sphere,  
Let my muse her search employ.  
Wealth, thy shining store produce,  
Heap'd in golden mountains rise;  
Thee let senseless misers chuse,  
Thou can'st ne'er allure my eyes.  
Honour, let thy chariot roll,  
Deck'd with titles, pageants, arms;  
Thou may'st charm th' ambitious soul,  
But for me thou hast no charms.  
R 2

R 2

Ruddy *Bacchus*, try thy pow'r,  
Gaily laugh aside thy tun;  
Thee let frantic bards adore,  
Pleasure thou for me hast none.  
Only *Delia*, gentle fair,  
Can the precious boon bestow:  
Give, ye pow'rs, O give me her!  
She's the all I ask below.

250

GO plaintive sounds! and to the fair,  
My secret wounds impart,  
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,  
Each motion in my heart:  
But she, methinks, is list'ning now  
To some enchanting strain;  
The smile that triumphs o'er her brow  
Seems not to heed my pain.  
Yes, plaintive sounds! yet, yet delay,  
Howe'er my love repine;  
Let that gay minute pass away,  
The next perhaps is thine.  
Yes, plaintive sounds! no longer crost,  
Your grief shall soon be o'er;  
Her cheek, undimpled now, has lost  
The smile it lately wore.  
Yes, plaintive sounds! she now is yours,  
'Tis now your time to move;  
Effay to soften all her powers,  
And be that softness, love.  
Cease, plaintive sounds! your task is done;  
That anxious tender air  
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won;  
I see you melting there.  
Return ye smiles, return again,  
Return each sprightly grace;  
I yield up to your charming reign  
All that enchanting face.  
*I take no outward shew amiss,*  
*Rove where you will, her eyes;*  
*Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,*  
*So she but hear my sighs.*

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray  
Invites my fair to rural play,  
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,  
And bring my *Orra* to my eyes.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,  
I'd climb the pine-tree's topmost bough,  
Aloft in air, that quivering plays,  
And round and round for ever gaze.

My *Orra Moor*, where art thou laid?  
What woods conceal my sleeping maid?  
Up by the roots enrag'd I'll tear  
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride on clouds and skies,  
Or on the raven's pinions rise!  
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,  
And waft a lover on his way,

My bliss too long my pride denies,  
Apace the wasting summer flies;  
Nor yet the wintery blasts I fear,  
Not storms or nights shall keep me here

What may for strength with steel comp  
Oh! love has stronger fetters far:  
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,  
But cruel love inchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast;  
When thoughts perplex, the first are best  
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay;  
Away to *Orra*, haste away.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,  
Who poorly satisfy our eyes,  
More with your number than your lig  
Like common people of the skies;  
What are you when the moon doth

Your violets, that first appear,  
By your fine purple mantles known  
Liken'd under the leaves of the year,  
A sofa of her tresses all your own

chanter of the wood,  
 ur ears with nature's lays,  
 ur passion's understood  
 accents: what's your praise,  
*lens!* her voice doth raise?

trifles of the east,  
 mation fancies raise,  
 i, sapphires, and the rest  
 g gems; what is your praise,  
 bright di'mond shews his rays?

princess shall be seen  
 of her face and mind,  
 ; then choice, a queen;  
 f she were not design'd  
 and glory of her kind?

vi'let, the whole spring,  
 reath for sweetness run;  
 s darken'd in the ring;  
 ars, the moon's undone,  
 relance of the sun.

253  
 the bright god of day  
 stward each ray,  
 ng was charming and clear;  
 ws amain,  
 m o'er the plain,  
 ws like giants appear.

ine bow'r,  
 sean was in flow'r,  
 reath'd odours around;  
 ie was fat,  
 ig and spianet,  
 the grove with the sound.

vers" the sung,  
 harmony rung,  
 they all fluttering strive;  
 ious bees,  
 owers and trees,  
 with the sweets to their hive,  
 of love,  
 o'er the grove.

By zephyr conducted along;  
 As the touch'd o'er the strings,  
 He beat time with his wings,  
 And echo repeated the song.

O ye rovers beware,  
 How you venture too near,  
 Love doubly is arm'd for to wound;  
 Your fate you can't shun,  
 And you're furly undone,  
 If you rashly approach near the sound.

254  
 I'M in love with twenty,  
 I'm in love with twenty,  
 And could adore  
 As many more,  
 For nothing's like a plenty.  
 Variety is charming,  
 Variety is charming,  
 For constancy  
 Is not for me,  
 So ladies you have warning.

He that has but one love,  
 Looks as poor  
 As any boor,  
 Or like a man with one glove.

Variety, &c.

Not the fine regalia  
 Of eastern kings,  
 The poet sings,  
 But oh! the fine seraglio.

Variety, &c.

Girls grow old and ugly,  
 And can't inspire  
 The same desire,

As when they're young and snugly. Variety, &c.

Why has *Cupid* pinions,  
 If not to fly  
 Through all the sky,  
 An see his favourite minions.

Variety, &c.

Love was born of beauty,  
 And when she goes,  
 The archer knows,  
 To follow is his duty.

Variety, &c.

— 255 —

BY love too long depriv'd of rest,  
Fell tyrant of the human breast;  
His vassal long, and worn with pain,  
Indignant, late I spurn'd the chain:  
In verse, in prose I sung, and swore  
No charms should e'er enslave me more;  
Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,  
Again should force one tender sigh.  
Then freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue,  
With freedom's praise the vallies rung;  
And ev'ry night, and ev'ry day,  
My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay:  
My cares are gone, my sorrows cease,  
My breast regains its wonted peace;  
And joy and hope returning, prove  
That reason is too strong for love.  
Such was my boast, but ah! how vain,  
How short was reason's vaunted reign!  
The firm resolve I form'd ere while,  
How weak I oppos'd to *Clara's* smile:  
Chang'd is the strain; the vallies round  
With freedom's praise no more resound;  
But ev'ry night and ev'ry day  
My full heart pours the alter'd lay.

— 256 —

SOME sing in praise of a friend or a glass,  
The theme of my song is my favourite lass:  
For her I relinquish my friend and the bowl,  
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.  
In friendship, 'tis true, many pleasures we prove;  
But what are all these to the raptures of love:  
For *Cbloe* I leave both the friend and the bowl,  
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.  
The bottle I love, and a friend I admire;  
But *Cbloe* enjoys ev'ry wish and desire:  
Her wit, youth, and beauty, my passions controul,  
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

Then *Cbloe*, dear *Cbloe*, shall bless me for life,  
I'll yield ev'ry joy to a virtuous wife;  
For her I relinquish my friends and the bowl.  
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

— 257 —

'TIS a maxim I hold, whilst I live to part  
Not a thing to defer, which to-day I can  
This piece of good council attend to, I prove  
For while the sun shines is the time to move  
Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or grove  
In her ear gently pour the soft poison of love  
With kisses and presses your rapture convey  
For while the sun shines is the time to stay  
If *Cbloe* is kind and gives ear to your plain  
Declare your whole sentiments free from strain  
Enforce your petition, and make no delay  
For while the sun shines is the time to stay  
But should you the present occasion let pass  
The world may with justice proclaim you  
Then briskly attack her, if longer you stay  
The sun may not shine, and you cannot stay

— 258 —

A Choir of bright beauties in spring did  
To chuse a may-lady to govern the year:  
All the nymphs were in-white, and these  
The garland was giv'n, and *Pbellis* with  
But *Pbellis* refus'd it, and sighing did say  
I'll wear not a garland while *Pan* is away  
While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* are fled from  
The graces are banish'd, and love is no more  
The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd us on  
Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his  
And vows that himself and his mother will  
Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in triumph return  
Forebear your addresses, and court us no more  
For we will perform what the deity swears  
But if you dare think of deserving our love  
Away with your sheep-hooks and talk of  
The laurels and myrtles your brows shall  
When *Pan*, and his son, and fair *Syrinx*,

— 259 —

SAY, cruel Iru, pretty rake,  
Dear mercenary beauty,  
What annual offering shall I make  
Expressive of my strong love?

him to thine eyes,  
once deliver;  
angry fair one prize  
who flights the giver?

I, watch, or toy,  
live—and let 'em :  
old, impart a joy,  
m—when I get 'em.

not the full-blown rose,  
more in fashion ;  
'd offerings but disclose  
passion :

something yet unpaid,  
cere, than civil :  
—ah ! too charming maid,  
e—to the devil.

260  
mble through the night,  
approaching day,  
in darkness yields to tight,  
are away :  
glorious sun doth rise,  
all nature round,  
f pleasure in me dies,  
o still abound.

nd uneasy mind  
e of my rest ;  
me to all pleasure blind,  
'm still oppress :  
within my breast  
me so much pain,  
ul would be at rest,  
joys regain.

ne god of war,  
fair *Venus*' charms,  
und'ring *Jupiter*,  
nena's arms :

len's beauty blest,  
jest to me ;  
e I were possess,  
r I would be,

But since the gods do not ordain  
Such happy fate for me,  
I dare not 'gainst their will repine,  
Who rule my destiny.

With sprightly wine I'll drown my care,  
And cherish still my soul ;  
Whene'er I think of my lost fair,  
I'll drown her in the bowl.

261  
WHEN youth mature to manhood grew,  
Soon beauty touch'd my heart ;  
From vein to vein love's light'ning flew,  
With pleasing, painful smart :  
My bosom dear content forsook,  
And sooth'd the soft dejection ;  
The melting eye, the speaking look,  
Prov'd love and sweet affection.

Unus'd to arts which win the fair,  
What could a shepherd do ?  
And to submit to sad despair,  
Was not the way to woo.  
At length I told the lovely maid,  
I hop'd we'd no objection  
To talk (while round her lambskins play'd)  
Of love and sweet affection.

A blush my *Chloe*'s cheek bedeck'd,  
A blush devoid of guile,  
“ And what from me can you expect ? ”  
She answer'd with a smile.  
“ How many nymphs have been betray'd,  
“ Through want of calm reflexion !  
“ Then don't my peace of mind invade  
“ With love and sweet affection.”

Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,  
In wedlock's bands let's join ;  
My kine, my kine, my herds, my cot,  
My soul itself is thine.  
To church I led the charming fair,  
To *Hymen*'s kind protection ;  
And now life's dearest joys we share,  
With love and sweet affection.

FAREWELL



———— 262 ————

**F**AREWEL, *Ianthe*, faithless maid,  
Source of my grief and pain;  
Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,  
And fan'd love's kindling flame;  
Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn,  
To *Corydon's* rich heir,  
Who with gay vestments did adorn  
Thee, false, yet beauteous fair.  
Adieu, my native soil; ye vales,  
High woods, and tufted hills:  
Adieu, ye groves and flow'ry dales,  
Clear streams and crystal rills:  
Adieu; ye bring into my mind  
Those past, those happy days,  
When *Iphis* sound *Ianthe* kind,  
And pleasure strew'd his ways.  
Ere dawn my homely steps I'll bend,  
Where distant mountains rise,  
In hopes that reason there may send  
That aid she here denies;  
That time and absence may efface  
Her image from my breast,  
Which, while she there maintains a place,  
Can never taste of rest.

———— 263 ———— [the mill,  
**W**HO has e'er been at *Baldock* must needs know  
At the sign of the *Horse*, at the foot of the hill,  
Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the  
Without all distinction promiscuously go. [beau,  
Where the grave, &c.

This man of the mill has a daughter so fair,  
With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air,  
That once on the ever-green bank as I stood,  
I'd sworn she was *Venus* just sprung from the flood.  
That once, &c.

But looking again, I perceiv'd my mistake;  
For *Venus*, though fair, has the looks of a rake,  
While nothing but virtue and modesty fill  
The more beautiful looks of the maid of the mill.  
While nothing, &c.

*Prometheus* stole fire, as the poet  
To enliven that mass which he  
Had *Polly* been with him, 'the b  
Had sav'd him the trouble of ro  
Had *Polly*, &c.

Since first I beheld the dear lass  
I can never be quiet; but do w  
All day and all night I sigh, and  
I shall die if I have not the lass

———— 264 ————  
**N**O more of my *Harriet*, of  
Nor all the bright beauties that  
Myself for a slave to gay *Venus*  
And have barter'd my freedom  
I throw down my pipe, and negl  
And will sing of my lass with t  
Tho' o'er her white forehead th  
Like the rays of the sun on a l  
Such, painters of old, drew the  
'Tis the taste of the antients, 't  
And tho' withings may scoff, and  
Yet I'll sing of my lass with the

Than the swain, in the brook, t  
Her mien is more stately, her b  
Her lips are like rubies, all ru  
Which are fit for the labour or  
At the Park in the Mall, at t  
My lass bears the belle with l  
Her beautiful eyes, as they ro  
Shall be glad for my joy, or sh  
She shall ease my fond heart,  
While thousands of rivals are t  
Let them rail at the fruit the  
While I have the lass with the

———— 265 ————  
**H**AD I but the wings of a  
Enraptur'd I'd hasten away  
And quickly repair to my lo  
Whose beauties enliven th  
Bring soon from the hamlet  
Ye gods, her I ask for m  
Without her I'm ever in  
And relish no pleasur

if hard fate,  
 ing from my fair;  
 solate state,  
 thoughts of despair.  
 hat scenes I enjoy  
 od-humour all day;  
 ever will cloy,  
 r souls leave the clay.

— 266 —

treasure, thou joy of my breast  
 thee I'm a stranger to rest:  
 here to languish and mourn,  
 charmer, and long to return:  
 nd me are smiling and gay;  
 n vain, for *Chloe's* away:  
 groves can afford me no ease,  
*Chloe*, a desert will please,  
*Chloe*, &c.  
 at my bosom alarms,  
 rest, tho' glowing with charms;  
 c'me, and sparkle the eye,  
 ooks of my *Chloe*, I cry: [thron'd,  
 bright love, like the sun, sits en-  
 ses his influence round:  
 ieuw'd thee, my charmer amaz'd;  
 ish wonder & lov'd while I gaz'd,  
 &c.

ar fair one was still in my sight,  
 day, it was rapture all night:  
 fortune, remov'd from my fair,  
 i, a prey to despair:  
 rment abate not my flame,  
 rming, my passion the same;  
 erve me a place in her breast,  
 ld please me, for I should be blest,  
 ld please me, &c.

— 267 —

know what sacred charms,  
 t of mine alarms,  
 t, &c.  
 uph the heav'n's decree,  
 ade for love and me,  
 de, &c.

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,  
 Who melts to see the tender tear,  
 Who melts, &c.  
 From each ungentle passion free,  
 O be the maid that's made for me,  
 O be the maid, &c.

Whole heart with gen'rous friendship glows,  
 Who feels the blessings the bestows,  
 Who feels, &c.  
 Gentle to all, but kind to me,  
 Be such the maid that's made for me,  
 Be such the maid, &c.

Whose simple thoughts devoid of art,  
 Are all the natives of her heart,  
 Are all, &c.  
 A gentle train from falsehood free,  
 Be such the maid that's made for me,  
 Be such the maid, &c.

Avaunt, ye light coquets, retire  
 Where flatt'ring fops around admire,  
 Where flatt'ring, &c.  
 Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,  
 More genuine beauties are for me,  
 More genuine, &c.

— 268 —

SPRING renewing all things gay,  
 Nature's dictates all obey:  
 In each creature we may see  
 The effect of love's decree.  
 Thus their state, such the fate;  
 Do not, *Polly*, stay too late,  
 Do not, *Polly*, stay too late.  
 Look around, and see them play;  
 All are wanton while they may:  
 Why should precious time be lost?  
 After summer comes a frost:  
 All pursue nature's due;  
 Let us, *Polly*, do so too,  
 Let us, *Polly*, do so too.

Flowers all around us blowing,  
 Herbs on ev'ry meadow lowing:

Birds on ev'ry branch are wooing ;  
 Turtles all around are cooing :  
 Hark ! they coo ; see, they woo ;  
 Let us, *Polly*, do so too,  
 Let us, *Polly*, do so too.

Hark ! how kind that swain and late,  
 Yonder sitting on the grass ;  
 See, how earnestly he sues,  
 While she, blushing, can't refuse :  
 See you two, how they woo ;  
 Let us, *Polly*, do so too,  
 Let us, *Polly*, do so too.

Mark that cloud above the plain ;  
 See, it seems to threaten rain :  
 Herds and flocks do run together,  
 Seeking shelter from the weather.  
 Fear not you, I'll be true,  
 Let us, therefore, do so too.

Let us, &c.

269  
**FOR** ever fortune, wilt thou prove  
 An unrelenting foe to love ?  
 And when we meet a mutual heart,  
 Come in between ; and bid us part ;  
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
 And wish, and wish, the foul away,  
 Till youth and genial years are flown,  
 And all the pride of life is gone ?

But busy, busy, still art thou,  
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow ;  
 The heart from pleasure to delude,  
 To join the gentle to be rude.  
 For once, O fortune, hear my pray'r  
 And I absolve thy future care ;  
 All other blessings I resign,  
 Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

270  
**ATTEND**, ye ever-tuneful swains,  
 That in melodious, soothing strains,  
 Of *Chloe* sing, or *Phyllis* ;  
 Tho' weak my skill, tho' rude my verse,  
 Waid me not, while I rehearse  
 Charms of *Polly Willis*.

Tho' languid I, and poor in thought,  
 No simile shall here be brought :

From roses, pinks, or lilies :  
 Some meaner beauties they may hit ;  
 But sure no simile can fit  
 The charms of *Polly Willis*.

A simile to match her hair,  
 Her lovely forehead, high and fair,  
 Beyond my greatest skill is ;  
 How then, ye gods ! can he express'd  
 The eyes, the lips, the heaving breast,  
 Of charming *Polly Willis*.

She's not like *Venus* on the flood,  
 Or as the ones on *Ida* good,  
 Nor mortal *Amaryllis* ;  
 Frame all that's lovely, bright, and fair,  
 Of pleasing shape, and killing air,  
 And that is *Polly Willis*.

Tho' time her charms may wear away,  
 (All beauty must in time decay)  
 Yet in her pow'r there shall be  
 A charm which shall her life endure ;  
 I mean, the spotless mind and pure  
 Of charming *Polly Willis*.

271  
**AS** *May* in all her youthful dress,  
 So gay my love did once appear ;  
 A spring of charms adorn'd her face,  
 The rose and lily flourish'd there :  
 Thus, while th' enjoyment was but young,  
 Each night new pleasures did create ;  
 Ambrosial words dropp'd from her tongue  
 And am'rous *Cupids* round her wait.

But, as the sun to west declines,  
 The eastern sky does colder grow,  
 And all his radiant looks resigns  
 To the pale moon that rules below ;  
 So love, while in her blooming hour,  
 My *Chloe* was all kind and gay ;  
 But when possession nipp'd that flow'r,  
 Her charms, like autumn, droop'd away.

272  
 's banks I wander'd in search of my fair,  
 's was the stream! and how fast was the  
 but thee such a scene I compare; [air!  
 it resembles, dear *Jenny*.

ystal wave was a type of thy face,  
 t so clear it might serve for thy glass,)  
 ds, if there were, for thy dimples might  
 as the picture of *Jenny*. [pass?

it took in all the charms of thy mind,  
 o love, and to pity inclin'd,  
 soft passions that feel no rude wind;  
 is the bosom of *Jenny*.

ith the prospect, I wish'd the bright maid  
 cen her dear self in this mirror display'd;  
 her when last the dear girl I survey'd:  
 s it cou'd be but my *Jenny*.

a tempest, I ne'er saw before,  
 llows arise, and the sea foam and roar;  
 at I scarcely was safe on the shore:  
 ea then it was *Jenny*.

[clin'd,  
 eadful sight, when to spleen you're in-  
 you are cross, and to others are kind:  
 lear girl, raise this storm in your mind  
 ll me, believe me deary *Jenny*.

273  
 I saw *Clarinda*'s face  
 was blithe and gay,  
 wind, or feather'd race  
 from spray to spray.

ected I appear,  
 roves unkind,  
 p the silent tear,  
 lief can find.

notes my tale rehearse,  
 he fair have found;  
 e appears my verse  
 er praise responds.

eteful thuns my sight,  
 love did mine;

My vows and tears her scorn excite,  
 Another happy reigns.

Ah, *Tyriss*, though my looks betray  
 I envy your success;  
 Yet love to friendship shall give way,  
 I cannot wish it less.

274  
**BANISH'D** by your severe command,  
 I make an awful, sad retreat,  
 To some more hospitable land;  
 But shall I then my fair forget?

No, there I'll charm the list'ning throng,  
 With repetitions of your name;  
 My passion tell in plaintive song,  
 And sadly pensive soothe my flame.

With inbred sighs, the grateful swains  
 My tale will beg me to renew;  
 Sweetly appeas'd, beguile their pains,  
 Transported when I speak of you.

But should some curious youth demand,  
 Why from my beauteous theme I stray?  
 With what confusion should I stand!  
 What wou'd my charmer have me say?

275  
**BLEST** as th' immortal gods is he,  
 The youth that fondly sits by thee;  
 And sees, and hears thee, all the while,  
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,  
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast;  
 For while I gaz'd, in transport lost,  
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd, a subtle flame  
 Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;  
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,  
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,  
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;  
 My feeble pulse forgot to play,  
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

276  
**T**HY fatal shafts unerring move,  
 I bow before thine allfar love;  
 I feel the soft restless flame  
 Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.  
 For while I gaze, my bosom glows,  
 My blood to tides impetuous flows;  
 Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,  
 And floods of transport whelm my soul.  
 My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain  
 In soothing numbers to complain;  
 My tongue some secret magic tries,  
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,  
 And ever drop the silent tear,  
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,  
 Unfriended live, woe'd die.

277  
**Y**ES, fairest proof of beauty's power,  
 Dear idol of my panting heart;  
 Nature points this my fatal hour;  
 And I have liv'd; and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu,  
 Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear,  
 Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view  
 On earth an object worth its care.

From jealousy's tormenting strife  
 For ever be thy bosom freed;  
 That nothing may disturb thy life  
 Content I nasteen to the dead.

Yet when some better fated youth  
 Shall with his amorous parly move thee,  
 Reflect one moment on his truth,  
 Who dying thus persists to love thee.

278  
*IN vain you tell your parting lover  
 You with fair winds may waft him over,  
 Alas! what winds can happy prove  
 That bear me far from what I love?*

Alas! what dangers on the main—  
 Can equal those which I sustain  
 From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle; and in pity choose  
 To wish the wildest tempest loose;  
 That, thrown again upon the coast  
 Where first my shipwreck'd heart wound  
 I may once more repeat my pain,  
 Once more in dying notes complain  
 Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

279  
**W**HEN *Delia* on the plain appears,  
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
 I would approach, but dare not move;  
 Tell me my heart if this be love?  
 Where'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
 No other voice but her's can hear;  
 No other wit but her's approve;  
 Tell me my heart if this be love?  
 If she some othe swain commend,  
 Tho' I was once his fondest friend,  
 His instant enemy I prove;  
 Tell me my heart if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more  
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
 The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;  
 Tell me my heart if this be love;

When fond of power, of beauty vain,  
 Her nets she spreads for every swain,  
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove;  
 Tell me my heart if this be love?

280  
**I**F ever thou did'st joy to bind  
 Two hearts in equal passion join'd,  
 O son of *Venus*! hear me now,  
 And bid *Florella* bless my vow.

If any bliss reserv'd for me  
 Thou in the leaves of fate should see,  
 If any white propitious hour,  
 Pregnant with blessed joys in store—

the mighty treasure give,  
 none alone I live;  
 ye pay all the sum,  
 live the fates to come.

de of full-blown charms  
 slanting, to my arms;  
 uch with soft desires,  
 cel what she inspires.

if thine aid be vain  
 ustant maid to gain,  
 cold averted eyes  
 hopes, and scorn my sighs;

is all I ask of thee)  
 ore may change than she;  
 a duteous zeal love on,  
 gleam of hope is gone.

in alone to languish,  
 me can heal my anguish,  
 s which I endure,  
 ever grant a cure.

281

ix thy wav'ring heart,  
 urge his claim,  
 passion void of art,  
 the constant flame.

swains their torments tell,  
 fual love condemn;  
 rize the beauteous shell,  
 the inward gem.

res the wounded heart,  
 he transient fire;  
 e mind receives the dart,  
 t whets desire.

beauty will decay,  
 d improves with years;  
 e blossom: fade away,  
 ing fruit appears.

and *Sylvia* grant my suit,  
 the future hour,  
 t, who can taste the fruit,  
 or *er'ry flow'r*!

282

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,

Ah me, what meant my throbbing breast?  
 Say, soft confusion, art thou love?  
 If love thou art, then farewell rest!

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,  
 Tho' hopeless of a warm return,  
 Yet kill me not with cold despair,  
 But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain  
 Those gentle smiles did first create;  
 And, tho' you cannot love again,  
 In pity, oh! forbear to hate.

283

'TIS not the liquid brightness of those eyes,  
 That swim with pleasure and delight;  
 Nor those fair heavenly arches which arise  
 O'er each of them to shade their light;

'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,  
 And loves to wanton round thy face;  
 Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind  
 Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white  
 As new shorn sheep, equal and fair;  
 Nor even that gentle smile, the heart's delight,  
 With which no smile could e'er compare;

'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,  
 Those breasts that swell to meet my love;  
 That easy sloping waist, that form divine,  
 Nor ought below, nor ought above.

'Tis not the living colours over each,  
 By nature's finest pencil wrought,  
 To shame the fresh blown rose, and blooming peach,  
 And mock the happiest painter's thought:  
 But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,  
 So kindly answering my desire;  
 That grace with which you look, & speak, & move,  
 That thus have set my soul on fire.

284

WHEN *Sappho* run'd the raptur'd strain  
 The list'ning wretch forgot his pain;

With art divine the lyre she strung,  
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For while she struck the quiv'ring wire  
The eager breast was all on fire;  
And when she join'd the vocal lay  
The captive soul was charm'd away.

But had she added still to these  
Thy softer, chaster, power to please;  
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,  
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

She ne'er had pin'd beneath disdain,  
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;  
Despair had ne'er her soul possess'd  
To dash on rocks the tender breast.

— 285 —

WHEN charming *Teraminta* sings,  
Each new air new passion brings;  
Now I resolve, and now I fear;  
Now I triumph, now despair;  
Frolic now, now faint I grow;  
Now I freeze, and now I glow.  
The panting *Zephyrs* round us play,  
And trembling on her lips would stay:

Now would listen, now would kiss,  
Trembling with divided bliss;  
Till, by her breath repuls'd, they fly,  
And in low pleasing murmurs die.  
Nor do I ask that she would give  
By some new note, the pow'r to live;  
I would, expiring with the sound,  
Die on the lips that gave the wound.

— 286 —

MY dear mistress has a heart,  
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,  
When with love's resistless art,  
And her eyes, she did enslave me:  
But her constancy's so weak,  
*She's so wild and apt to wander,*  
*That my jealous heart would break*  
*Should we live one day asunder.*

Melting joys about her move,  
Wounding pleasures, killing blisses,  
She can dress her eyes in love,  
And her lips can arm with kisses;  
Angels listen when she speaks,  
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder  
But my jealous heart would break  
Should we live one day asunder.

— 287 —

LET the ambitious favour find  
In courts and empty noife,  
Whilst greater love does fill my mind  
With silent real joys.

Let fools and knaves grow rich and great,  
And the world think 'em wise,  
Whilst I lie dying at her feet,  
And all that world despise.

Let conquering kings new trophies raise,  
And melt in court delights,  
Her eyes can give me brighter days,  
Her arms much softer nights.

— 288 —

FROM all uneasy passions free,  
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,  
Contented, I had been too blest  
If love and you had let me rest:  
Yet that dull life I now despise;  
Safe from your eyes

I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys  
Amidst a thousand kind desires  
Which beauty moves, and love inspires,  
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,  
No heart so soft as mine can bear.  
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms,

Such are your charms,  
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

— 289 —

COME all ye youths, whose hearts e'er ble  
By cruel beauty's pride;  
Bring each a garland on his head,  
Let none his Garters hide:

and around me move,  
 soft tales of love;  
 your complaints ye join,  
 mine as equal mine.  
 ortal once was I, --  
 sorrows knew;  
 ith which I die,  
 whence it grew:  
 ng fair you find,  
 sly, very kind,  
 heaven whose stamp she bears,  
 ste, and thence her snares.

290

ft, and gay, and young,  
 play'd, she danc'd, she sung,  
 ay to 'scape the dart,  
 uard the lover's heart.  
 I, and dropt a tear,  
 despairing e'er  
 myself alone)  
 rectness made for one?  
 der, in her ear  
 re told my care:  
 ais'd me from her feet,  
 low with equal heat.  
 too mighty to express,  
 ut be known by guess!  
 I, what have I done,  
 made for more than one?  
 not been in view,  
 heir beams withdrew;  
 id half her charms  
 other's arms.  
 could faithless be,  
 no more than me:  
 himself undone,  
 not made for one.

291

our beauty appears  
 and airs,  
 an angel new dropt from the sky;  
 ze, and am aw'd by my fear,  
 dlassie my eye!

But when without art,  
 Your kind thoughts you impart,  
 When your love runs in blushes thro' every vein;  
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your  
 Then I know you're a woman again. [heart,

There's a passion and pride  
 In our sex the reply'd,  
 And thus, might I gratify both, would I do;  
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,  
 But yet be a woman to you.

292

ON *Bevidera's* bosom lying,  
 Wishing, panting, sighing, dying;  
 The cold regardless maid to move  
 With unavailing prayers I sue;  
 You first have taught me how to love,  
 Ah! teach me to be happy too.

But she, alas! unkindly wife,  
 To all my sighs and tears replies,  
 'Tis every prudent maid's concern  
 Her lover's fondness to improve;  
 If to be happy you should learn,  
 You quickly would forget to love.

293

IT is not, *Celia*, in our power  
 To say how long our love will last;  
 It may be we with'in this hour  
 May lose the joys we now do taste:  
 The blessed that immortal be  
 From change of love are only free.  
 Then since we mortal lovers are,  
 Ask not how long our love will last;  
 But while it does, let us take care:  
 Each minute be with pleasure past:  
 Were it not madness to deny  
 To live, because we're sure to die?

294

SAY, *Myra*, why is gentle love  
 A stranger to that mind,  
 Which pity and affection can move;  
 Which can be just and kind?  
 S 2



Is it because you fear to share  
 The ills that love molests ;  
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,  
 That rack the am'rous breast ?  
 Alas ! by some degree of woe  
 We every bliss must gain ;  
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,  
 That never feels a pain.

295  
**Y**E little loves that round her wait  
 To bring me tidings of my fate,  
 As *Celia* on her pillow lies,  
 Ah ! gently whisper—*Strepson* dies.

If this will not her pity move,  
 And the proud fair disdains to love,  
 Smile and say 'tis all a lie,  
 And haughty *Strepson* scorns to die.

296  
**T**ELL me no more I am deceiv'd,  
 That *Chloe's* false and common ;  
 I always knew (at least believ'd)  
 She was a very woman :  
 As such I lik'd, as such caref'st'd,  
 She still was constant when possess'd,  
 She could do more for no man.

But oh ! her thoughts on others ran,  
 And that you think a hard thing ?  
 Perhaps she fancied you the man ;  
 And what care I one farthing ?  
 You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,  
 I take her body, you her mind,  
 Who has the better bargain ?

297  
**CHLOE'S** the wonder of her sex,  
 'Tis well her heart is tender ;  
 How might such killing eyes perplex,  
 With virtue to defend her !

*But nature graciously inclin'd  
 With liberal hand to please us.  
 Has to her boundless beauty join'd  
 A boundless bent to ease us.*

298  
**V**AIN are the charms of white and red,  
 Which paint the blooming fair ;  
 Give me the nymph whose snow is spread  
 Not o'er her face, but hair,  
 Of smoother cheeks the winning grace  
 With open force desires ;  
 But in the wrinkles of her face  
*Cupid* in ambush lies.

If naked eyes set hearts on blaze,  
 And am'rous warmth inspire ;  
 Thro' glass, who darts her painted rays,  
 Lights up a fiercer fire.

Nor rival, nor the train of years,  
 My peace or bliss destroy ;  
 Alive, she gives no jealous fears,  
 And dead, she crowns my joy.

299  
**A**SPASIA rolls her sparkling eye,  
 And every bosom feels her power ;  
 The *Indians* thus view *Phaebus* rise,  
 And gaze in rapture, and adore.  
 Quick to the soul the piercing splendour darts,  
 Fire every vein, and melt the coldest hearts.

*Aspasia* speaks ; the listening croud  
 Drink in the sound with greedy ears ;  
 Mute are the giddy and the loud,  
 And self-admiring folly hears.  
 Her wit secures the conquests of her face ;  
 Points every charm, and brightens every grace.

*Aspasia* moves ; her well-tun'd limbs  
 Glide fitly with harmonious ease ;  
 Now thro' the mazy dance she swims,  
 Like a tall bark o'er summer seas ;  
 'Twas thus *Aeneas* knew the queen of love,  
 Majestic moving thro' the golden grove.  
 But ah ! how cruel is my lot,  
 To doat on one so heavenly fair ;  
 Ere in my humble state forgot,  
 Each charm has add'd to my despair.

I swain thus faintly warbling lies,  
is mate, and while he sings, he dies.

## 300

lov'd, a winning fair,  
If her *Strepbon's* care,  
undo her doubts display,  
should her heart betray.

urge my suit, and found  
likely to be crown'd,  
care were far away,  
ot *Delia* could betray.

the maid had seen,  
with her upon the green,  
ole her heart away,  
ot he cou'd e'er betray.

ace, my joys are fled,  
er all my days is spread,  
ymphs, so fair and gay,  
mile but to betray.

y crook, my pipe alone  
all the woods my moan,  
hilst I sigh and say,  
*Delia* could betray!

## 301

art that is bursting with grief,  
by relating its woe,  
som e'er hope for relief,  
y sorrows continue to flow.  
igh no succour be near,  
hing I cannot refrain,  
still enforcing a tear,  
ids incessantly strain.

I these torments now quit,  
chafe but her form from my mind,  
ould I wish to forget,  
e she was gentle and kind:  
the play-day of youth,  
ionage should be so severe,  
g to love her with truth,  
ne, alas, to despair.

Oh! whence are the moments of bliss,  
We spent where the eglantines grow,  
Or where the sweet innocent kist,  
She then was so kind to bestow.  
Gone, gone, I shall prove them no more,  
With my blossoms of hope are they fled,  
That hope I was fond to adore,  
Now blasted, now wither'd, and dead.

## 302

WHILE you my fair one, sure to please,  
Smile with a grace and talk with ease,  
Each look has charms, each word has art,  
To fire my eyes, and melt my heart;  
That heart which now by turns must prove,  
The hopes and fears that wait on love.

In vain to check the flame I try,  
Or stop a sigh when you are by;  
My books, which once were all my joy.  
I read no more, for now they cloy;  
The pains, the griefs, which now I feel,  
No herb can cure, no balm can heal.

From field to field, from grove to grove,  
To vent my sighs and griefs I rove,  
Thus lost in thought like birds I stray,  
Who knows not to their nests the way;  
So deep the wounds of love are made,  
No herb nor balm can give me aid.

## 303

NO more the gay scenes of delight,  
No more the lost transports of ease,  
Give pleasure to *Damon's* fond sight,  
Nor aught that is charming can please.  
His flocks let them wander astray,  
And traverse the dangerous shores;  
Nor *Damon* will drive them away,  
He's absent from her he adores.

Dire absence how great are thy fears,  
They pierce the soft bosoms that part;  
Of him who's in love, and reveres  
The nymph that has stolen his heart.

But hence all ye doubts now retire,  
Retreat to the darkeſt recess;  
Let me burn with love's hotteſt fire,  
And taſte all the pleaſures of bliſs.

Fair *Phyllis* again once return,  
My cottage as uſual adorn;  
Ah! how will my paſſion then burn,  
When *Damon* is not left forlorn;  
Then all the ſoft pleaſures of love,  
The pleaſures moſt grateful to me,  
Within my fond boſom will rove,  
None bleſt can a mortal e'er be.

— 304 —

WHEN gentle *Celia* firſt I knew,  
A breſt ſo good, ſo kind, ſo true,  
Reason and taſte approv'd;  
Pleaſ'd to indulge to pure a flame,  
I call'd it by too ſoft a name,  
And fondly thought I lov'd.

Till *Chloris* came, with ſad ſurpriſe  
I felt the lightning of her eyes  
Thro' all my ſenſes run;  
All glowing with reſiſtleſs charms,  
She fill'd my breſt with new alarms,  
I ſaw, and was undone.

O *Celia*! dear unhappy maid,  
Forbear the weakneſs to upbraid  
Which ought your ſcorn to move:  
I know this beauty falſe and vain,  
I know ſhe triumphs in my pain,  
Yet ſtill I feel I love.

Thy gentle ſmiles no more can pleaſe,  
Nor can thy ſoſteſt friendſhip eaſe  
The torments I endure;  
Think what that wounded breſt muſt feel  
Which truth and kindneſs cannot heal,  
Nor e'en thy pity cure.

Oft ſhall I curſe my iron chain,  
And with again thy milder reign  
With long and vain regret;

All that I can, to thee I give,  
And could I ſtill to reaſon live,  
I were thy captive yet.

But paſſion's wild impetuous ſea  
Hurries me far from peace and thee,  
'Twere vain to ſtruggle more:  
Thus the poor ſailor ſlumbering lies,  
While ſwelling tides around him riſe,  
And puſh his bark from thore.

In vain he ſpreads his helpleſs arms,  
His pitying friends with ſound alarms  
In vain deplore his ſtate;  
Still far and farther from the coaſt,  
On the high ſurge his bark is toſt,  
And foundering yields to fate.

— 305 —

AT *Cynthia*'s feet I ſigh'd, I pray'd,  
And wept; yet all the while  
The cruel unrelenting maid  
Scarce paid me with a ſmile.

Such fooliſh timorous aſts as theſe  
Wanted the power to charm;  
They were too innocent to pleaſe,  
They were too cold to warm.

Reſolv'd, I roſe, and ſoftly preſt  
The lilies of her neck;  
With longing eager lips I kiſt  
The roſes of her cheek.

Charm'd with this boldneſs, ſhe relents,  
And burns with equal fire;  
To all my wiſhes ſhe conſents,  
And crowns my fierce deſire.

With heat like this *Pygmalion* mov'd  
His ſtatue's icy charms;  
Thus warm'd the marble virgin lov'd,  
And melted to his arms.

— 306 —

AS the *Thames*' ſilent ſtream crept paſſiv  
And the wind murmur'd ſolemn the willow  
On a green turf complaining, a ſwain lay:  
And wept to the river, and ſigh'd to the w

ry'd, nature has waken'd the spring,  
as the v'let, the nightingales sing :  
ll of sorrow no beauties appear,  
's a sigh, and each dew-drop's a tear.

*Selinda* has graces to move  
no envy, the wisest to love;  
no more gives delight to the eye,  
ther to live, is more pain than to die.  
his pinions wou'd over me spread,  
it her image in dreams in her stead;  
d vision wou'd soften my pain :  
relief I solicit in vain.

[care,  
thus, like me, his heart loaden with  
y hope, and undone by despair;  
r waking, denies him repose.  
ents but vary to vary his woes.

————— 307 —————  
is, could I now but fit  
tern'd as when  
beauty could beget  
less nor pain !  
drawing did admire,  
d the coming day,  
ht that rising fire  
e my rest away.

in harmless childhood lay  
in a mine ;  
face takes more away  
h conceal'd in thine :  
barms insensibly  
reflection prest,  
aperceiv'd, did fly,  
d in my breast.

ith your beauty grew,  
id, at my heart,  
other favour'd you,  
aw flaming dart :  
in their wanton part ;  
beauty, the  
utmost of her art ;  
lover, he.

————— 308 —————  
ALL my past life is mine, no more,  
The flying hours are gone ;  
Like transitory dreams giv'n o'er,  
Whose images are kept in store  
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not ;  
How, then, can it be mine ?  
The present moment's all my lot,  
And that as fast as it is got,  
*Plutus*, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,  
False hearts, and broken vows ;  
If I, by miracle, can be  
This live-long minute true to thee,  
'Tis all that heaven allows.

————— 309 —————  
AS *Celia* in her garden stray'd,  
Secure, nor dream'd of harm,  
A bee approach'd the lovely maid,  
And rested on her arm.  
The curious insect thither flew,  
To taste the tempting bloom ;  
But with a thousand sweets in view,  
It found a sudden doom.

Her nimble hand of life bereav'd  
The darling little thing ;  
But first her snowy arm receiv'd,  
And felt the painful sting.

Once only could that sting surprize,  
Once be injurious found :  
Not so the darts of *Celia*'s eyes,  
They never cease to wound.

Oh ! would the short-liv'd burning smart  
The nymph to pity move,  
And teach her to regard the heart  
She fires with endless love !

————— 310 —————  
By the side of a grove at the foot of a hill,  
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmured  
the rill ;  
I vow

I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,  
Since nothing could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I  
sung, [tongues]

And *Delia's* lov'd name scarce escap'd from my  
But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,  
I should wish, unawares, that my *Delia* might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,  
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd!  
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,  
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I pursue,  
I still must my *Delia's* dear image renew:  
The graces have yielded with *Delia* to rove;  
And the muses are all in alliance with love.

— 311 —

**BRING**, *Phæbus*, from *Parnassian* bow'rs,  
A chaplet of poetic flow'rs

That far out bloom the *May*;  
Bring verse so smooth, and thought so free,  
And all the muses' heraldry,  
To blazon *Jenny Grey*.

Observe yon almond's rich perfume,  
Preventing spring with early bloom,  
In ruddy tints how gay!  
Thus foremost of the blushing fair,  
With such a blithsome, buxom air,  
Blossoms lovely *Jenny Grey*.

The merry, chirping, plummy throng,  
The bushes and the twigs among,  
That pipe the sylvan lay,  
All hush'd at her delightful voice,  
In silent extasy rejoice,  
And study *Jenny Grey*.

Ye balmy odour-breathing gales,  
That lightly sweep the green-rob'd vales,  
And in each rose bush play,  
I know you all, you're errant cheats,  
And steal your more than nat'ral sweets  
From lovely *Jenny Grey*,

*Pomona*, and that goddess bright,  
The florists and the maids delight,  
In vain their charms display;  
The luscious nectarine, juicy peach,  
In richness nor in sweetness reach  
The lips of *Jenny Grey*.

To the sweet knot of graces three,  
Th' immortal bonds of bards agree  
A tuneful tax to pay;  
There yet remains a matchless worth,  
There yet remains a lovelier fourth,  
And she is *Jenny Grey*,

— 312 —

**CAN**, then, a look create a thought  
Which time can ne'er remove?  
Yes, foolish heart, again thou'rt caught,  
Again thou bleed'st for love.

She sees the conquest of her eyes,  
Nor heal the wound she gave;  
She smiles, whene'er his blushes rise,  
And, sighing, shuns her slave.

Then swoon, be bold, and still adore her,  
Still her flying charms pursue;  
Love and int'rest both implore her,  
Pleading night and day for you!

— 313 —

**COME**, *Laura*, and meet your fond swain,  
Ere *Phæbus* declines to the west,  
Nor let me still languish in pain;  
Your presence alone makes me blest.  
When absent no pleasure I feel,  
My passions but sicken and die,  
No power my tortures, my tortures can heal,  
Unless my dear *Laura* is by.

Then haste to yon jessamine grove,  
Enjoy what no language can tell,  
'Tis the seat of contentment and love,  
Where peace and tranquillity dwell;  
There *Cupid* our hearts shall unite,  
There *Hymer* his altar shall raise,  
The muses sweet songs shall indite,  
And charm the whole grove with their strains.

ch pleasures as these,  
 ll glide swiftly away,  
 e other to please,  
 all smile as the *May*;  
 her will taste,  
 both jointly approve;  
 r charmer, O haste,  
 and swain with your love.

— 314 —

come, and with thee bring  
 in downy wing!  
 the realms above;  
 a sing of love.

the am'rous theme,  
 o'er the verdant clod,  
 ter loving dame;  
 hief making god;  
 come the graces three,  
 f comic glee,  
 to close the rear,  
 on-rob'd, appear.

s, beauty's queen;  
*Cupid*, hail!  
 thy arrows keen,  
 inty breast assail.  
 y charm posselt  
 feeling breast,  
 art elate with pride,  
 atchless power deride.

golden pointed dart  
 regarded flies,  
 not-ob-urate heart,  
 ove from both her eyes.

light thy tender fire,  
 l with love inspire;  
 bborn passion drive t  
 m—but burn alive.

— 315 —

my *Phyllis*, haste away  
 rdant grove,  
 s *sweetly* on each *spray*  
 of love.

Where frisky lambkins sport and play  
 Around the flow'ry green;  
 Dress'd in dame nature's bright array,  
 Which yields a lovely scene.

Where the clear murm'ring rivers run,  
 In soft and cooling streams,  
 Secluded from the scorching sun,  
 And *Colin* writes his themes.  
 O! there my fair-one, let us rove,  
 And taste the sweets of life;  
 Like turtle-doves let's alway love,  
 And banish care and strife.

— 316 —

*CELIA*, hoard thy charms no more,  
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure;  
 Still the vain possessor's poor,  
 What are riches without pleasure?  
 Endless pains the miser takes  
 To increase his heaps of money;  
 Lab'ring bees his pattern makes,  
 Yet he fears to taste his honey.

Views with aching eyes his store,  
 Trembling, lest he chance to lose it;  
 Pining still for want of more;  
 Tho' the wretch wants pow'r to use it.

*Celia* thus, with endless arts,  
 Spends her days, her charms improving;  
 Lab'ring still to conquer hearts,  
 Yet ne'er tastes the sweets of loving.

Views with pride her shape and face,  
 Fancying still she's under twenty;  
 Age brings wrinkles on apace,  
 While she starves with all her plenty.  
 Soon or late they both will find,  
 Time, their idol, from them sever;  
 He must leave his gold behind,  
 Lock'd within his grave for ever.

*Celia's* fate will still be worse,  
 When her fading charms deceive her;  
 Vain desire will be her curse,  
 When no mortal will relieve her.

*Celia*, hoard thy charms no more,  
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure,  
 Taste a little of thy store;  
 What is beauty without pleasure?

DEAR *Nancy* fir'd my artless breast,  
 I ne'er saw girl so clever;  
 I sometimes thought she'd make me blest,  
 And sometimes fancy'd never:  
 Whene'er I told my am'rous tale,  
 With sighs oft intervening,  
 Your suit, she'd cry, won't, here prevail,  
 I cannot tell your meaning.

The wise remark, a man in love  
 Looks wond'rous soft and silly:  
 The truth coy *Nancy* made me prove,  
 For, oh! her heart was chilly:  
 To balls and plays she us'd to range,  
 Her company still seen in;  
 But still 'twas strange, 'twas mighty strange,  
 She could not tell my meaning.

I love you *Nancy*, oft I'd cry,  
 Without you, can't be easy;  
 Oh! shall I live, or shall I die,  
 Pray tell me which will please you?  
 By all means live! the fair replies,  
 This passion wants a weaning;  
 Declare yourself without disguise,  
 I cannot tell your meaning.

Oh! now, I thought's the lucky time;  
 Although so long I've tarry'd,  
 I hope, I answer'd, 'tis no crime,  
 To say, I'd fain be marry'd.  
 She gave her hand, nor seem'd to slight  
 The love there was no screening;  
 And now we live in sweet delight,  
 Vers'd in each other's meaning.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I'll look not for wine:

The thirst that from my soul doth rise  
 Doth ask a drink divine;  
 But might I of *Jove's* nectar sip,  
 I wou'd not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much hon'ring thee;  
 As giving it a hope that there  
 It would not wither'd be:  
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
 And sent it back to me;  
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear  
 Not of itself, but thee.

FAIR *Semira*, lovely maid,  
 Cease in pity to upbraid  
 My oppress'd but constant heart;  
 Full sufficient are the woes,  
 Which my cruel stars oppose;  
 Heav'n, alas! has done it's part.

EVERY nymph and shepherd, bring  
 Tribute to the queen of *May*;  
 Rise for her brows the spring,  
 Make her as the season gay;  
 Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,  
 How to use the fleeting hour.  
 Now the fair *Narcissus* blows  
 With his sweetness now delights;  
 By his side the maiden rose  
 With her artless blush invites:  
 Such, so fragrant and so gay,  
 Is the blooming queen of *May*.  
 Soon the fair *Narcissus* dies,  
 Soon he drops his languid head;  
 From the rose her purple flies,  
 None inviting to her bed:  
 Such, tho' now so sweet and gay,  
 Soon shall be the queen of *May*.

Tho' thou art a rural queen,  
 By the suffrage of the swains,  
 Beauty, like the vernal green,  
 In thy shine not long remains.

ly bless the youth,  
ly love and truth.

————— 321 —————

m, tho' her day is done,  
will imbibe,  
a little fun,  
the bribe.  
ept by locks and keys  
lovesick tribe;  
in a little ease,  
the bribe.

then my Lord thinks fit,  
do to jest and gibe,  
gh at little wit,  
the bribe.  
our ways and means  
olks subscribe,  
way their virtue leans,  
le bribe.

————— 322 —————

pretty feet, for dancing intended,  
ner who always was commended,  
est drefs attentive to merit,  
se who can jig about with spirit.  
I so glad am, that I'll cut a caper;  
make no scruple, strike up there;  
about, that's right depend on't,  
k again, & now there's an end on't.  
ought that we should encore it,  
you lemonade before it,  
you hot, and wine is unsteady,  
I cool us both, speak when you're  
Take me, &c.

————— 323 —————

w, in ev'ry state,  
art is true,  
pros'rous fate,  
ew.  
y, watching late,  
y and country's cause,

In hopes to be when come from far,  
Cheer'd with applause.

At home when sports his welcome crown,  
His wife's the liveliest of the throng;  
Or when care sinks his spirits down,  
Her endearing smile rewards his toil, and greets  
So when the nuptial knot is tied [his fav'rite song.  
Our friendship closer will cement;  
Each morn you'll hail my bl-oming bride,  
And gladly share my heart's content.  
I'll grasp the hand which made her mine,  
To social scenes my hours resign,  
While all the wonted strain shall join.

————— 324 —————

FOR me, my fair a wreath has wove,  
Where rival flow'rs in union meet;  
As oft she kiss'd this gift of love,  
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.  
Her breath, &c.

A bee within a damask rose,  
Had crept the nectar'd dew to sip,  
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,  
And fixes on *Louisa's* lip.

There tasting all the bloom of spring,  
Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,  
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,  
And with the honey fled away.

————— 325 —————

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a lass,  
Learn how the affair's to be done;  
For, if you stand fooling and shy, like an ass,  
You'll loose her as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that  
As far as you please you may run;  
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,  
But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine!  
But, mark you the consequence, mam;  
The baggage will think her self really divine,  
And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

The



Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and stout,  
 And no opportunity shun;  
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry  
 But mum—she's as sure as a gun. [out;

————— 326 —————  
 IF the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,  
 The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;  
 Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,  
 Raises our spirits, and charms the ear;  
 Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,  
 But her ripe lips are more sweet than those,  
 Press her,  
 Carefs her,  
 With blisses,  
 And kisses,

Dissolves us in pleasure, and soft repose.

————— 327 —————  
 NEVER till now I knew love's smart,  
 Guess who it was that stole my heart,  
 'Twas only you, if you'll believe me.  
 'Twas only you, &c.

Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r,  
 Heavy has pass'd each anxious hour,  
 If not with you, if you'll believe me.  
 If not with you, &c.

Honor and wealth no joys can bring,  
 Nor I be happy, tho' a king,  
 If not with you, if you'll believe me,  
 If not with you, &c.

When from this world I'm call'd away,  
 For you alone I'd wish to stay,  
 For you alone, if you'll believe me,  
 For you alone, &c.

Grave on my tomb, where'er I am laid,  
 Here lies one who lov'd but one maid,  
 That's only you, if you'll believe me.  
 That's only you, &c.

————— 328 —————  
**F**ORGIVE, fair creature, form'd to please,  
 Forgive a wond'ring youth's desire:

Those charms, those virtues, when he sees  
 How can he see, and not admire!  
 While each the other still improves;  
 The fairest face, the noblest mind;  
 Not with the proverb, he that loves,  
 But he that loves you not, is blind.

————— 329 —————  
**G**RAVE sops my envy now begot,  
 Who did my pity move;  
 They, by the right of wanting wit,  
 Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools; because they are  
 By their defect secure  
 From slavery and toil of war,  
 Which all the rest endure.

So I, who suffer cold neglect  
 And wounds from *Celia's* eyes,  
 Begin extremely to respect  
 These fools that seem so wise.

'Tis true, they fondly set their hearts  
 On things of no delight;  
 To pass all day for men of parts,  
 These pass alone at night.

But *Celia* never breaks their rest;  
 Such servants she disdain:  
 And to the tops are fully blest,  
 While I endure the chains.

————— 330 —————  
**G**RAT Love! I own thy pow'r supreme  
 My mind has felt the dart;  
 No more the transitory flame  
 Plays lambient round my heart.

Bright *Nancy's* charms the bosom strike,  
 That evil was wont to rove;  
 And sense and beauty now conspire  
 To light an ardent love.

Then wonder not to hear me vow  
 That I can change no more;  
 Since the best all *Heav'n* can bestow,  
 Or fighting fortune above.

foe to flatt'ry's strain,  
 a busy bee  
 produce of the plain,  
 in rub and tree ;  
 in the bloomy rose,  
 sweet essence joins,  
 warmest with the show'rs,  
 its beauty shines.

— 332 —

a lover's life passes,  
 it returns sigh for sigh !  
 all men as asses,  
 not some girl in their eye.

As light as a feather,  
 the terraces or parks ;  
 croud impatient together,  
 as look out for their sparks.

alpidation arises,  
 appears full in view ;  
 more value he prizes,  
 in the mines of *Petrus*.

aged time, as they're walking,  
 them, alas ! by his sight ;  
 he still hears her talking,  
 he keeps her in sight.

and he regales him,  
 as calls out for his lass ;  
 as *Chloe* ne'er fails him,  
 gives a zest to his glass.

fements he prizes,  
 that from *Chloe* arise,  
 his thoughts when he rises,  
 when he closes his eyes.

ambition distresses us,  
 its fantastical chase ;  
 oh *Chloe* can bless us,  
 all we want to embrace.

— 333 —

ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,  
 as *Peggy* grieves me,

Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,  
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.  
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
 Unheeded, never move her ;  
 At the bonny bush aboon *Traquair*,  
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,  
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;  
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her.  
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,  
 In words that I thought tender ;  
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,  
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful sees the plain,  
 The fields we then frequented ;  
 If e'er we meet she shews disdain,  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in *May*.  
 It's sweet I'll ay remember ;  
 But now her frowns make it decay,  
 It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural powers, who hears my strains,  
 Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me ?  
 Oh ! make her partner in my pain,  
 Then let her smiles relieve me.  
 If not, my love will turn despair,  
 My passion no more tender,  
 I'll leave the bush aboon *Traquair*,  
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

— 334 —

How sweetly smells the summer green !  
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry :  
 Painting and order please our ear,  
 And claret makes us merry :  
 But finest colours, fruits and flowers,  
 And wine, tho' I be thirsty,  
 Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,  
 Compar'd with those of *Christy*.

T

W.D.W.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,  
 No nat'ral beauty wanting,  
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,  
 And birds in consort chanting;  
 But if my *Christy* tunes her voice,  
 I'm rapt in admiration;  
 My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,  
 And drop the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,  
 I take the happy omen,  
 And often mind to make advance,  
 Hoping she'll prove a woman;  
 But, dubious of any sin desert,  
 My sentiments I smother;  
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,  
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a burn,  
 His *Christy* did o'er-hear him;  
 She daughtna let her lover mourn,  
 But e'er he wist drew near him.  
 She spake her favour with a look  
 Which left nae room to doubt her:  
 He wisely this white minute took,  
 And flang his arms about her.

My *Christy*!—witness, bonny stream,  
 Sic joys frae tears arising,  
 I wish this may na be a dream;  
 O love the maist suprising!  
 Time was to-precious now for taul;  
 This point of a' his wishes  
 He wadna with set speeches bank,  
 But war'd it a' on kisses.

334

HOW happy was I,  
 When *Delia* was by;  
 Her presence rejoiced my heart;  
 No trouble I knew,  
 My cares were but few,  
 Till the time I from *Dalia* did part.  
 When how sad the reverse I  
 With pain I rehearse

The disquiet my mind undergoes;  
 Time moves slowly on,  
 Content I have none;  
 Oh! feel for, and pity my woes.  
 My fair will be just,  
 I can't het mistrust,  
 Her promise is binding I'm sure;  
 Then why soliment?  
 For ~~home~~, be content  
 For the present, her absence endure.  
 The time, shortly will be,  
 When I *Delia* shall see,  
 And with her in wedlock be join'd;  
 Then how happy my state,  
 I'll not envy the great,  
 But enjoy, with my fair, peace of mi

I covet not weakh,  
 But a good share of health,  
 For myself and the girl I adore:  
 We'll live at our ease,  
 And do as we please;  
 Ye gods! what can mortals wish mor

335

HOW fair is my love,  
 As kind as the dove;  
 Her temper both lively and gay:  
 The lily, and rose,  
 Upon her cheeks blows,  
 To give her the splendor of *May*.  
 Her shape, and her mien,  
 Proclaim her the queen  
 Of beauty, of virtue, and truth;  
 Her eyes are like jet,  
 Her teeth neatly set:  
 Ye gods! in the prime of her youth,  
 Her voice, like the thrush,  
 That sings on the bush  
 When meadows look blooming and g  
 Each nymph and each swain,  
 That dance on the plain,  
 Are charm'd with my *Philis* lay.

sale my fond bosom of strife;  
In pleasure's sweet bow'r  
We'll pass ev'ry hour,  
The nature supplies us with life.

336  
O sweet a torment 'tis to love!  
And oh! how pleasant is the pain!  
Would not, if I could, remove,  
And now put off the amorous chain.  
But Morris' eyes do give me laws,  
And me of liberty beguile,  
Like a martyr, love my cause,  
And on my fair tormentor smile!

337  
Pythee send me back my heart,  
For I cannot have thine;  
If from yours you will not part,  
By then shou'dst thou have mine?  
For I think on't, let it lie;  
And it goes in vain;  
Wou'd a thief in ev'ry eye  
I'd steal it back again.

And two hearts in one breast lie,  
Not lodge together?  
Oh! where is thy sympathy,  
Our breasts thus sever?  
Is such a mystery,  
I find it out:  
I think I'm best resolv'd,  
In most doubt,

And care, and farewell woe,  
Longer pine;  
For I have her heart,  
As she as mine.

338  
What now I sing,  
Is hand display'd;  
And a diamond ring,  
A parrot play'd,

The feather'd plaything the care's'd,  
And strok'd his head and wings;  
And while it nestled on her breast,  
She kiss'd the dearest things.  
With chizzel bill a spark ill-let  
He loosen'd from the rest,  
And swallow'd down to grind his meat,  
The easier to digest.  
She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,  
Her diamond to destroy;  
Twas gone! she stick'd at the sight,  
Moaning her bird wou'd die.  
The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,  
The curtains none might draw;  
The footmen went without their shoes,  
The streets were laid with straw.  
The doctor us'd his oily art,  
Of strong emetic kind;  
Th' apothecary play'd his part,  
And engineer'd behind.

When physic ceas'd to spend it's store  
To bring away the stone,  
Dicky, like people given o'er,  
Picks up, when let alone.  
His eyes dispell'd their sickly dew,  
He peck'd behind his wing:  
Lucia recover'd at the news,  
Relapses for the ring.

Meanwhile, within her beauteous breast,  
Two different passions strove;  
When av'rice ended the contest,  
And triumph'd over love.  
Poor little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,  
Thy pains the sex display!  
Who, only to repair a ring,  
Could take thy life away.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,  
Monster of foulest men;  
Ye would not let it harbour there,  
Could but it's form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,  
Truth's image break her word;  
A *Lucia's* face forbear to smile,  
A *Venus* kill her bird.

————— 339 —————

I Told my nymph, I told her true,  
My fields were small, My flocks were few;  
While faltering accents spoke my fear,  
That *Flavia* might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,  
And vagrant sheep that left my fold:  
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;  
And is not *Flavia* then sincere;

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,  
The friends I lov'd became unkind:  
She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear;  
And is not *Flavia* then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,  
My *Flavia* must not hope for dress:  
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;  
And *Flavia* sure must be sincere.

Go hear your flocks, ye jovial swains,  
Go reap the plenty of your plains;  
Despoil'd of all which you reverse  
I know my *Flavia's* love sincere.

————— 340 —————

IN vain you bid your captive live,  
While you the means of life deny:  
Give me your smiles, your wishes give  
To him who must without you die.

Strunk from the sun's enlivening beam,  
Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue;  
It's source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,  
Or me exist depriv'd of you.

————— 341 —————

I Rambled about for a twelvemonth, I vow,  
In search of a damsel for life?  
For roving perplex'd me, I could not tell how,  
So ventur'd at last on wife.

The girls of the town, each rake must well  
Imbitters the pleasures of life,  
For evils on evils will constantly flow,  
And make us all wish for a wife.

A mistress, 'tis true, who's youthful and  
May sweeten the troubles of life.  
And while she is constant, drive sorrow  
But what is all this to a wife!

In wedlock, alone, true pleasure we find  
To glide the rough passage thro' life,  
Then chuse out a last with a delicate mis  
And make the dear charmer a wife  
And you, O ye fair, be kind to the man  
Who offers to bless you for life;  
Be constant and true, and as fond as you  
For these are the charms of a wife.

————— 342 —————

LOVE never move shall give me pain,  
My fancy's fix'd on thee;  
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,  
My *Peggy*, if thou die.

Thy beauties did such pleasure give,  
Thy love so true to me:  
Without thee I shall never live,  
My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,  
How shall I lonely stray;  
In dreary dreams the nights I'll waste,  
In sighs the silent day.

I ne'er can so much virtue find,  
Nor such perfection see;  
Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,  
My *Peggy* after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my breast  
With *Cupid's* raving rage;  
But thine, which can such sweets impart  
Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that, like the morning sun,  
Gave joy to life and me;  
And when it's destin'd day is done,  
With *Peggy* let me die.

nile on virtuous love.  
 leasures share;  
 ithful flames approve,  
 v the fair.  
 's wonted charms,  
 so dear to me;  
 rem from these arms,  
 gy die.

— 343 —

ne alarm,  
 ying;  
 ne prize,  
 ars dying?  
 treasure  
 ch vein;  
 leasure,  
 in.

— 344 —

ave, and the gay,  
 ow they may,  
 r pleasures surpass;  
 d well or ill,  
 e with me still,  
 friend and my glass.  
 ay sigh,  
 may lye,  
 treasure amass;  
 are but vain,  
 nded with pain;  
 y friend and my glass.  
 ne inspires,  
 new desires,  
 lover his last,  
 ge prepares  
 he nymph's airs;  
 ny friend and my glass.  
 eeks the rain,  
 we the main,  
 ve are all in a clasp;  
 in the clay,  
 while we may,  
 my friend and my glass.

'Tis friendship and wine,  
 Only, life can refine:  
 We care not whate'er comes to pass  
 With courtiers, or great men,  
 There's none of us statesmen:  
 Come, here's to our friend and our glass.

— 345 —  
**L**ONG at thy altar, god of love,

I paid a double duty;  
 A slave to *Celia's* voice and wit,  
 To *Chloe's* taste and beauty:  
 Fain would I fix my restless heart,  
 While they, with awkward feature,  
 Disguis'd, in affectation's mask,  
 The genuine gifts of nature.

— 346 —  
**M**Y love was fickle once, and changing,  
 Nor e'er would settle in my heart,  
 From beauty still to beauty ranging,  
 In every face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,  
 An eye then gave the fatal stroke;  
 Till by her wit *Corinna* sav'd me,  
 And all my former fetters broke.  
 But now a long and lasting anguish  
 For *Belvidera* I endure;  
 Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,  
 Nor hope to find the wonted cure:  
 For here the false, inconstant lover,  
 After a thousand beauties thrown,  
 Does new surprising charms discover,  
 And finds variety in one.

— 347 —  
**M**Y goddess, *Lydia*, heavenly fair,  
 As lily sweet, as soft as air,  
 Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,  
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright eyes,  
 Tho' sacred lightning from them flies;

Shew me that soft, that modest grace;  
Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambrosia in a kiss,  
That I may rival *Jove* in bliss;  
That I may mix my soul with thine,  
And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide thy bosom's killing white,  
(The milky way is not so bright)  
Left you my ravish'd soul oppress  
With beauties pomp and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood  
Of my kind heart the vital blood?  
Thou art allover endless charms;  
O take me dying to thy arms.

**MAY** the ambitious ever find  
Success in envy and noise,  
While gentle *Jove* does fill my mind  
With silent, real joys.

May knives and foils grow rich and great,  
The world will think them wise,  
While I lie at *Venus's* feet,  
And all the world despise.

Let conquering *Julius* view triumphs rise,  
And melt in sweet delights;  
Her eyes can give much brighter days,  
Her arms much softer nights.

**AS** *Celia* to the coyest itray'd,  
The blushing *Ida* withdrew,  
And hasten'd down as if afraid  
To see thy brighter charms display'd,  
And be outshone in you.

His sister *Phoebe* at the sight,  
With blushes spread the sphere;  
As if to thee with double light,  
And gild the star-bespangled night,  
He'd borrow'd rays from her.

The glimm'ring stars which dar'd to peer,  
Were lost in gazing on;

And look'd like stars that seem'd to weep,

'Twixt half-awake and half asleep,  
Or twinkling at the sun.

The god of silence as she sung,  
Stood list'ning at her feet:  
The loit'ring streams attentive hung,  
And mimic echo held her tongue,  
Unable to repeat.

Says love, approach.—I fool obey'd  
Too sure to be undone;  
For 'twere as rash for me to invade,  
Those beauteous beams which round  
As *Phaeton* the son.

**HITHER**, *Venus* with your doves,  
Hither all ye little loves;  
Round me light, your wings display,  
And bear a lover on his way.  
Oh, could I but, like *Jove* of old,  
Transform myself to show'ry gold;  
Or in a swan my passion thread,  
Or wrap it in an orient cloud;  
What locks, what bars should them in;  
Or keep me from my charming maid!

**I** Made love to *Kate*, long I sigh'd for  
Till I heard of late, she'd a mind to me  
I met her on the green, in her best array  
So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart  
Oh then we kiss'd & press'd, were we met  
Had you been in my place, you'd have done

As I fonder grew, she began to prate,  
Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will m  
But then I laugh'd, & swore I lov'd her m  
For ty'd each to a rope's end, 'tis tugging  
Again we kiss'd & press'd, were we met  
Had you been in my place, you'd have don

Then she sigh'd, and said, she was won  
*Dicky Katy* led, *Katy* the led *Dick*.  
Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder  
*Katy* lost the game, tho' she play'd in it  
For there we did, that I dare not  
Had you been in my place, you'd have don

353

every art essay;  
 the venom'd shaft away  
 kites in my heart:  
 centre fix'd, and bound,  
 but enlarge the wound,  
 or make the smart.

353

loat, I rave with pain,  
 afort's in my mind;  
 could be a happier swain,  
*Sylvia* less unkind.  
 as long her chains I've worn)  
 relief from smart,  
 ves me looks of scorn;  
 'twill break my heart.

rich in worldly store,  
 ffer heaps of gold;  
 I a heaven adore,  
 ecious to be sold.  
 such a coxcomb prize  
 alth, and not desert,  
 or sighs and tears despise?  
 'twill break my heart.

some panting hov'ring dove,  
 my blifs contend,  
 the cause of eager love,  
 idly calls me friend.  
 t, thus in vain you strive  
 t a healer's part;  
 but ling'ring pain alive,  
 —and break my heart.

t, when this conquest's won,  
 am dead and cold,  
 the cruel deed you've done,  
 lory when 'tis told.  
 ovely gen'rous maid  
 ake my injur'd part  
 tbee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,  
 eaking my poor heart.

354

MY blifs too long my bride denies;  
 Apace the wasting summer flies;  
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear;  
 Nor storms, nor night, shall keep me here.

What may for strength, with steel compare  
 Oh! love has fetters stronger far;  
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,  
 But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer, then, perplex thy breast;  
 When thoughts torment, the first are best:  
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay;  
 Away, my *Jessy*, haste away.

355

HOW pleasingly glided the day,  
 When *Phyllis* vouchsaf'd to confess,  
 Whatever young *Damon* could say,  
 At once gave her pleasure and blifs;  
 But now how revers'd is the scene,  
 No more the sweet maiden complains,  
 Your bosom by far's too serene,  
 And ne'er to the lover attains.

No more the soft transports are mine,  
 When *Phyllis* from *Hymen* was free.  
 When she'd on my bosom recline,  
 And vow that she lov'd only me;  
 Those galloping moments of blifs,  
 Distraction! no more can be prov'd,  
 No more can I steal a sweet kiss  
 From her I so ardently lov'd.

When *Phyllis* a damsel so fair,  
 Was all that I wish'd her to be,  
 How void was my mind of all care,  
 My bosom from tortures how free,  
 But oh! how inconstant are they,  
 Whom nature has form'd to be fair,  
 How charming, how lovely and gay,  
 More safely to live the same.

DEAR



DEAR *Sally*, whilst poetic dreams,  
To flowery vales and purling streams,  
Confin'd a happy mind;  
While some in their dear selves possess,  
Of all that's good cry to be blest,  
Retire and quit mankind.

May no such false ideal bliss,  
No solitary joy like this,  
My social mind deceive;  
But may the world and I agree,  
In short let others live for me,  
Let me for others live.

So shall I see, well pleas'd at last,  
My life not wholly useless past,  
Or to mankind or me;  
Then shall such comforts crown my end,  
As those, and those alone attend,  
Who love society.

WHEN lovely *Phyllis* tones the lyre,  
I stand with rapture and admire  
The nymph, who can such joy impart,  
To cheer the dull and gloomy heart.

Like *Orpheus* who invites our ears,  
And lulls to rest our anxious fears,  
She gently strikes the trembling wires,  
And ev'ry breast with joy inspires.

A thousand joys my bosom feels,  
A thousand raptures strain reveals,  
Melodious sounds invade my ears,  
And all a scene of smirth appears.

TELL not me of your roses and lillies,  
Which tinge the fair cheeks of your *Phyllis*,  
Tell not me of the dimples and eyes,  
For which silly *Corydon* dies.

Let all silly Lovers go hang,  
My heart would you hit,  
Tip your arrow with wit,  
And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,  
And it comes, &c.

I am rock to the handsome and pretty,  
Can only be touch'd by the witty,  
And beauty may ogle in vain,  
The way to my heart's thro' my brain,  
Let all whining lovers go hang.

We wits you must know,  
Have two strings to our bow,  
To return 'em their darts with a twang,  
And return 'em, &c.

BLYTHE, blythe, as feather'd fowl  
More free than kings, and happier far,  
As fancy leads I rove,  
As beauty strikes I beauties woo,  
What more can mortal wish to do,  
Than lead a life of love,  
Than lead a life of love.

For each sweet nymph fresh tales I fit  
My heart as air still unconfin'd,  
From joy to joy I rove,  
The charms which daily me delight,  
Renew'd in pleasing dreams by night,  
Makes life a life of love.

Should I be blest a fair to find,  
To love like me, for life inclin'd,  
By all ye powers above,  
With honour strictly I'll pursue,  
And do what mortal man can do,  
To make a life of love.

Assist me, all my pow'rs divine,  
To forward this my grand design,  
And grant, O, mighty *Jove*,  
That I may wed some heav'nly fair,  
And show the world (what's very rare)  
A married life of love.

COULD I each fault remember,  
Forgetting ev'ry charm,  
Soon wou'd impartial reason,  
The tyrant love disarm.

[twang]

wag'd I number,  
 gs of her mind,  
 ggests her beauty,  
 while reason's blind.

361

never lustre see,  
 at wou'd not look on me,  
 w nectar on a lip,  
 : my own did hope to sip,  
 said who seeks my heart,  
 f rose untouch'd by art,  
 n the colour true,  
 dling blushes aid their hue.  
 yielding blushes, &c.

nd so soft and pure,  
 as it, to be sure,  
 I be certain then,  
 useful press again,  
 ith attentive eye  
 r heaving bosom sigh.  
 so—when I see  
 ving bosom sigh for me.

362

HIP is the bond of reason,  
 auty disapprove,  
 dves all other treason.  
 art that's true ro love.

hich to my friend I swore,  
 I oath I view,  
 charms which I adore,  
 ion to be true,  
 ship, &c.

one I false must be,  
 uth which to prefer,  
 f social faith to thee,  
 ge to love and her.  
 ship, &c.

363

cause for suspicion appears,  
 oofs of her love are too strong,  
 etch if I'm right in my fears,  
 worthy of bliss if I'm wrong,

What heart breathing torments from jealousy flow,  
 Ah! none but the jealous, the jealous can know.

When blest with the smiles of my fair,

I know not how much I adore

Those smiles let another but share,

And I wonder I priz'd them no more.

Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,  
 When the falser the seems, still the sonder I grow.

364

GENTLE maid, ah! why suspect me,

Let me serve thee, then reject me,

Gentle maid, &c.

Canst thou trust and I deceive thee,

Art thou sad and shall I grieve thee.

Canst thou, &c.

365

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,

But health and good humour to make her a toast,

If strait I don't mind whether slender or fat,

Or six foot or four we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care,

If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair.

And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples shou'd see,

Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

A dimple to me. Let her smile, &c.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,

And her eyes may be—saith any colour but green

For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and hue,

I swear I've no choice only let her have two,

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,

And white teeth I own are gentler than black,

A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,

But I only desire—the may'nt have a beard.

366

O HAD my love ne'er smil'd on me,

I ne'er had known such anguish,

But think how false, how cruel she,

To bid me cease to languish.

To bid me hope her hand to gain,

Breathe on a flame half perish'd,

And then with cold and fix'd disdain,

To kill the hope the cherish'd.

Not worse his fate who on a wreck,  
 That drove as winds did blow it,  
 Silent had left the flatter'd duck  
 To find a grave below it:  
 Then land was cried, no more resigned,  
 He glow'd with joy to hear it,  
 Not worse his fate his woe to find,  
 The wreck must sink e'er hear it.

367

AH! cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd  
 The temper of my mind,  
 My heart by thee from mirth estrang'd,  
 Becomes like thee unkind.  
 By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,  
 I once ambitious was,  
 And friends I had that fann'd the flame,  
 And gave my youth applause.  
 And friends, &c.

But now my weakness all abuse,  
 Yet vain their taunts on me:  
 Friends, fortune, fame itself I'd lose,  
 To gain one smile of thee.  
 Yet only thou should not despise,  
 My folly or my woe.  
 If I am mad in others eyes,  
 'Tis thou hast made me so.  
 But days like these with doubting curst,  
 I will not long endure,  
 Am I despis'd, I know the worst,  
 And also know my cure.  
 If false her vows, she dare renounce,  
 She instant ends my pain,  
 For oh! that heart must break at once,  
 Which cannot hate again.  
 For oh, &c.

368

THEN farewell my trim-built wherry,  
 Oars and coat and badge farewell,  
 Never more at Chelsea ferry,  
 Shall your Thomas take a spell.  
 Then farewell, &c.

But to hope and peace a stranger,  
 In the battles heat I go,  
 Where expos'd to every danger,  
 Some friendly ball shall lay me low.  
 Then mayhap as homeward steering,  
 With the news my mess-mates come,  
 Even you the story-hearing,  
 With a sigh may cry poor Tom.

369

TO make the most of fleeting time,  
 Shou'd be our best endeavour,  
 For love we both are in our prime,  
 The time is now or never.  
 For love, &c.

A thousand charms around you play,  
 No girl more bright or clever,  
 Then let us both agree to-day,  
 To-morrow will be never.

I ne'er shall be a better man,  
 I burn with love's high fever,  
 Pray now be kind, I know you can,  
 You must not answer never.

Whilst thus you *Chloe* turn aside,  
 You frustrate my endeavour,  
 That face will fade, come down that pride  
 Your time is now or never.

E're for yourself or me too late,  
 Say now you're mine for ever,  
 I may be snatch'd by care or fate,  
 My time is now or never.

370

WAST to her ears, kind gentle breeze  
 A hapless lover's lay,  
 Tell her while she lays at ease,  
 I die, I die away.

This to her tender bosom bear,  
 And tell her all my pain,  
 And if a spark of pity's there,  
 Oh! tan it to a flame.

early way, with an honest man's fame,  
 g, I hope to succeed,  
 please, if you're pleas'd with a name,  
 let probity lead.

keep on humility's side,  
 use gratitude's view;  
 envy of pique nor of pride,  
 from merit's side.

it esteem is a noble estate,  
 and smile make you proud;  
 en merely because they are great,  
 'd by the roar of a crowd.

's phrase, let not promise allure,  
 for dinners in taste;  
 d friends; tho' perhaps they are poor,  
 new acquaintance in haste.

ot interest, friendship to wean,  
 servility's treat,  
 witness iniquity's scene,  
 it once on deceit.

ourself, spare the shame of your friend  
 your wit to excess;  
 he cause of the absent defend,  
 k not your arm from distress.

the low, nor be high peoples slave,  
 despair or be vain;  
 consistent the world may behave,  
 y ever maintain

r ambition extend o'er the state,  
 e glutonize wealth;  
 I wish for, I wou'd not be great,  
 humbly for Health.

il, in health, will my latter days pass,  
 , unenvying live;  
 ends I have prov'd and my fav'rite lass  
 ise the precepts I give.

where, dear maid, shouldst thou for-  
 appy *Damon* fly, [take me,

To what other fair betake me,  
 Banish'd from thy love-fraught eye;  
 In thy breast, my bliss resides,  
 Woe in ev'ry place besides;  
 Where, where, dear maid, shouldst thou forsake  
 Could unhappy *Damon* fly;  
 Should I thence by scorn be driv'n,  
 For me remains no other Heav'n.

**MYRTILLA**, demanding the aid of my pen,  
 To tell what of her were the thoughts of the men,  
 Insisted for once I would alter my tone,  
 And write panegyrics as well as lampoon:  
 With candour describing the woman I see,  
 When I steal from my glass, to *Myrtilla* and tea.  
 If the eyes sweet employ to the soul give delight,  
 And beauty's an object engaging to sight;  
 How kind is my fair-one, whose studies confess  
 Her aim is at nature's amendme't in dress!  
 Tho' oft in the structure, mistaken the plan,  
 She spoils what she meant should give pleasure to man.

When I hear her sweet voice in its natural key,  
 Her good-humour'd prattle is music to me;  
 Her kiss would soon make the dull hermit forego  
 His cell and high views for that heaven below;  
 But when for a trifle with anger grown bold,  
 Her words are but discord, her kisses are cold.

Like dew to the flow'rs is love to mankind;  
 Each sense's employment in woman we find,  
 Unless affectation, that base to the fair,  
 Unfeters the heart they attempt to enslave;  
 Let nature the science of pleasing direct;  
 A charm ill display'd soon becomes a defect.

**MY** fair has nature's charms alone,  
 From ev'ry art she's free;  
 Her dress bespeaks her inmost mind,  
 'Tis all simplicity.

Without disguise, she loves sincere,  
 Nor will the change from me;  
 She's constant, innocent, and true,  
 And all simplicity.

Now can I e'er ungrateful prove  
To one so pure as she ;  
For sure no charm can e'er compare  
With sweet simplicity.

## 375

NEAR a meandering river's side,  
A beautiful damsel I espied  
Her sparkling eyes and graceful mein,  
Made her appear like love's fair queen.  
Her sparkling eyes, &c.

She sat beneath a rock just by,  
No creature near she could deny ;  
To screen her from the sultry heat,  
She chose the secret blest retreat.  
But, ah ! what adamant heart,  
Could then refuse love's pointed dart ;  
I thought I heard the urchin say,  
This is the time, make no delay.

Eager I flew, at his command,  
And took my charmer by the hand ;  
The trembling fair was full of fear,  
And said, " I hope no harm is near ? "

I gently clasp'd her lovely waist,  
And swore no mortal was more chaste ;  
Her coral lips I softly prest,  
And view'd her snowy throbbing breast.

The smiling god this scene survey'd,  
And pierc'd the kind, the blooming maid ;  
With equal flame our hearts did burn,  
And love for love did each return.

## 376

NO scornful beauty e'er shall boast,  
She makes me love in vain ;  
The man's a fool that once is cross'd,  
If e'er he loves again :  
To whine or pine I never can,  
Nor tell her I must die ;  
*'Tis something to beneath a man,* [not I.  
*To do it, no, no ; to do it, no, no ; to do it no*

The doating swain with folding arms,  
May hope the live-long day ;  
A stranger I to love's alarms,  
Will laugh my time away :  
Of darts, of hearts if e'er he prate,  
Or heave a pensive sigh ;  
Must I bewail his woeful fate,  
Believe me no not I.

For me the sex their toils may set,  
To catch the roving mind ;  
I break through ev'ry cobweb net,  
Nor leave my heart behind :  
Their wiles and smiles at once may m  
And all their cunning try ;  
Then must I languish at their feet ?  
Excuse me, no not I.

## 377

A FEW Years in the days of my gra  
( A worthy good woman as ever bro  
What lectures she gave, in the morning  
Nor ceas'd till she laid herself down :  
She never declin'd what she once und

But twist'd,  
Persisted,  
Now flatter'd,  
Now spatter'd,

And always succeeded, by hook or by  
Said she, Child, whatever your fate is  
If married, if single, if old, or if you  
In madness, in sadness, in tears, or in  
But follow my maxims, you cannot  
Each passion, each temper I always co  
When scolded,

I moulded,  
When heated,  
Retreated,

And manag'd my matters, by hook or  
Ensnar'd by her councils, I ventur'd  
And fancy'd a wife, by my grandmo  
Might be taught like a spaniel to fetch  
But soon I found out that we both h

madam the wonderful book ;  
her,  
her,  
y,

over'd by hook or by crook.

— 378 —  
female heart inspire  
a, warm desire,  
othing art :  
l force dissuade  
pleading chains,  
ning heart.

— 379 —  
s states of life,  
the best,  
oving wife,  
blest.

s world can give,  
thly bliss,  
qual, as I live,  
d kiss.

s the time away,  
his wife,  
with joy can say,  
y dear life,

perplex and gail,  
de alarms,  
orgete them all,  
e's dear arms.

poetic grove,  
l'd sweets,  
wedded love,  
'ul sheets.

happy dad,  
cart with glee,  
r Sall, or Ned,  
s knee !

e for my long,  
ishes join,  
e very long,  
ay be mine !

— 380 —  
ON *Etrick* banks, in a summer's night,  
At glowing when the sheep drave hame,  
I met my lassie, braw and tight,  
Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane :  
My heart grew light, I ran, I sang  
My arms about her bly neck,  
And kiss'd and clap'd her there fou lang ;  
My words they were na mony feck.

I said my lassie, will ye go  
To the highland hills, the *Earse* to learn ;  
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,  
When ye come to the brig of *Earn*.  
At *Leith* auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,  
And herrings at the *Broomy Law* ;  
Chear up your heart, my bony lass,  
There's gear to win we ne'er faw,  
All day when we have wrought enough,  
When winter, frosts, and snaw begin ;  
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
At night when you sit down to spin,  
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring :  
And thus the weary night we'll end,  
Till the tender kyd and lamb-time bring  
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,  
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,  
I'll meet my lass among the broom,  
And lead you to my summer shield.  
Then far frae a' their scornful din,  
That make the kindly heart their sport ;  
We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,  
And gar the longest day seem short

— 381 —  
OFT had I laugh'd at female pow'r,  
And slighted *Venus'* chain,  
Then chearful sped each fleeting hour,  
Unknown to eating pain :  
By stoic rules severely taught  
To scorn bright beauty's charms,  
Sage wisdom sway'd each rising thought,  
And woo'd me to her arms.

Till *Sylvia*, heavenly *Sylvia*, came,  
Sweet pleasure play'd around;  
Her lucid eyes shot forth a flame  
That hardest hearts would wound.  
O charmer, cease that ardent gaze,  
Nor rob me of my rest!  
Such lightning from those eyelids plays,  
It burns my tortur'd breast.

Deluded swains, who, vainly proud,  
Assume gay freedom's air,  
And boastful scorn the prostrate crowd  
That sigh before the fair!  
If once fair *Sylvia* you should meet,  
And view her heav'nly mein;  
To love converted, at her feet,  
You'll hug the pleasing chain.

————— 382 —————  
PIOUS *Selinda* goes to pray'rs,  
If I but ask the favour:  
And yet the tender fool's in tears,  
When she believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this restraint,  
Or else had hopes to win her;  
Wou'd she could make of me a saint,  
Or I of her a sinner.

————— 383 —————  
PHILLIS, I pray, what did I say?  
That I did not adore you?  
I durst not sue, as others do,  
Or talk of love before you.

Should I make known my flame, you'd frown,  
No tears could e'er appease you;  
'Tis better I should silent die,  
Than talk for to displease you.

————— 384 —————  
SINCE *Emma* caught my roving eye,  
Since *Emma* fix'd my wav'ring heart,  
I long to smile, I scorn to sigh,  
But nature triumphs over art.  
If such the hapless moments prove,  
Ah! who would give his heart to love?

If frowns and sighs, and cold disdain,  
Be meet return for love like mine;  
If cruel *Emma* scoffs my pain,  
And archly wonders why I pine.  
If such, &c.

But should the lovely girl relent;  
Oh!—when I wish, and sigh, and vow  
Should she with blushes smile consent,  
And heart for heart, well pleas'd, best  
Should such the blissful moments prove,  
Who would not give his heart to love?

————— 385 —————  
SHALL I, like an hermit, dwell  
On a rock, or in a cell,  
Calling home the smallest part  
That is missing of my heart,  
To bestow it where I may  
Meet a rival every day?  
If she undervalues me,  
What care I how fair she be?  
Were her tresses angel gold;  
If a stranger may be bold,  
Unrebuked, unafraid,  
To convert them to a braid,  
And, with a little more ado,  
Work them into bracelets too;  
If the mine be grown so free,  
What care I how rich it be?  
Were her hands as rich a prize  
As her hairs, or precious eyes;  
If she lay them out to take  
Kisses for good-manners sake;  
And let every lover skip  
From her hand unto her lip;  
If she seem not chaste to me,  
What care I how chaste she be?  
No; she must be perfect snow,  
In effect as well as show,  
Warming but as snow-balls do,  
Not like fire, by burning too;

ry change hath got  
second lot;  
s share with me,  
hate'er she be.

386

meet a lovely creature,  
id fair in feature,  
fs and good-nature;  
d again to she.  
to possess her,  
warm and press her,  
s, and night, caress her,  
nd as fond can be.

meet that's forward,  
and untoward,  
the whining coward,  
d her ne'er the whit-  
h enough to bind her;  
ea once you find her,  
i never mind her;  
you're fairly quit.

387

gaze on *Chloe*, trembling,  
eyes my fate declare;  
es, I fear dissembling,  
own, I then despair.  
is rival lover,  
ing look she gives;  
esolve to leave her,  
ner cease to live.

conceal my passion,  
ents I endure?  
inclination;  
ance yields no cure.  
in her nature,  
to her slave;  
ine a creature,  
what what she can save.  
hose inclination  
with a gentle heat;  
to raging passion:  
veal, if too great.

When the storm is once blown over,  
Soon the ocean quiet grows;  
But a constant, faithful lover,  
Seldom meets with true repose.

388

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,  
And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn;  
When sky-larks tun'd their carols sweet,  
To hail the god of light and heat;  
*Pbilander*, from his downy bed,  
To fair *Lisetta's* chamber sped,  
Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,  
I'm come to be thy *Valentine*.

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,  
Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,  
Which (that a kiss she might obtain)  
She artfully had clos'd again:  
He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,  
Like *Pæbus* into *Thetis'* lap,  
And near forgot that his design  
Was but to be her *Valentine*.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone;  
*Pbilander*, charming youth, be gone!  
For this time, to your vows sincere,  
Make virtue, not your love, appear:  
No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes;  
(Forgive the simple fond disguise!)  
To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,  
And be my faithful *Valentine*.

The brutal passion sudden fled,  
Fair honour govern'd in it's stead,  
And both agreed, ere setting sun,  
To join two virtuous hearts in one;  
Their beauteous offspring soon did prove  
The sweet effects of mutual love;  
And, from that hour to life's decline,  
She bless'd the day of *Valentine*.

389

WHAT various colours deck the bow  
That casual streaks the sky!  
What various tints of beauty glow  
Beneath my *Chloe's* eye!

U 2



The happy mixture forms the grace  
Which beauty calls her own,  
And in the sky, or in the face,  
It's radiance must be known.

Heav'n's pictur'd arch awhile outspread,  
Attract the wond'ring sight;  
But soon the casual gloom is fled,  
Illusive, from our sight.

Thus, lovely *Chloe*, 'tis with thee,  
Thy beauties now are gay;  
Yet, ere thou read'st these lines, may flee,  
And vanish far away.

Then let one moral be impress'd  
To last till time shall fade:  
The tints that glow within the breast  
Immortalize the maid!

390  
**L**ONG time my heart had rov'd,  
Inconstant as the wind;  
Each girl I saw, I swore I lov'd,  
Till one my heart constrain'd,  
Till one my heart constrain'd.  
The maid was blithe, was young and fair,  
From affectation free,  
The maid was blithe, &c.  
No imperfection did appear,  
While she look'd kind on me,  
No imperfection, &c.

When her my pain I told,  
And all my grief confess'd,  
The insolence of female pride,  
Her cool disdain express'd,  
Her cool disdain express'd,  
The beauty I esteem'd before,  
Appear'd deformity;  
The beauty, &c.

Each charm I thought a charm no more.  
She was unkind to me. Each charm, &c.

Forbear, fond youth, no more,  
The sex's weakness scan;  
'Twas not in constancy or pride,  
But trial of the man,

When time had prov'd my flame  
She own'd the same to me;  
When time, &c.  
Not love alone can win the fair,  
But love and constancy.  
Not love, &c.

391  
**M**Y passion, in vain, I attempt  
T'endeavour to hide it but ma  
Enraptur'd I gaze when I touch her  
And speak to and hear her, wi  
By how many cruel ideas torment  
My blo'd's in a ferment, it fre  
This moment I wish what the ne  
While love, rage, and jealousy!

392  
**N**EAR the side of a stream th  
As beauteous as dam'el could  
And when with the lasses she fro  
No lambkin more blithsome th  
No lambkin more blithsome th  
Her eyes were like snows, and her  
As snow-cover'd mountains are  
Each charm and each grove that  
Were found in fair *Kate* of the  
Were found in fair *Kate* of the  
Young *Jockey*, who pip'd on the  
Oft tempted the fair one abroa  
And still as he play'd her each rav  
A kiss was the shepherd's rew  
Then sighing he'd praise, in soft  
Her delicate shape and her mim  
And swore that no power his pass  
His passion for *Kate* of the gre  
The nymph oft had heard the dec  
How cruel their love, and how  
And vow'd to her lover, again, as  
No shepherd should work her d  
She told him how *Susan* was left  
How knavish young *Calin* had  
Then talk'd of the wedding, the  
So prudent was *Kate* of the

But trial, &c.

who in silence, had heard all her vows,  
 'd with the prospect of bliss,  
 protested he'd make her his spouse,  
 her consent with a kiss.  
 With their neighbours together they hid  
 a fight scarce was seen,  
 so happy, so pleasing a bride,  
 and *Kate* of the green.

393  
 los'd with woodbiats, where grottoes  
 murmur and echo resound, [abound,  
 muses, my time and my care,  
 could win me the smiles of my fair.  
 Inspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung,  
 dear name never fell from my tongue;  
 th' accent delighted my ear,  
 unawares, that my *Daphne* was near.  
 deas my bosom I stor'd,  
 my heart the dear nymph I ador'd;  
 I with study my fancy refin'd,  
 npression she made on my mind.

the beauties of nature pursue,  
 y *Daphne's* fair image review;  
 ave chosen with *Daphne* to rove,  
 as are all in alliance with love.

394  
 and libertines resign'd  
 pleasures range!  
 ex's charms I find,  
 can cool or change.  
 etc, and prudes conceal,  
 their hearts desire;  
 y passion I reveal.  
 t ne'er expire.

cease to spread its light,  
 her orbits leave;  
 tion sink in night,  
 y dear device.

395  
 my *Mogg*, you're as soft as a bog,  
 as kitten, and wild as a kitten,

Those eyes in your face—(O pity my case)  
 Poor *Dermot* hath smitten, poor *Dermot* hath  
 For softer than silk and as fair as new milk [smitten  
 Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is;  
 Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your tail,  
 You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.  
 Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is,  
 As black as the devil, as black as the devil,  
 Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,  
 Or orange from *Seville*, or orange from *Seville*.  
 When drest in your boddice, you trip like a goddess,  
 So nimble, so frisky, so nimble, so frisky;  
 A kiss on your cheek 'tis so soft and so sleek [whisky.  
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like

I grunt and I pine, and I sob like a swine,  
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel,  
 No rest I can take; and asleep or awake,  
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.  
 Your hate then give over; nor *Dermot* your lover  
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle;  
 Or *Dermot* must die, like a pig in a sty.  
 Or sauff of a candle, or sauff of a candle.

396  
 MY *Dolly* was the fairest thing,  
 Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring;  
 And if for summer you would seek,  
 'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek;  
 Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,  
 Of fruitful autumn was the type;  
 But, when my tender tale I told,  
 I found her heart was winter cold.

397  
 HOW sweet in the woodland, with fleet houn dand  
 To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn[ horn  
 But hard is the chase my fond heart must pursue,  
 For *Daphne*, fair *Daphne* is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste *Dian*, the nymph to regain,  
 More wild than the roebuck and wing'd with disdain  
 In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,  
 Tho' *Daphne's* pursu'd, tis *Myrilla* who dies.

**HASTE**, heav'nly nipe! ye muses, haste!  
 At doating *Strephobea's* call,  
 And blest him with your sweetest taste,  
 To sing of *Nancy Wall*.

Tho' in the faultless form you'll find  
 The nameless graces all:  
 Yet greater beauties deck the mind,  
 Of lovely *Nancy Wall*.

How elegantly does she move  
 Along this mystic ball!  
 And all is grace, and all is love,  
 In blooming *Nancy Wall*.

Sublimely sweet, when'er she sings,  
 The melting accents fall,  
 And list'ning *Cupids* clap their wings,  
 Applauding *Nancy Wall*.

A soul so bright, a form so fair,  
 For adoration call;  
 And reason bids us worship there,  
 And points to *Nancy Wall*.

Whilst thus divine, my fears how great,  
 My hope how very small!  
 If he alone is blest by fate,  
 Who merits *Nancy Wall*.

**HE**, who a virgin's heart would win,  
 By soft approaches must begin;  
 Must gently sigh, must gently sigh,  
 And each endeavouring art must try:  
 If *Cupid's* favour'd golden dart,  
 Should then transfix her yielding heart,  
 Each gentle look, each sympathy,  
 Shall echo back with sympathy.  
 Shall echo, &c.

But what avails a heart to gain,  
 Unless the conquest we maintain;  
 Implore we then the heav'nly powers:  
 To keep the conquest ours:  
 To keep the conquest ours here inclines—

**FOR** *Phillis*, I sigh, and hourly d  
 But not for a lip, or I languishin'  
 She's fickle and false, and there'  
 For I am as false and as fickle as  
 We neither believe what either  
 And neither believing, we neith  
 'Tis civil to swear and to say th  
 We mean not the taking for b  
 When present we love, when  
 I think not of *Phillis*, nor *Ph*  
 The legend of love no couple  
 So easy to part, and so easily

**FAIR** *Kate* I lov'd bu  
 My humble suit would  
 But treat me with se  
 Tho' oft my cry,  
 For you I die,  
 O love again for ch

Dear *Kate*, I cry'd,  
 A faithful passion I  
 With honest trust  
 Then with a f  
 Begg'd she'd  
 Doing so much

But I to stock or  
 And listen full as  
 So great was  
 Nor e'er v  
 Once gar  
 The smiles  
 Then say ye f  
 That fate sho  
 Where wa  
 Enrag'd  
 I will  
 I'll or

thinks I hear you say,  
lie another day,  
ove's a rarity  
prevail,  
eard my tale.  
I judge with charity.

402  
ye minutes, hark away ;  
each a tedious day,  
I wait me to my love,  
he's present, never move.  
fair one's arms I'd fly,  
eat all care defy,  
to please her I employ,  
at's far the sweetest joy.  
er flow'ry hills I'd stray,  
hace down the summer's day ;  
ph's shadows bid adieu,  
he former sun renew.  
life, thus spent, would seem,  
was past, so short a dream,  
only could recall  
t I had liv'd at all.

403  
shadow, still it flies you,  
it will pursue,  
frets, she denies you,  
ac, and she'll court you ;  
ne, and she'll court you ;  
se, and she'll court you.  
not women truly then  
: shadows of us men ?

d ev'ning shades are longest,  
y're short, or none ;  
akest, they are strongest,  
is perfect, they're unknown.

404  
hou queen of endless smiles,  
res of life beguiles ;

With thee I'll rove, with thee I'll rest,  
Amidst thy sweet enchantments blest.

I feel ! I feel thy gladsome ray !  
Dawn on my soul like rising day ;  
My heart no more shall feel its care,  
For joyful hope inhabits there.

405  
CAN lovely *Delia* still persist  
To fly pursuing love ;  
To fly pursuing love ?  
Can she my passion still resist,  
And always scornful prove ?  
And always scornful prove ?

With sighs and tears I told my tale,  
And did it oft repeat ;  
But sighs and tears will not avail,  
She all my hopes defeat.

Pity my fate, ye pow'rs above,  
Relax the fair one's heart,  
And grant that *Delia* may in love  
With *Corydon* bear a part.

406  
No more, ye swains, no more upbraid,  
A youth, by love unhappy made ;  
Your rural sports are all in vain,  
To soothe my care, or ease my pain.  
Nor shade of trees, nor sweets of flow'rs,  
Can e'er redeem my happy hours ;  
When ease forsakes the tortur'd mind,  
What pleasure can a lover find ?

Yet, if again you wish to see  
Your *Demon* still restor'd and free,  
Go try to move the cruel fair,  
And gain the scornful *Celia*'s ear.  
But, oh ! forbear with too much art  
To touch that dear relentless heart,  
Lest rivals to my fears ye prove,  
And jealousy succeed to love.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre;  
*Chloe* seems inclin'd to rest;  
 Fill her soul with fond desire;  
 Softest notes will sooth her breast.  
 Pleasing dreams assist in love;  
 Let them all propitious prove!

On the mossy bank she lies;  
 Nature's verdant, velvet bed;  
 Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,  
 Forming pillows for her head;  
 Zephyrs waft their odours round,  
 And indulging whispers sound.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,  
 Blithe *Jacky* to young *Jenny* came,  
 But tho' she lik'd him passing well,  
 She careless turn'd her spinning-wheel.  
 Her milk-white hand he did extol,  
 And prais'd her fingers, long and small,  
 Unusual joy her heart did feel;  
 But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender waist  
 He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd,  
 To kiss her hand he down did kneel;  
 But yet she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise;  
 He blest'd her neck, her lips, and eyes;  
 Her fondness he could scarce conceal;  
 Yet still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

'Till bolder grown, so close he press'd,  
 His wanton thought she quickly guess'd,  
 Then push'd him from her rock and reel,  
 And angry turn'd her spinning-wheel.

At last when she began to chide,  
 He swore he meant her for his bride;  
 'Twas then her love she did reveal,  
 And flung away her spinning-wheel.

AT *St. Ojibbe* by the mill,  
 There lives a lovely lass;

Oh! had I her good will,  
 How gaily life would pass!  
 No bold intruding care  
 My bliss should e'er destroy.  
 Her smiles would gild despair,  
 And brighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rural scene,  
 Her artless beauties charm;  
 Likethem with joy serene,  
 Our wishing hearts they warm;  
 Her wit, with sweetness crown'd,  
 Steals every sense away;  
 The list'ning swains around  
 Forget the short'ning day.

Health, freedom, wealth and ease,  
 Without her tasteless are;  
 She gives them power to please,  
 And makes them worth our care.  
 Is there, so fates, a bliss  
 Refers'd my future share,  
 Indulgent hear my wish,  
 And grant it all in her.

THE patriot in the senate burns,  
 Harangues on ev'ry thing by turns;  
 Religion, liberty, and laws,  
 His much lov'd country's sacred cause  
 By place or pension well apply'd,  
 The premier gains him on his side,  
 His country's ardent love is o'er?  
 The sacred cause inflames no more.

Long did my heart secure defy  
 The shafts of many a brilliant eye;  
 And still its liberty could boast  
 At ease, while toast reign'd after to  
 Now, *Hymen*, if you wish to gain  
 This heart, defended long in vain;  
 My pension be *Eliza's* charms!  
 My place, for life, her faithful arm

411  
 s of a lady's smiles  
 nd yet how fair!  
 there lies a dart,  
 ice a snare,

the youthful mind  
 glorious aim,  
 caſt with racks and fears,  
 e buds of fame!

etters of the fair,  
 trive to move;  
 n the great reſolve,  
 e ſoul is loſe.

angel, ſmile on me,  
 s I adore;  
 I aſk be'ow;  
 ſkies give more.

412  
 n I hold, whiſt I live to purſue,  
 deſer, which to-day I can do:  
 ood counſel attend to, I pray,  
 ſun ſhines is the time to make hay.

r nymph to an arbour or grove,  
 y pour the ſoft paſſion of love;  
 d preſſes your rapture away,  
 ſun ſhines is the time to make hay.  
 , and gives ear to your plaint,  
 hole ſentiments free from reſtraint.  
 etition, and make no delay,  
 ſun ſhines is the time to make hay.

the preſent occaſion let paſs,  
 r with juſtice proclaim you an aſs:  
 tuck her, if longer you ſtay,  
 et ſhine, and you cannot make hay.

413  
 ne dark and ſullen hour,  
 decrees our lives ſhould know,  
 ſlight th' almighty power,  
 e joys we find below:  
 Cyrbia, now let frowns be gone,  
 'ppearance I have done  
 as I to me unknown.

In each ſoft hour of ſilent night  
 Your image in my dream appears;  
 I graſp the ſoul of my delight,  
 Slumber in joys, but wake in tears:  
 Ah! faithleſs, charming ſaint, what will you do?  
 Let me not think I am, by you  
 Lov'd leſs for being true

414  
 TELL me not I my time miſpend,  
 Tis time loſt to reprove me;  
 Purſue thou thine, I have my end,  
 So *Cbloris* only prize me.

Tell me not other's ſlocks are full,  
 Mine poor, let them deſpiſe thee  
 Who more abound in milk and wool,  
 So *Cbloris* only prize me.

Tire others' eaſier ears with theſe  
 Unappertaining ſeries;  
 He never feels the world's diſeaſe,  
 Who cares not for her glories.

For pity, thou that wiſer art,  
 Whoſe thoughts lie wide of mine,  
 Let me alone with my own heart,  
 And I'll ne'er envy thine.  
 Nor blame him, whe'er blames my wit,  
 That ſeeks no higher prize,  
 Than in unenvy'd ſhades to ſit,  
 And ſing of *Cbloris'* eye!

415  
 VENUS, beautiful queen of love,  
 In whom the charms and graces blend;  
 Liſten from th' *Idalian* grove;  
 O liſten, and my ſuit befriend!

For, lo! the maid upon whoſe cheek  
 Thou deign'ſt thy matchleſs charms to ſhow;  
 The vermeil bloom, and dimple ſneek,  
 Now deſies thy am'rous pow'r.

Then bid the god of ſoft deſires  
 Aim at her cruel breaſt a dart;  
 Bid him light there his tender fires,  
 Such fires as play around *Strephon's* heart.

Yes, let the nymph devoted burn,  
Let her confess thy boundless reign,  
That dares thy dove-like pow'r to spurn,  
Thy pleasing yoke and flow'ry chain.

WHEN I awake with painful brow,  
Ere the cock begins to crow;  
Tossing, tumbling, in my bed,  
Aching heart and aching head;  
Pond'ring over human ills,  
Cruel bailiffs, taylor's bills;  
Flush and pam thrown up at too:  
When these sorrows strike my view,

I cry ———  
And to stop the gushing tear,  
Wipe it with the pillow-bier.

But when sportive ev'ning comes,  
Routs, ridottos, balls, and drums,  
Casinos here, festinos there,  
Mirth and pastime ev'ry where;  
Seated by a sprightly lass,  
Smiling with the smiling glass:  
When these pleasures are my lot,  
Taylors, bailiffs, all forgot,

I laugh ———  
Careless then, what may befall,  
Thus I shake my sides at all.  
Then, again, when I peruse,  
O'er my tea the morning news,  
Dismal tales of plunder'd houses,  
Wanton wiver and cuckold spouses;  
When I read of money lent  
At sixteen and half per cent.

I cry ———  
But if e're the muffin's gone,  
Simp'ring, enters honest John,  
"Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,  
Waiting in a chaise and four,"  
Instant vanish all my cares,  
Swift I scamper down the stairs,  
And laugh ———

So may this indulgent throng,  
Who now smiling grace my song,

Never more cry oh! oh! la!  
But join with me in ha! ha! ha!

HER hair is like a golden clew,  
Drawn from *Minerva's* loom;  
Her lips carnations drooping dew,  
Her breath is a perfume.

Her brow is like the mountain snow,  
Gilt by the morning beam;  
Her cheeks like living roses glow,  
Her eyes like azure stream.

Adieu! my friend, be me forgot,  
And from thy mind defac'd;  
But may that happiness be thine,  
Which I can never taste.

CONSIDER, fair *Sylvia*, ere wedloe  
That nothing but death can the bonds  
As fancy directs you may now sport  
And clasp a new lover with ev'ry new  
But then one alone all your beauty of  
And who'd give their freedom to rattle  
And who'd give, &c.

Six months I have lov'd 'tis too soon  
In man, so precarious and prone to de  
First judge well my temper, my humo  
For joining of hands often separates  
And would you so soon be the joke of  
'Tis madmen alone can be happy in  
'Tis madmen, &c.

All *Calin* is worth, shall, sweet *Sylvia*  
My lambskins, my cottage, my kids,  
But if you reject a proposal so kind,  
In troth we must wait till we're both  
And when I perceive no objection  
I'll marry, and joyfully rattle my chi  
I'll marry, &c.

TELL me when, inconsistent rover,  
When my nightly pious shall see  
When shall I, your follies over,  
Welcome love, and joy, and

of dark *December*,  
of morning bring;  
his exclaim—remember,  
loom again in spring.  
e when, &c.

an's weeping dear  
winds waft him o'er the main;  
lighten in the tear,  
ay waft him back again.  
e when, &c.

420  
and I have toil'd  
ing summer's day,  
almost spoil'd,  
of the hay.  
as of *Holland* clear,  
bonny brow;  
mething in her ear;  
a that to you?

were of kersey green,  
as ony silk;  
as never seen!  
as white as milk:  
black as aye could wish,  
, sweet was her mou!  
aintly can kiss;  
s that to you?

lily baith combine  
my *Fanny* fair:  
benison like mine,  
ist nae care.  
other swain, my fair,  
you're fair to view:  
differ in his ear,  
at is that to you?"

421  
ot *Belinda's* face, tho' fair,  
row, or auburn hair,  
etly graceful mien;  
cheeks eternal glow,  
turb'd my rest—ah! no,  
*something that's unseen.*

The sweets her fairy form that deck,  
The grace that moulds her taper neck,  
Her bosom soft and sheen,  
That proudly mocks *December's* snow,  
Not all my heart could win—ah! no;  
I die for what's unseen.

You tell me, and you tell me true,  
Her scarlet lip, her eyes of blue,  
The velvet of the skin:  
The force of these full well I know;  
But these disturb not me—ah! no,  
I sigh for what's unseen.

What tho' her charms are heavenly bright,  
The endless source of sweet delight,  
The envy of a queen;  
The vulgar see them and adore,  
My bosom bleeds for something more,  
The something that's unseen.

'Tis that, whose peerless mystick charms  
Give me a thousand fond alarms,  
And pleates all mankind;  
Whose beams divine would gild a court;  
Give splendour to a crown—in short  
That something is—her mind,

422  
WITH *Phyllis* I sought out the woodbine alcove,  
And press'd the dear maid to my breast;  
I spoke in her ear half the tale of my love,  
And I bid her imagine the rest.

Lord, Sir! (said the damsel, and blushing she spoke),  
I know not what 'tis you would say:  
I am told that you men with us virgins will joke;  
Are you now, or in earnest, or play?

In earnest, my dear, (I with rapture replied);  
Your bliss shall I seek throughout life:  
Permit me to-morrow to call you my bride,  
And you'll see, how I'll boast of my wife.

The damsel consented, the bargain was made!  
Our life is the picture of love;  
And I still bless the moment I got the dear maid  
To consent in the woodbine alcove, *WHEN*



————— 423 —————  
**W**HEN *Molly* smiles beneath her cow,  
 I feel my heart I can't tell how;  
 When *Molly* is on *Sunday* dress,  
 On *Sunday* I can take no rest.  
 What can I do on working-days?  
 I leave my work on her to gaze.  
 What shall I say? at sermons I  
 Forget the text, when *Molly's* by.

Good master curate, teach me how  
 To mind your preaching and my plough;  
 And if for this you'll raise a spell,  
 A good fat goose shall thank you well.

————— 424 —————  
**W**HY we love, and why we hate,  
 Is not granted us to know:  
 Random chance, or wilful fate,  
 Guides the shaft from *Cupid's* bow.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,  
 'Tis madness all in me to grieve;  
 Since her will is not her own,  
 Why should I uneasy live?

If I for *Zelinda* die,  
 Deaf to poor *Mixella's* cries,  
 Ask not me the reason why,  
 Seek the riddle in the skies.

————— 425 —————  
**W**ITH *Phæbus* I often amse,  
 To feast on the charms of the spring,  
 The fragrance to smell of the rose,  
 Or listen to hear the birds sing:  
 When linnets exalted their strains,  
 The music enchanted my ear;  
 My eyes too were blest'd on the plains,  
 With various sweet blooms of the year.  
 When *Chloe* shone smiling so gay,  
 I there fix'd the scene of delight;  
 My thoughts the engross'd all the day,  
 I saw her in dreams all the night:  
 Still musing on *Chloe* I walk'd,  
 My harvest no more in my thought:

[Of nothing but *Chloe* I talk'd;  
 Her smiles were the harvest I sought:  
 No longer the warblers could please;  
 No longer the roses look'd gay;  
 For music, and sweetness, and ease,  
 Were lost, if my love was away:  
 I tun'd to her beauties my lays,  
 I study'd each art that could move;  
 She took the kind tribute of praise,  
 And paid it with fondness and love.]

————— 426 —————  
**W**HILE her charms my thoughts employ,  
 All is rapture, all is joy;  
 When she speaks, how sweet to hear;  
 Modest, graceful, and sincere;  
 In her lovely shape and face,  
 Center ev'ry charm and grace;  
 Sure never nymph was half so fair.

Not the idle, giddy, vain,  
 Nor the wanton flirting train,  
 Did my cautious heart ensnare?  
 Not their artful subtle wiles,  
 Nor their soft deluding smiles,  
 Charming *Fanny* triumphs there.

————— 427 —————  
**W**ITH *Phæbe*, wherever I go,  
 The gay ones thus sing of my love:  
 On her cheek what a delicate glow!  
 Hark! she speaks like a seraph above.  
 See her eyes how delightful they seem!  
 Brighter far than the brightest of spars!  
 When they deign on poor mortals to beam,  
 'Fore heaven they rival the stars!  
 The red coral imported from far,  
 The rich balsam the honey-bee sips,  
 It were folly for us to compare  
 To the colour and taste of her lips!  
 That she merits these praises, I own;  
 That her form is completely design'd,  
 Will, I think, be refused by none;  
 But she wants the rare gift of the mind.

es, lips, or cheeks, or a mien!  
 ll that the schools can impart!  
 ineet complexion e'er seen!  
 ces are not in the heart!

ie, henceforward be wife;  
 hee coquette let no more,  
 herd will surely despise,  
 fops of the town may adore.

428

led, I own it, whole years up & down,  
 er each beautiful nymph of the town;  
 have plagu'd me, that oft in my life  
 dy to start at the name of a wife.

of my fears that have oft broke my rest,  
 with raving, both cloy'd and unblest;  
 happy the rest of my life,  
 tho' late, yet at last on a wife.

the jilt, and the foolish, and bold,  
 th pleasure before I grow old;  
 my heart I will take to for life,  
 of all conscience, I hold, is one wife.

town over this fair-one to find,  
 or jealous, nor vain, nor unkind;  
 I good humour may hold out for life;  
 he'd have me, I'll make her my wife.

the follies of life had an end,  
 y this instant, I'm ready to mend:  
 there'll be at so alter'd a life!  
 you, like me, will resolve on a wife.

429

prings of the fountain,  
 he river will flow,  
 e stream from the mountain,  
 he valley below:  
 ce, or of virtue possess,  
 brone makes the nation,  
 ev'ry gradation,  
 shed, or blest.

430

ik to calm to rest  
 Butters in my breast!

I feel my soul with fears oppress'd,  
 Yet know not whence they flow &  
 How anxious is the lover's fate!  
 Ten thousand doubts perplex his state:  
 Fond hopes of future bliss create  
 But certain present woe.

431

IN tuneful numbers let me tell  
 The inward joys I find,  
 Now, freed from care, I know full well  
 My lov'd *Prudentia's* kind!

Her charms, nor less her virtue, show  
 Each beauty of the mind;  
 And few among the sex I know,  
 possess a heart so kind.

Bate adulation's fawning sons,  
 The dross of all mankind,  
 While in her thoughts disengagement runs,  
 Will never find her kind.

Once, happy, in a blest abode,  
 With her, and such, consign'd,  
 On fancy's pleasing wings I rode,  
 And found my charmer kind.

Can fordid wealth or grandeur bring  
 Those pleasures of the mind,  
 Which flow from that delightful spring,  
 A fair-one true and kind?

In friendship's social band, 'tis true,  
 A fund of joys I find;  
 But what are such, when plac'd in view,  
 To those of nobler kind!

432

IF wine and music have the pow'r  
 To ease the sickness of the soul,  
 Let *Phœbus* every string explore,  
 And *Bacchus* fill the sprightly bowl.  
 Let them their friendly aid employ  
 To make my *Chloe's* absence light,  
 And seek for pleasure, to destroy  
 The sorrows of this live-long night.

X

O  
 it the to-morrow will return;  
*Venus*, be thou to-morrow great,  
 by myrtles strew, thy odours burn,  
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.  
 Kind goddess, to no other pom'rs  
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own;  
 The darling loves shall guide the hours,  
 And all the day be thine alone.

433

IN *Lincoln Fields* there lives a lass,  
 Who for a beauty fain would pass,  
 And once I thought her so, alas!  
 But now the case is alter'd;  
 For she to me has prov'd unkind,  
 Her vows were nothing more than wind  
 And now, ye gods! no charms I find  
 In pretty *Betty Norton*.

A lady's maid, oh! she would be,  
 To make her lady's fops and tea,  
 Or else to dress her rough-toupes,  
 With all the skill she can, Sir:  
 Now *John* the footman, is her swain,  
 And him she never will give pain;  
 Yet me she treats with cold disdain;  
 Ah! cruel *Betty Norton*.

Though oft together we have stray'd,  
 And many times have toy'd and play'd;  
 But, oh! thou false, deceiving maid,  
 To love, and then to slight me!  
 Was ever such a trick as this,  
 To rob me of such heav'nly bliss,  
 That I experienced from each kiss  
 Of the sweet *Betty Norton*.

But now, my dearest girl, farewell,  
 No more my tender tale I'll tell,  
 But where you go I wish you well,  
 My little dainty duxey.

May you enjoy content of mind,  
 And ev'ry other blessing find;  
 But since you are to me unkind,  
 Adieu, sweet *Betty Norton*.

I See it, *Mira*, know it well,  
 That love has reach'd your heart;  
 For what your tongue denies to tell,  
 Your willing eyes impart.  
 When *Damon* wrestles on the green,  
 Your looks your passion prove,  
 For in your eyes is plainly seen  
 The partial joy of love.

When *Susky* gave her lily hand  
 To *Damon* of the vale,  
 Say, could you then your fears command?  
 Did not your cheeks turn pale?  
 Cease then, dear maid, to tease the youth,  
 But plainly own your flame;  
 For love consists of honest truth,  
 And will itself proclaim.

435

LOVELY maid, now cease to languish,  
 Yield not thou thy mind to woe;  
 Look behind the clouds of anguish,  
 Chearing beams of comfort glow.  
 Let enliv'ning Hope elate thee,  
 Hope that points to fairer skies;  
 Think the transient ills that wait thee,  
 Are but blessings in disguise.

Be not by distress dejected;  
 Shrink not from affliction's hand;  
 Falsehood is from truth detected  
 By the kind enchantress wand.

Sage instructress, she shall train thee;  
 Steady virtue teach thy heart;  
 Sharp, but short-liv'd pains, await thee  
 Endless blessings will impart.

436

LOVE's a pleasing noble passion,  
 Kindly sent us from above,  
 And tho' growing out of fashion,  
 What can equal unless love?

oderna disregard it,  
I will never prove it;  
—I discard it;  
no please like artless love.  
I sue for favour,  
others would pity move,  
*Alas*, such behaviour,  
of artless love.

but to deceive you,  
wears to pow'rs above;  
as he would bereave you,  
then, 'tis artless love.

mildly proffers  
and—his truth to prove,  
may accept his offers,  
none from artless love.

he can give such pleasure!  
in our cares remove!  
so great a treasure  
and artless love!

---

437

---

ymph! oh, cease to grieve me;  
around my tender heart;  
no—you may believe me—  
cause of all my smart.  
*Alas*, to reward me;  
affliction view your swain;  
discard me;  
be me of my pain.

*Alas*, would you render  
greatly blest;  
accept the tender,  
I see his tortur'd breast.

---

438

---

as boast of painted belles,  
like with roses vie;  
bloom will soon be o'er,  
pine, and die.

*My season's gone,  
patience try;*

Ye powers divine, a lover bear,  
He sues for *Betsy Guy*.

To win this fair, this fav'rite maid,  
I'll each endearment try:  
Say, will a faithful heart enchant  
My lovely *Betsy Guy*.

As oft with her I cross the mead,  
See, see! (the virgins cry)  
How happy youthful *Collin* seems,  
Since blest with *Betsy Guy*.

The shepherds all admire the maid,  
The nymphs to please her try;  
Ask for the pride of *Chelmer's* banks,  
They point to *Betsy Guy*.

*Matilda's Polydore* was blest,  
Yet not so blest as I,

When walking round yon flow'ry mead  
With pretty *Betsy Guy*.

Let kings enjoy that pomp and state  
For which vain mortals sigh;  
Content I'd in a desert live  
With charming *Betsy Guy*.

No other bliss on earth I ask,  
With her I'd live and die;  
Ye gods! take all your favours back,  
Or give me *Betsy Guy*.

---

439

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WHEN first *Vanessa's* blooming face  
Surpriz'd my dazzled sight;  
I wish'd, I sigh'd, I view'd ev'ry grace  
With wonder and delight.

In such an heav'nly form, I cry'd,  
Sure all perfections meet!  
I thought her constant, free from pride,  
Fair, virtuous, and discreet.

But soon my judgment false I find,  
Pride swell'd her scornful breast;  
Say, was she constant?—was the wind:  
But was she not the rest?

Can godlike virtue be her guide,  
Who turns with every wind?  
Or can discretion reign, where pride  
Unbounded sways the mind?

Can she lay claim to beauty's pow'r,  
Whose face is all her boast?  
Alas! *Vanessa* is no more:  
As soon as found she's lost.

*Ixion* thus his arms had cast  
Around his fleeting fair;  
His fancy'd *Juno* prov'd, at last,  
Delusive, empty air.

WHEN the dear cause of all my pain  
Is absent from my sight,  
Music, and books, and friends, in vain  
Attempt to give delight.

So, tho' a thousand stars by night  
Heav'n's canopy adorn,  
If the fair moon's superior light  
Be wanting, still we mourn.

WHY sleeps my soul! My love, arise!  
Heav'n now wakes with all its eyes;  
All nature's up to gaze on you,  
Her sole delight and glory too:  
Awake to hear thy lover's lay;  
Arise, my fair, and come away.

The silent moon full-orb'd now reigns,  
And silver shews the hills and plains,  
That fragrant yield their rich perfume;  
Conspiring, all invite to come;  
Then why, my love, is this delay!  
Arise, my fair, and come away.

The flowers send forth their choicest sweets,  
No sun disturbs with sultry heats;  
These, alone, are hours to prove  
All the joys of peace and love.

No longer, then, my bliss delay;  
But rise, my fair, and come away.

For, *Nancy*, when thou art not near,  
In vain do all these sweets appear;

No powerful charms can they impart,  
To please the sense, or ease my heart:  
In pity, then, no longer stay;  
But rise, my fair, and come away.

THE happy moments now are past,  
When *Delia* promis'd to be ours;  
Calm stillness rules, no zephyrs move,  
The hour is soft, and calls to love.  
But hark! there's music, 'tis her voice,  
'Tis *Delia* sings—ye birds rejoice:  
Hush every breeze, let nothing move,  
For dearest *Delia* sings of love.

Come, let the soft enchant'ng scene,  
These many walks for ever green;  
Let this light-excluding grove  
Incline my fair to hear of love.

*Cupid* is jealous of his pow'r;  
O come then, this is *Hymen's* hour:  
If *Delia* does my claim approve,  
This is the hour for joy and love.

THO', *Flavia*, to my warm desire  
You mean no kind return;  
Yet still with undiminish'd fire,  
You wish to see me burn.

Averse my anguish to remove,  
You think it wondrous right,  
That I love on, for ever love,  
And you for ever fight.

But you and I shall ne'er agree,  
So, gentle nymph, adieu;  
Since you no pleasure have for me,  
I'll have no pain for you.

FAREWELL all the joys which of late I poss'd  
When with *Sylvia's* bright presence and  
How swift fled the hours, undisturbed with  
No fears dark intrude, when along with me  
Her cheeks were like roses, her hair like  
Her person and action were heavenly seen

lon alone were not graces confin'd,  
 y her body, more charming her mind.  
 liv'd is beauty ! how frail is our state !  
 up forgets the intentions of fate !  
 re wither'd, insipid they lie !  
 a be safe, when such beauty must die !  
 gr, life would have been worth my care,  
 s a burden I scarcely can bear ;  
 would please me, possessing my fair ;  
 unhappy, if absent from her.  
 a I was cheer'd, and with eager delight  
 at her beauty, from morning till night,  
 te was cruel enough to deprive  
 ts comfort, why should I survive ?

## 445

ft time I came o'er the moor  
 ny love behind me ;  
 s what pain do I endure,  
 soft ideas mind me !  
 he ruddy morn display'd  
 aining day ensuing,  
 imes my lovely maid  
 streat for wooing.

he cooling shade we lay  
 and chaffly sporting,  
 and promis'd time away,  
 ght spread her black curtain.  
 l beneath the skies,  
 jngs when she was nigh me,  
 s I beheld her eyes,  
 could but ill deny me.

soul there's not one place  
 i rival enter ;  
 excels in every grace,  
 my love shall center ;  
 : seas shall cease to flow,  
 raves the *Aps* shall cover,  
 and ice shall roses grow,  
 cease to lover her.

*ime I go o'er the moor,  
 s lover find me,*

And that my faith is firm and pure,  
 Tho' I left her behind me ;  
 Then *Hymen's* sacred bonds shall chain  
 My heart to her fair bosom,  
 There, while my being does remain,  
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

## 446

THINK, my fairest, how delay,  
 Danger every moment brings,  
 Time flies swift, and will away,  
 Time that's ever on the wing ;  
 Doubting and suspense at best,  
 Lovers late repentance cost,  
 Let us, eager to be blest,  
 Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.

## 447

'TIS woman that seduces all mankind,  
 By her we first were taught the wheedling arts,  
 Her very eyes can cheat ; when most she's kind,  
 She tricks us of our money with our hearts.  
 For her, like wolves by night we roam for prey,  
 And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms,  
 For suits of love, like law, are won by pay.  
 And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

## 448

BEHOLD my love the rosy morn  
 With russet mantle spread,  
 Again the infant tendril shoot  
 On ev'ry lawn and mead.

In ev'ry shrub wise nature view,  
 Her various laws display'd,  
 See daisies, cowslips, violets too  
 In different suits array'd.

What heavy winter once had cropp'd,  
 And chill'd with nipping cold,  
 Sol's influence revives again  
 With rays of burnish'd gold.  
 The early lark that hails the morn,  
 See lofty tow'ring flies,  
 Hark how he tunes his throat to love,  
 And rends the vaulted sky.

The shepherd with his fleecy care,  
 With wanton kiddings play,  
 Then strokes his dog—poor fellow cries,  
 And pats the head of *Tray*;  
 Poor *Tray* is pleas'd and wags his tail  
 He knows no other pride,  
 Then watch his master while he sleeps,  
 Or tattle by his side.

Let us embrace those sylvan scenes  
 And imitate the r bliss;  
 To prove my vows and truth sincere,  
 I'll seal them with a kiss.  
 Then blest'd with *Silvia* shall I prove,  
 Each wish, each ardent sigh,  
 And spring will twenty times appear,  
 More sweet, if she comply.

449  
**BEHOLD**, from many a hostile shore,  
 And all the dangers of the main,  
 Where billows mount, and tempests roar,  
 Your faithful *Tom*'s return'd again;  
 Returns, and with him brings a heart,  
 That ne'er from *Salvy* shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,  
 How sweet to tread our native soil,  
 With conquest to return at last,  
 And deck our sweethearts with the spoil!  
 No one to beauty should pretend,  
 But such as dare its rights defend.

450  
**AND** has she then fail'd in her faith?  
 The beautiful maid I adore!  
 Shall I never again hear her voice,  
 Nor see her lov'd form any more.  
 Ah *Selima*, cruel you prove,  
 Yet sure my hard fate you'll bewail;  
 I could not presume you would love,  
 Yet pity I hop'd might prevail.

A moment my sorrows subside,  
*Revenge* stalks along in my sight;  
*Dread spectre!* how couldst thou intrude,  
*Begone* to the realms of black night.

Since hatred alone I inspire,  
 Life henceforth is not worth my quest;  
 Death now is my only desire,  
 I give myself up to despair.

451  
**CHLORIS**, yourself you so exact,  
 When you vouchsafe to breathe my thou,  
 That, like a spirit, with this spell  
 Of my own teaching, I am caught.

The eagle's fate and mine are one,  
 Which on the shaft that made him die,  
*Espey*'d a feather of his own,  
 Wherewith he us'd to soar so high.

Had echo, with so sweet a grace,  
*Narcissus*' loud complaints return'd;  
 Not for reflection of his face,  
 But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

452  
**CORINNA** cost me many a pray'r,  
 Ere I her heart could gain,  
 But she ten thousand more should hear  
 To take that heart again.

Despair I thought the greatest curse,  
 but to my cost I find  
*Corinna*'s constancy still worse,  
 Most cruel when too kind.

How blindly then does *Cupid* carve,  
 How ill divide the joy;  
 Who does at first his lovers starve,  
 And then with plenty cloy!

453  
**CUPID**, instruct an amorous swain  
 Some way to tell the nymph his pain,  
 To common youths unknown;  
 To talk of sighs, and flames, and darts,  
 Of bleeding wounds, and burning hearts,  
 Are methods vulgar grown.

What need'st thou tell! (the god reply'd)  
 That love the shepherd cannot hide,  
 The nymph will quickly find.

does his beams display,  
 avelly that 'tis day,  
 ose them blind.

454  
 e and gay appears,  
 to invite;  
 ells her, she, in tears,  
 sole delights

eming thy and coy,  
 'avours grants;  
 ceives that joy,  
 re think she wants.

ear I never shall,  
 fair agree;  
 be kind to all,  
 on't to me.

455  
 frowns whene'er I woo her,  
 k'd if I give over;  
 I should undo her,  
 ore to lose her lover.  
 ing she refuses,  
 ng, thus she loses.

bia, look behind you,  
 nkle will o'ertake you,  
 , desire will find you,  
 over does forsake you.  
 ink, the sad condition,  
 t with fruition.

456  
 clouds and tempests roar,  
 n torrents pour,  
 ech this raging flame,  
 thunder roll,  
 ful *Boreas* howl,  
 repeat her name.

orget to rise,  
 move the skies,  
 incinda find:  
 all I implore  
 'n to restore,  
 her peaceful mind,

YOUNG *Arabella*, 457  
 And ripe to be a bride,  
 Had charms a monarch might ensnare,  
 But beauty mixt with pride.  
 And still to blast that happiness,  
 Her pride each lover cool'd;  
 The number of her slaves was less,  
 And less the tyrant rul'd.  
 Her sister *Charlotte*, tho' not bless'd,  
 With beauty's potent spell,  
 The virtues of the mind possess'd,  
 And bore away the bells:  
 Knights, Earls, and Dukes, like summer-flies,  
 Around the maiden flew;  
 They press'd to tell ten thousand lies,  
 As men are apt to do.

Fond *Caladon* address'd the fair,  
 Resolv'd no time to lose;  
 A youth with such a shape and air,  
 What female could refuse!  
 Like all the rest, he own'd his flame,  
 His artless flame alone;  
 The blushing maid confess'd the same,  
 The priest soon made them one.

Poor *Arabella* vex'd to find  
 Her sister made a wife,  
 Pretends to rail at all mankind,  
 And praise a single life.  
 Ye virgins, *Charlotte's* plan pursue,  
 Shun *Arabella's* fate,  
 Accept the man that's worthy you,  
 Before it is too late.

PHOEBUS, 458  
 To the lyrist's call repair,  
 And the strings to rapture strain,  
 Come and praise the *British* fair.  
 Chiefs throughout the land victorious,  
 Burn to conquer and to spare,  
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,  
 Till commanded by the fair.



All the works of worth or merit,  
Which the sons of art prepare,  
Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,  
But as borrow'd from the fair,  
Reason is as weak as passion,  
But if you for truth declare.  
Worth and manhood are the fashion,  
Favour'd by the *British* fair.

459  
**Y**OU tell me my *Chloe* inconstant is grown,  
That her roses and lilies are not all her own;  
Well let it be so, 'tis the same thing to me,  
For trifles like these we will ne'er disagree,  
Or from art or from nature I care not I vow,  
While peace and good humour do smile on her brow  
Or from art, &c.

I remember the time when my *Chloe* was known,  
Superior to most, and inferior to none.  
Beauty like flowers on a hot summer's day,  
No sooner in bloom but it falls to decay;  
And though she be false, while to me its unknown,  
I'll keep, kiss, and love her, for what she has done.

460  
**S**HEPHERDS, I have lost my love,  
Have you seen my *Anna*?  
Pride of ev'ry shady grove,  
Upon the banks of *Banna*.  
I for her my home forsook,  
Near yon misty mountain;  
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,  
Greenwood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,  
Until her returning;  
All the joys of life are o'er,  
From gladness chang'd to mourning.  
Whither is my charmer flown;  
Shepherds, tell me whither?  
Ah! woe for me, perhaps she's gone,  
For ever, and for ever.

461  
**W**HAT is *Chloe* to me, or *Lydia* the fair?  
Their beauties with thine, I cannot compare;

What's *Lydia*'s clear skin, or *Chloe*'s bright  
When *Delia* is near, their charms I despise  
You say I'm inconstant, and fain would I  
I profess the same passion to ev'ry maid;  
The fault is your own, would you leave me  
Each fair I'd relinquish, thy love to desire  
To other day, now for instance, you vow'd to  
You'd meet your fond shepherd, and list to  
My passions wound high, your promise of  
Chance brought the young *Chloe*, & *Chloe*!  
Last Thursday at wake, you declar'd on't  
You'd dance with your shepherd, as soon  
But before I arriv'd, you chose to depart,  
I gave *Lydia* my hand, but thou hadst no  
But *Delia* is haughty, and *Delia* is coy,  
And *Delia* ere long, my flame will destroy  
Then consider ye fair, while love ye deride  
The slaves you enslave, may be freed by

462  
**W**HO upon the oozy beach,  
Can count the numerous sands that lie  
Or distinctly reckon each  
Transparent orb that that studs the sky  
As their multitude betray.  
And frustrate all attempts to tell;  
So 'tis impossible to say,  
How much I love, I love so well.

463  
**O**N thy banks, gentle *Seas*, when I breathe  
To *Chloe*'s sweet accents attentive sat me  
To her voice with what transport I swell  
Or return'd dying measures in echoes ago  
Little *Cupid* beat time, and the graces  
Taught with even divisions to vary the  
From my *Chloe* remov'd, when I bid it go  
Or warble smooth numbers to smooth love  
How much alter'd it seems, as the rising  
Or the soft falling strains, how insipid  
(I will play them no more—for 'tis her hand  
Must enrapture my soul, as captives its hand)

464  
 nor fellow so plagn'd with a vixen?  
 lon't provoke me, but mind what I say  
 wrong parson for playing your tricks  
 your alls and be trudging away : [on,  
 d better be quiet,  
 not breed a riot ;  
 stand prating with you here all day ?  
 ther matters to mind ;  
 hap you may think me an ass ;  
 e contrary you'll find :  
 as piece of wo'k by the mafs !

465  
 ther men sing of their goddesses bright,  
 he day, and enliven the night :  
 man, but such flesh and blood !  
 er finger would do your heart good.  
 a day to her chamber I come  
 passion, but can't, I'm struck dumb ;  
 struck dumb with love and surprize,  
 -fall'n asleep at the sight of her eyes.

*Pompey's* thy rival I see,  
 on him though she frowns upon me ;  
 dear *Charlotta* abuse not your charms,  
 your lip-slug, take me to your arms.

466  
 : bee flies from blossom to blossom, and  
 fy looks bottom and gay ; [sips,  
 n her neck, and taste from her lips,  
 ets of an *April day*.

his flock, the rustic his plough,  
 r with joy views his hay,  
 y charmer, when milking her cow,  
 weets of an *April day*.

ops with innocent sweetness array'd,  
 re and cheerful as *May*.  
 e pride of all the gay mead,  
 rest of an *April day*.

tar *Jessy*, and use well your pow'r,  
 ude then pluck while you may ;  
 enjoy all the sweets of this hour,  
 but an *April day*.

467  
 WHAT exquisite pleasure !  
 This sweet treasure  
 From me they shall never  
 Sever ;  
 In thee, in thee,  
 My charmer I see :  
 I'll sigh, and caress thee,  
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee,  
 Thus, thus, to my bosom, for ever and ever.

468  
 WHEN *Placinda's* beauties appear,  
 How enchanting then is her air !  
 Such a fine shape and size,  
 Such lips, teeth, and eyes !  
 So many pointed darts who can bear !  
 Then her temper, so good, and so sweet ;  
 Such her carriage and elegant wit ;  
 Whate'er she does or says  
 We all in transports gaze,  
 Like young squires in the opera pit.  
 But to cut off all hopes of retreat,  
 There's *Eliza* to captivate ;  
 The mighty *Hercules*  
 With two such foes as these  
 Must have look'd for a total defeat.

469  
 WHEN *Fanny* blooming fair  
 First caught my ravis'd sight,  
 Pleas'd with her shape and air,  
 I felt a strange delight :  
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,  
 Admiring ev'ry part,  
 And ev'ry feature prais'd,  
 She stole into my heart  
 In her bewitching eyes  
 Ten thousand loves appear ;  
 There Cupid basking lies,  
 His shafts are hoarded there.

Her blooming cheeks are dy'd

With colour all their own,

Excelling far the pride

Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess

The lucky hand of *Jove*;

Her features all express

The beauteous queen of Love;

What flames my nerves invade,

When I behold the breast

Of that too-charming maid

Rise, suing to be prest?

*Venus* round *Fanny's* waist,

Has her own *Cassus* bound,

There guardian *Cupid's* grace,

And dance the circle round,

How happy must he be

Who shall her sense unfold!

That bliss to all, but me,

May heaven and she refuse!

— 476 —

COME thou rosy dimpled boy,

Source of every heart-felt joy;

Leave the blissful bow'r awhile,

*Peplos*, and the *Cyprian* isle;

Visit *Britain's* rocky shore,

*Britons*, too, thy pow'r adore;

*Britons*, hardy, bold and free,

Own thy laws, and yield to thee;

Source of every heart-felt joy,

Come, thou rosy dimpled boy.

Haste to *Sylvia*, haste away,

This is thine and *Hymen's* day;

Bid her thy soft bandage wear,

Bid her for love's rites prepare;

Let the nymphs, with gaily a flow'r,

Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r,

Thither lead the lovely fair,

And let *Hymen*, too, be there:

This is thine and *Hymen's* day;

Haste to *Sylvia*, haste away.

Only while we love we live,

Love alone can pleasure give;

Pow'r, and pomp, and daintiest state,

Idle pageants of the great;

Crowns and scepters, envy'd things,

And the pride of eastern kings,

Are but childish, empty toys,

When compar'd to love's sweet joys.

Love alone can pleasure give;

Only while we love we live.

— 471 —

CUPID, thou waggish, artful boy,

What have I done to excite thy hate?

Oh! ever arm'd with cruelty,

Thou hast precipitated my fate.

I saw, I lov'd, I am undone,

She at each visit seems more coy,

You urchin! sneering at my moan,

Half promise bliss, and half deny.

The wound you give, admits no cure,

Till time has thaw'd her frozen heart,

*Jenny* can life or death ensure,

*Jenny*! my soul's far dearer part,

With equal force once twang the bow,

Transfix the charmer, let her bleed;

The seeds of love securely sow,

And clear the soil of ev'ry weed.

Were I, thro' some fierce tyrant's hate,

Condemn'd to rack, the smiling fair

Could blunt the keenest dart of fate,

And from the dying chace despair.

If pray'rs and tears are still in vain,

Think not (proud chit) I dread your pow'r

Know, that to truckle I disdain,

Or shrink, tho' all thy thunders roar.

If I must die, the stroke begin,

For I'm a man unuse'd to fear;

By *Jenny's* hand wreck all thy plans,

I die content, to die by her.

472  
 ' *Sabine* wakes!  
 n begins to rise;  
 morn, that breaks  
 beams, than her fair eyes.  
 day they give,  
 as e'er night fulfil:  
 warmth will live!  
 her coldness kill!

473  
 n of human woe,  
 y charming maid;  
 mortal go,  
 thy lenient aid.  
 and despair  
 stance cries;  
 ith speed repair,  
 ir weary'd eyes.  
 soft repose,  
 u ever be;  
 by songs of those,  
 p, with voice of me.

474  
 charms of her I love,  
 han the damask rose,  
 f turtle dove,  
 when *Zephyr* blows,  
 ending rains  
 es and thirsty plains.  
 : to the pole,  
 o the sun,  
 ; waters roll,  
 ; tides obey the moon;  
 charmer free,  
 hall follow thee.  
 w'ry thyme devours,  
 nder kid pursues,  
 ; shady bowers  
 eg, her notes renews;  
 hey most admire,  
 w's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,  
 And vary as the seasons rise;  
 As winter to the spring gives place,  
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies:  
 No change on love the seasons bring,  
 Love only knows perpetual spring.  
 Devouring time, with stealing pace,  
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;  
 And marble towers, and walls of brass,  
 In his rude march he levels low:  
 But time, destroying far and wide,  
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.  
 Death only with his cruel dart  
 The gentle godhead can remove,  
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,  
 To mingle with the blest above;  
 Where, known to all his kindred train,  
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.  
 Love, and his sister fair, the soul,  
 Twin-born, together came:  
 Love will the universe controul,  
 When dying seasons lose their name;  
 Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,  
 When time and death shall be no more.

475  
 SWEET bud! to *Laura's* bosom go,  
 And live beneath her eye;  
 There, in the sun of beauty blow,  
 Or taste of heaven and die.

Sweet earnest of the blooming year!  
 Whose dawning beauties peak  
 The budding blush of summer near,  
 The summer on her cheek!

Best emblem of the nymph I love,  
 Resembling beauty's morn,  
 To *Laura's* bosom haste, and prove  
 One rose without a thorn.

476  
 THE sluggish morn, as yet undrest,  
 My *Phyllis* broke from out her east,  
 As if she'd made her choice to run  
 With *Venus*, rather to the sun:

The trees like yeomen of her guard,  
And serving more for pomp than ward,  
Bank'd on each side with loyal duty,  
Wave branches to inclose her beauty.

The waken'd earth in odours rise,  
To be her morning sacrifice;  
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,  
Start and raise up their drowsy heads;  
And he that for their colour seeks,  
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,  
Where roses mix no civil war  
Between her *York* and *Lancaster*.

These miracles had cramp'd the sun,  
Who thinking that his kingdom's won,  
Powders with light his frizz'd locks,  
To see what saint his lustre mocks:  
The trembling leaves through which he play'd,  
Dappling the walk with light and shade,  
Like lattice windows give the spy  
Room but to peep with half an eye.

But what religious pally's this,  
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss,  
And that they might her footsteps straw,  
Drop their leaves with shiv'ring awe.  
*Phyllis* perceives (and lest her Ray  
Would wed *December* unto *May*)  
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,  
But left the sun her curate light.

THE summer was o'er, my flocks were all shorn,  
My meadows were mow'd, & I'd hous'd all my corn;  
Fair *Phyllida's* cottage was just in my view,  
A wooing I went—I had nought else to do.

On *Flora's* soft sofa together we sat,  
And spent some long hours in amorous chat;  
I told her I lov'd her, and hop'd she lov'd too,  
Then kiss'd her sweet lips—I had nought else to do.

She hung down her head, and with blushes reply'd,  
*I'll love you, but first you must make me your bride;*  
Without hesitation, I made her a vow  
To make her my wife—I had nought else to do.

To the village in quest of a priest did we go  
By fortune's decree the grave doo was at his  
I gave him a fee to make one of us two,  
He marry'd us then—he had nought else to  
E'er since we've been happy, with peace & so  
Nor tasted the sorrows of those who repeat  
Our neighbours all round us we love, and  
Each other beside—when we've nought else  
With *Phœbus* the toil of the day we begin  
I shepherd my flock, while she sits down  
Our cares thus domestick, we'll eager part  
And ever will love—when we've nought else

478  
'T WAS in that season of the year,  
When all things gay and sweet appear,  
That *Colin* with the morning ray,  
Arose and sung his rural lay,  
Of *Nanny's* charms the shepherd sung,  
The hills and dales with *Nanny* rung,  
While *Roslin Cattle* heard the swain,  
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring  
With rapture warms, awake and sing;  
Awake and join the vocal throng,  
Who hail the morning with a song!  
To *Nanny* raise the cheerful lay;  
Oh! bid her taste and come away,  
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
And add new graces to the morn.

O bark! my love, on ev'ry spray,  
Each feather'd warbler tones his lay;  
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,  
And love inspires the melting song,  
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,  
For beauty darts from *Nanny's* eyes,  
And love my rising bosom warms,  
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy *Colin's* lay  
With rapture calls, O come away!  
Come while the muse this wreath shall t  
Around that match brow of thine;

afte, and with thee bring  
blossoming like the spring;  
that divinely shine,  
this ravish'd breast of mine.

479  
life, search *England* over,  
match her in her station;  
and to fly the nation:  
as well I love her.

my heart a beating,  
thy name repeating,  
'twixt 'tis always at,  
pat, pit, pat.  
shakes the music tinkle,  
'earth can sweeter be?  
thine eyes so twinkle  
to hear and see.

480  
: shall I wander? how shall I reveal?  
my shame, or my passion conceal?  
not to blame, yet unhappy, I prove  
justices, fears, and the tortures of love:  
not to subdue, in vain has each maid  
allurements of beauty display'd;  
come and free, have I travers'd the plain  
their smiles e'er her pleasure or pain.

the charms of indifference are o'er,  
ish'd by love, I can triumph no more;  
and sad I steal forth to the grove,  
sinks on the mountains neglectfully rove:  
I delay to unbosom my grief,  
my anguish can hope for relief?  
ould my *Florida* smile, I foresec  
in her bondage, 'twere pain to be free.

481  
snow-drops lift their heads,  
: from golden beds,  
paint the grove,  
ay, and love.

on silver wings,  
's anniversary'd brings,

Spoils that nymphs and swains approve,  
Soft as *May* and sweet as love.

Whilt a-down the slopy hill,  
Trickles soft the purling rill,  
Balmy scents perfume the grove,  
*May* unbends the soul to love.

Long the clay-cold maid denies,  
Nor regards her shepherd's sighs;  
Now your fond petitions move,  
*May*'s the season form'd for love,

On the fair that deck our isle,  
Let each grace and virtue smile,  
And our happy shepherds prove  
Days of ease and nights of love.

482  
Not, *Celia*, that I juster am,  
Or truer than the rest;  
For I would change each hour, like them,  
Were it my interest.

But I am fix'd alone to thee  
By every thought I have  
That should you now my heart set free,  
'Twould be again your slave.

All that in woman is ador'd,  
In thy dear self I find;  
For the whole sex can but afford  
The handsome, and the kind.

Not to my virtue, but thy power,  
This constancy is due,  
When change itself can give no more  
'Tis easy to be true.

483  
MY muse inspire me to impart  
In humble ardent strain,  
To tell the anguish of my heart  
To her that gives me pain.

'Tis *Delia* is the lovely maid;  
Alas! thou charming fair,  
Behold thy *Damon* seeks thy aid,  
To ease his pain and care.

For thou alone can give relief,  
 Or anguish most severe;  
 Thy matchless charms are all my grief,  
 Until you prove sincere.

————— 424 —————  
 I Tell thee, *Charmion*, could I time retrieve,  
 And could again begin to love and live,  
 To you I should my earliest offering give;  
 I know my eyes would lead my heart to you,  
 And I should all my oaths and vows renew;  
 But, to be plain, I never would be true.  
 For by our weak and weary truth, I find,  
 Love heats to centre in a point assign'd,  
 But runs with joy the circle of the mind:  
 Then let us never again what should be free,  
 But for the relief of either sex agree;  
 Since women love to change, and so do we.

————— 485 —————  
 IF the quick spirit of your eye,  
 Now languish, and anon must die;  
 If every sweet and every grace  
 Must fly from that forsaken face;  
 Then, *Celia*, let us reap our joys,  
 Ere time such goosily fruit destroys.  
 Or if that golden fleece must grow  
 For ever free from aged snow;  
 If those bright suns must know no shade,  
 Nor your fresh beauty ever fade;  
 Then, *Celia*, fear not to bestow  
 What still being gather'd, still must grow,

Thus either time his sickle brings  
 In vain, or else in vain his wings.

————— 486 —————  
 LET the declining damask rose,  
 With envious grief look pale;  
 The summer bloom more freely grows  
 In *Fanny* of the dale.

Is there a sweet that decks the field,  
 Or scents the morning gale,  
 Can such a vernal fragrance yield,  
 As *Fanny* of the dale?

The painted bells, at court reviv'd,  
 Look lifeless, cold, and stale:  
 How faint their beauties, when compar'd  
 With *Fanny* of the dale.

The willow binds *Peasblossom's* brows,  
 Her fond advances fail:  
 For *Dames* pours his warmest vows  
 To *Fanny* of the dale.

Might honest truth, at last, succeed,  
 And artless love prevail;  
 Thrice happy could he tune his reed  
 With *Fanny* of the dale!

————— 487 —————  
 LET poets tell of shape and air,  
 Of faces, beautiful, lovely, fair,  
 There's nought on earth that can compare  
 With half the charms of *Nelly*.  
 The lily, nor the rose so sweet,  
 So fair, so fragrant, nor so neat;  
 Nought in creation's so complete  
 As is my lovely *Nelly*.

How happy will that mortal be,  
 His days will pass from misery free,  
 Whom gracious heaven shall bless with thee,  
 My ever blooming *Nelly*.

Then, whilst those charms adorn your face  
 With every blooming, youthful grace,  
 Remember beauty never stays.

When old-age comes, my *Nelly*.  
 Then take a lover to your arms,  
 Whom vigorous, youthful spirit warms,  
 Who's worthy to possess those charms  
 Which now adorn my *Nelly*.

If such a swain you e'er can find,  
 Possess'd of such a form and mind,  
 He is by heaven itself design'd  
 To bless my charming *Nelly*.  
 That search was vain you soon would prove  
 For should you tho' the whole world rove,  
 You'd find none worthy of the love  
 Of charming, beautiful *Nelly*.

488  
 When love I seem'd to slight,  
 As well she might;  
 If she, our throne may tremble,  
 Since now invade,  
 Our royal trade;  
 Men, do now dissemble,  
 Our empire's laid.  
 The wife and grave,  
 To be a slave;  
 Outed arbitrary?  
 O hide my flame,  
 A discreeter name;  
 Turns one jot to vary;  
 E, or nothing, claim.  
 Or pretend,  
 The warmest friend;  
 Of another kind is  
 In of gross alloy,  
 Will scarce defray;  
 A grain is worth the Indies,  
 A current pay.

489  
 As is the blithest last  
 Rod the downy grass,  
 The rural plan;  
 Air, and gentle men,  
 More fair, than beauty's queen,  
 'd by ev'ry swain.  
 As eyes, like diamonds bright;  
 As charm does there unite  
 As fair and gay;  
 Softer than the thrush,  
 Y warbles on the bush,  
 A return of day.  
 Exceeds the balmy gales,  
 Once sweetens all the vales,  
 As with sweets combine;  
 The roses far excel,  
 In her bosom dwell,  
 Her all divine.

Each rising morn I pref'd the fair  
 To listen to my fervent prayer,  
 A pray'r devoid of art:  
 With pleasing smiles the sooth'd my pains;  
 And *Sylvia*, now, in triumph reigns  
 The goddess of my heart.

490  
 MY *Nancy* quits the rural plain,  
 And kindly seeks her faithful swain;  
 Who, 'midst the din of war's alarms,  
 His much-lov'd country calls to arms.

Of old, when heroes sall'y'd forth,  
 To rescue innocence and worth,  
 The fair-one's image in the heart,  
 Could vigour to their nerves impart:

Then what superior laurels, now,  
 Must grace the happy soldier's brow;  
 Blest with her presence in the field,  
 To whom alone his heart can yield!

491  
 MY roving heart has oft, with pride,  
 Dissolv'd love's silken chains;  
 The wanton deity defy'd,  
 And scorn'd his sharpest pains.

But from thy form, resistless, stream  
 Such charms as must controul;  
 In thee the fairest features beam,  
 The noblest, brightest soul.

Pleas'd in thy converse all the day,  
 Life's sand unheeded runs;  
 With thee I'd hail the rising ray,  
 And talk down summer's suns.

Our loves congenial still the flame,  
 With equal force shall shine,  
 No cloy'd desires shall damp the flame:  
 Which friendship will refine.

492  
 WHEN *Chloe* we ply,  
 We swear we shall die,



500

WAS love a sweet passion, how blest should I be;  
No mortal could e'er be so happy as me!  
But O it torments me, it tortures my breast;  
It riles my senses, It robs me of rest!

Long time I've been captive to *Cloe's* bright eyes;  
Her bloom and her beauty first gave the surprise:  
But soon as I found, by the pride of her heart,  
That her bloom and her beauty were govern'd by art,  
I then took my leave of this prodigal dame,  
And strove all I could to extinguish the flame;  
But still on my thoughts her sweet converse remains:  
So love is a burden, and heavy the chains.

Then hear, O ye youths, and this maxim pursue;  
Let beauty ne'er sway you, nor pride e'er subdue:  
But place your affections where virtue remains;  
Then love will be pleasing, and easy the chains.

501

WHEN *Fanny* I saw, as I tripp'd o'er the green,  
Fair, blooming, artless, and kind,  
Fond love in her eyes, wit and sense in her mien,  
And warmth with modesty join'd.

With sudden amazement I stood,  
Fast rivetted down to the place;  
Her delicate shape, easy motion I view'd,  
And wand'ring o'er every grace,

Ye gods! what luxuriance of beauty! I cry:  
What raptures must dwell in her arms!  
On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die.  
O! *Fanny* how sweet are thy charms!

Whilst thus in idea my passion I fed,  
Soft transports my senses invade;  
Young *Damon* lepp'd up, with the substance he fled,  
And left me to kiss the dear shade.

502

WHAT fate attends the blushing rose,  
How swift it's beauty flies!  
Sweet scents at morn it does disclose,  
— ere it fades and dies.

O think dear *Julia*, on thy charms,  
They, like the rose, will fade;  
Then haste, enchantress, to my arms,  
Thou sweet and lovely maid.

Thy beauty, like a fragrant flow'r,  
Just emblem of the rose;  
Whose long fit space is but an hour,  
Ere all it's splendors close.

Then haste, dear *Julia*, haste away  
Unto that happy land,  
Where joy and mirth reign all the day,  
And *Cupid* bears command.

503

WOULD you obtain the gentle fair,  
Assume a *French*, fantastic air;  
Oft, when the generous *Briton* fails,  
A soppish foreigner prevails.

You must teach her to dance,  
As the mode is in *France*,  
And make the best use of your feet;  
Cock your hat with a grace,  
All be brazen your face,  
And dress most affectedly neat.

Then bow down like a beau,  
Hop and turn out your toe,  
Lead *Miss* by the hand, and leer at her;  
Draw your glove with an air,  
At your white stockings stare,  
And simper, and ogle, and flatter.

Walk the figure of eight,  
With your rump stiff and straight,  
Then turn her with delicate ease;  
Bow again very low,  
Your good-breeding to shew,  
And *Missy* you'll perfectly please.

If these steps you pursue,  
You will soon bring her too,  
And rise the child of her charms;  
Her poor heart will heave high,  
And she'll languish and sigh,  
And caper quite into your arms.

504

conquering beauty bow,  
 g power admire;  
 new a face till now,  
 I like yours inspire:  
 ay I've met with one  
 I mankind;  
 en gazing on the sun,  
 much light am blind.  
 nder moving sighs,  
 ging lovers meet;  
 ining prophets wife,  
 blown roses sweet;  
 gay; reserv'd, yet free;  
 y night a bride;  
 awful majesty,  
 o spark of pride.  
 h, to win a wife,  
 rautiful and young,  
 en years a painful life,  
 thought it long:  
 ou to reward such care,  
 o long would stay,  
 , but four hundred years,  
 m but as one day.

505

breeze, that fans the grove,  
 in sighs a lover's woes;  
 the blooming garden rove,  
 within the damask rose;  
 ishing fold made known,  
 sighs exceed thy own.  
 crimson foliage lie,  
 y *Delia's* bosom blest;  
 by silken covert fly,  
 I my cause within her breast,  
 ave that frozen part,  
 ing me *Delia's* heart.

506

he, within my native wild,  
 passing day!

When *Sylviana* fondly smil'd,  
 And lov'd her shepherd's lay.

The furze, the brake, the rugged hill,  
 The wild heath's yellow broom,  
 With her wou'd all my wishes fill;  
 My heart ne'er felt a gloom.

But now, remote from her I love,  
 The fairest pastures fade;  
 I seek the solitary grove,  
 And turn it's winding shade.

Where gay imagination toys,  
 To cheer my pensive mind;  
 With pleasing hopes gay bosom joys,  
 And paints the maiden kind.

507

HUSH, ye birds, your amorous tales,  
 Purling rills in silence move!  
 Softly breathe, ye gentle gales,  
 Lest ye wake my slum'ring love.

O the joy beyond expression,  
 That enchanting form to own!  
 Then to hear the soft confession,  
 That her heart is mine alone.

508

DEAR *Sylvia*, hear thy faithful swain,  
 And ease his tortur'd breast;  
 Ah, hear an artless youth complain,  
 And set his heart to rest!

That virtue which illumines thy mind,  
 That sense devoid of art;  
 That innocence with sweetness joyn'd,  
 Does captivate his heart.

Thou dear invader of my breast,  
 How long must I repine!  
 How long with grief be fore oppress'd,  
 Ere I can call thee mine!

O deign to hear the vows I swear,  
 And all my fears remove;  
 Relieve me, then, from sad despair,  
 And bless me with thy love.

The northern winds shall cease to blow,  
And dark shall be the skies;  
The purling streams shall cease to flow,  
And *Sol* forget to rise;

No more the meads shall gay appear,  
Nor shepherds grace the grove;  
If e'er my vows prove insincere,  
Or I forsake my love.

— 309 —

**D**ID ever swain or nymph adore,  
As I ungrateful *Nanny* do?  
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,  
Or ever broken heart so true?  
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she  
Has never wet a cheek for me.

If *Nanny* call'd, did e'er I stay,  
Or linger when the bid me run?  
She only had the word to say,  
And all the wish'd was quickly done.  
I always think of her, but she  
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,  
Have I not rose by break of day!  
Did ever *Nanny's* heifers fast,  
If *Robin* in his barn had hay!  
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,  
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever *Nanny* lost a sheep,  
I cheerfully did give her two;  
And I her lambs did safely keep  
Within my folds in frost and snow:  
Have they not there from cold been free?  
But *Nanny* still is told to me.

When *Nanny* to the well did come,  
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;  
Full as they were, I brought them home,  
Her corn I carried to the mill;  
*My back* did bear the sack, but she  
*Will never bear a sign* of me.

To *Nanny's* poultry oats I gave,  
I'm sure they always had the best;  
Within this week her pigeons have  
Eat up a peck of peas at least:  
Her little pigeons' kifs, but she  
Will never take a kifs from me.  
Must *Robin* always *Nanny* woo,  
And *Nanny* still on *Robin* frown;  
Alas, poor wretch! what shall I do,  
If *Nanny* does not love me soon!  
If no elier to me she'll bring,  
I'll hang me in her apron-string.

— 310 —

**D**OES the languid soul complain,  
Virtuous love shall chase the pain;  
Or if love would truth attend,  
Honour shou'd be virtue's friend.  
Glory is not half so fair  
As bright virtue's rising star;  
Female truth, with sense combin'd,  
Wins and claims the gen'rous mind.

— 311 —

**S**AYS my uncle, I pray now discover  
What has been the cause of your woe,  
That you pine and you whine like a lover!  
I've seen *Molly Mogg* of the rose!

O nephew! your grief is but folly,  
To town you may find better prog;  
Hast a crown there will get you *Molly*,  
A *Molly* much better than *Mogg*.

The school-boy's delight is a play,  
The school-master's joy is to flog;  
A sop's the delight of a lady,  
But mine is in sweet *Molly Mogg*.

*Will o' the Whip* leads the trav'ler a-gadding  
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire and bog;  
But no light can e'er set me a-madding,  
But the eyes of my sweet *Molly Mogg*;  
For guineas in other men's breeches  
Your gamesters will paum and will cog;  
But I envy them none of their riches,  
So I paum my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

's half wounded is ranging,  
there leaps like a frog;  
can never be changing,  
on sweet *Molly Mogg*.

'wits 'tis recited,  
's, at best, are a clog;  
easily frightened  
my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

I am inditing,  
's, and gives me a jog,  
my paper with writing  
but sweet *Molly Mogg*.  
ve to distraction,  
's lost in a fog;  
's can find satisfaction,  
ghts of my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

's give up the three graces,  
's hang'd like a dog,  
d the drawing room faces,  
at my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

want nature and spirit,  
cut out of a log;  
nd *Pallas*'s merit:  
sweet *Molly Mogg*.

ive with his *Phyllis*,  
another *Eclogue*,  
's and fair *Amaryllis*.  
my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

omes up with the liquor,  
ly sets me a-gog;  
's a bit for the vicar,  
ll lose *Molly Mogg*.

— 512 —  
etty maids, let *Cupid* incline thee  
itchful heart which now I resign thee;  
fifth ends, regardless of money,  
o the girl that's gen'rous and bonny.  
me, *Jenny*,  
ne win you,  
*I'm in the humour*;

I implore you,  
I adore you,  
What can mortal do more;  
Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly,  
Ther's my hand, and ther's my heart, which never  
will beguile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes, thy sweet lips delighting,  
Well polish'd thy iv'ry neck, thy round arms inviting;  
Oft at the milk-white churn with rapture I've seen  
But oh! how I sigh'd, & wish'd my own arms [them,  
Take me *Jenny*, &c. [between them!

I've store of sheep my love, and goats on the mountain  
And water to brew good ale, from yon chrystal foun-  
I've, too, a pretty cot. with garden and land to't, [tain  
But all will be doubly sweet, if you put a hand to't.

Take me *Jenny*,  
Let me win you,  
While I'm in the humour;  
I implore you,  
I adore you,

What can mortal do more;  
Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly,  
Ther's my hand, and ther's my heart, which never  
will beguile thee.

— 513 —  
SAY not, *Olinda*, I despise  
The faded glories of your face,  
The languid vigour of your eyes,  
And that once-lov'd embrace.

In vain, in vain, my constant heart  
On aged wings attempts to meet,  
With wonted speed, those flames you dart,  
It faints, and flutters at your feet.

I blame not your decay of power,  
You may have pointed beauties kill  
Tho' me, alas! they wound no more;  
You cannot hurt what cannot feel.  
On youthful climes your beams display,  
There you may cherish with your heat,  
And rise the sun to gild their day,  
To me, benighted, when you set.

514  
 AIN, thy hopeless passion smother,  
 ur'd *Celia* lover another;  
 in arms I saw her lying,  
 stinging, kissing trembling, dying;  
 ere the fair deceiver swore,  
 I she did to you before.  
 h! said you, when she deceives me,  
 /hen that constant creature leaves me,  
 /or waters back shall fly,  
 and leave their oozy channel dry;  
 Turn, ye waters, leave your shore,  
 Perjur'd *Celia* loves no more.

515  
 'TIS not my *Patty's* sparkling eyes,  
 Her air, her easy grace,  
 Her thrilling accents, that I prize.  
 Or yet her blooming face.  
 Such charms as these in others shine,  
 Whose beauty's all they boast;  
 But when that beauty does decline,  
 Their greatest power is lost.  
 But lovely *Patty's* wit refin'd,  
 Her sense, good-nature, ease,  
 Divine perfections of the mind,  
 And firm desire to please:  
 'Tis these that raise the maiden's fame,  
 That pomp desire and love,  
 And kindle in my breast a flame  
 That time can ne'er remove.

516  
 TAKE, oh! take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn.  
 But my kisses give again,  
 Seals o' love, tho' seal'd in vain.  
 Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow,  
 Which thy frozen bosom bears;  
 On whose tops the pinks that grow,  
 Are like those that *April* wears.

Withdraw thy  
 Offend no more great angry  
 But pity, since you cannot love!

517  
 THE noblest heart, like purest gold,  
 Resists impressions whilt 'tis cold;  
 But melted down in love's bright flame,  
 Soft and complying to the test,  
 It takes the image first impress'd,  
 And bears it in the faithful breast,  
 Through circling years the same.

518  
 THROUGHOUT the nation, Sir, find me a hole  
 That's loving, engaging, and pretty;  
 She freely into my affection shall pass,  
 As sure as there's fools in the city.  
 And if she proves kind, Sir, why I shall prove  
 And justly esteem her my treasure;  
 But should she be scornful, what then shall I  
 Why, faith, I'll dismiss her with pleasure.

519  
 THE travellers, that through deserts ride  
 By conduct of some friendly star;  
 When clouds obscure their trusty guide,  
 Out of their course must wander far.  
 So I, with pensive care and pain,  
 In absence still must stray;  
 Till you, my star, shine out again,  
 And light me on my way.

520  
 'TIS done, I've rais'd a rural bow'r  
 Deep in the twilight shade:  
 There blooms full many a lovely flower;  
 Ah! wou'd they never fade.  
 Come, then, my *Lucy*, haste away;  
 And nature's mansion view;  
 Screen'd from the sun's too piercing ray  
 Each flower blooms for you.

land, thy shepherd's grove:  
 : shady green;  
 pot was form'd for love;  
 d blest the scene.  
 t be blest in vain;  
 ward my truth:  
 instant *Harry's* pain  
 ence and tuth.

521

ince I sat down before  
 fort, a heart,  
 ly spent) a year and more,  
 did my part.

roaches, from her hand  
 p did rise,  
 dy understand  
 ge of her eyes.

with no less art,  
 was engineer;  
 ndermine the heart,  
 ing in the ear.

I nothing, I brought down  
 on oaths and (hor  
 ousand in the town,  
 yielded not,

i to starve the place,  
 off all kisses,  
 gazing on her face,  
 th little blisses.

out, and from her strength,  
 batteries in;  
 myself to lie, at length,  
 ge had been.

How what man could do,  
 ht, the place my own,  
 ay quiet too,  
 at all was done.

from whence and where  
 , and this relief?

A spy inform'd, honour was there,  
 And did command in chief.

March, march, (quoth I) the word straight give,  
 Let's lose no time, but leave her;  
 That giant upon air will live,  
 And hold it out for ever.

To such a place or camp remove  
 As will no siege abide:

I hate a fool that starves her love  
 Only to feed her pride.

522

T Houghtless of all, but love and you,  
 From place to place I range,  
 But still no happiness I know,  
 No pleasure by the change.

The murm'ring stream, the fruitful field,  
 The plain, the shady grove,  
 Alike to me, no pleasure yield,  
 When absent from my love.

Yet if my *Delia* but appears,  
 How chang'd is all the scene?  
 Nature a gayer livery wears;  
 And I forgot my pain.

The murm'ring stream, the fruitful field,  
 The plain, the shady grove,  
 Alike to me, all pleasure yield,  
 When blest with her I love.

523

COME my fairest, learn of me,  
 Learn to give and take the bliss;  
 Come, my love, here's none but we,  
 I'll instruct thee how to kiss.

Why turn from me that dear face?  
 Why that blush, and downcast eye?  
 Come, come, meet my fond embrace,  
 And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms  
 Round my neck, or round my waist;  
 And whilst I devour thy charms,  
 Let me closely be embrac'd

Then when soft ideas rise,  
And the gay desires grow strong;  
Let them sparkle in thy eyes,  
Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling,  
Look with transport on my face;  
Kiss me, press me, ev'ry thing  
To endear the fond embrace.

Ev'ry tender name of love,  
In soft whispers let me hear;  
And let speaking nature prove  
Ev'ry extacy sincere.

CELIA, too late you wou'd repent:

The offering all your store,  
Is now but like a pardon sent  
To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,  
And grant the bliss too late,  
You hinder me of one I lov'd,  
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,  
When first my court I made;  
But when falsehoods plain appear,  
My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of these favours shown,  
Whose worth you first deface,  
Is melting valu'd medals down,  
And giving us the brass.

O! since the thing we beg's a toy,  
That's priz'd by love alone,  
Why cannot women grant the joy,  
Before the love is gone?

COME, dearest *Nancy*! bless my eyes,  
And stop the flowing tear;  
In you alone the magic lies,  
To animate and cheer.

Not half so sweet the flow'rs display  
Their variegated hue;

Not all the bloom of smiling *May*  
Can charm so much as you.

Where'er you tread, the warblers sweet  
Melodious fill the grove;  
And smiling nature seems to greet  
The presence of my love.

But blasted ev'ry flow'r appears,  
When you forsake these plains;  
No grove the feather'd songster cheers,  
In sweet mellifluous strains.

Come, dearest *Nancy*! come and stay!  
From you my joys arise;  
Your face gives brightness to the day,  
And lustre to the skies.

For you I sigh, and waste my prime;  
Then haste, and let us prove,  
That rolling years, and fleeting time,  
Are far too short for love.

CYPRIAN goddess, take the lyre,  
Attune yourself each trembling string;  
My judgment guide, my fancy fire,  
With lovely *Rachel*'s charms I sing.

Let others boast a beauteous face,  
A shape, a neck, a graceful air;  
Good-sense and prudence give her grace,  
These make her more than blooming fair.

Benevolence, that heav'n born pow'r,  
Her words and all her actions guide;  
'Tis this that claims each leisure hour,  
This constitutes her only pride.

Ye fair-ones hence a truth confess,  
No charms with virtue can compare;  
Be cautious when the beaux address.  
When misery sees, his sorrows share.

Then, like my *Rachel*, you will be  
Beyond the reach of flattery's loss;  
Inconstancy will bend the knee,  
And wood will bow to iron's stress.

527  
 my *Sylvia*! come and blefs  
 , which I have toil'd to dress  
 t charms the gazer's eye,  
 int that wears a dye.  
 we'll dwell, and placid ease,  
 whatever each shall please;  
 e seas our senses roll,  
 t a boundless, fluent soul,  
 shall waft our love away,  
 re threads of life decay;  
 that flirts the hours along,  
 g fresh wreathes to deck our song.  
 ne's sweats, that never cloy;  
 I scenes, extatic joy!  
 ie mind-instructing page,  
 to live a good old age.

528  
 ' *babus*, and tune thy soft lyre;  
 es, come join in the song;  
 a the theme shall inspire,  
 est of all the ray throng;  
 fs of virtue and grace,  
 ren of all beauty and charms;  
 ort to gaze on her face,  
 ven to rest in her arms.  
 charm *Plato's* dull ears,  
*phoebe* of old, with my lay,  
*Vulcan* soar up to the spheres,  
 night her merits display:  
 charms I attempt to rehearse,  
 o unbounded doth rise,  
 It's too great for my verse,  
 and am-lost with surprise.  
 ' bosom inspire,  
 us enlarge it's degrees,  
 ght that my theme doth require,  
 'm not the criticks to please.  
 the theme of my strain,  
 laudits I only can prize.  
 t her favor obtain,  
 my sonnets despise.

529  
 NANNY blushes when I woo her,  
 And, with kindly-chiding eyes,  
 Faintly says I shall undo her,  
 Faintly, O forbear, she cries;  
 But her breasts when I am pressing,  
 When to her's my lips I join,  
 Warm'd, she seems to taste the blessing,  
 And her kisses answer mine.

530  
 LOVELY maid! fair beauty's pride,  
 Do not thus my bliss deny;  
 Cease, my tender love, to chide;  
 Why so cruel, *Daphne*, why?  
 Kindly to my wish incline,  
 Why will *Daphne* faithless prove?  
 Know my soul is wholly thine,  
 And my heart is form'd for love.  
 Why, thus slight a faithful swain,  
 Who to love was ever true;  
 Why thus give that bosom pain,  
 Which so long hath sigh'd for you?

531  
 WHERE the blithe bee . . er honey sips,  
 In cowslip dale, in violet shade;  
 Dear *Cloe* there I've kiss'd thy lips,  
 While no ruder eye my bliss survey'd.  
 Kiss, love! (you cry'd;) more kisses give;  
 Thy *Cloe's* pleasure still increase:  
 O could our bloom for ever live,  
 I'd never bid my *Damon* cease.  
 The tongue that spoke your shepherd blest'd is  
 What mortal could resist such charms!  
 Thy bosom to my heart I press'd,  
 And, panting, dy'd in *Cloe's* arms.

532  
 WITH *Phillis* how oft have I stray'd,  
 O'er hill, dale, and in the green grove!  
 How pleas'd to attend the sweet maid!  
 To tell her how fondly I love.



My *Phyllis* such charms does impart,  
Such beauties display to the view !  
From me she has stolen a heart ;  
A heart that will ever prove true.

She lends a kind ear to my tale ;  
With smile she my toil does reward ;  
And when I my passion reveal,  
Her looks fully speak her regard.

What mortal more happy can be !  
What cares can my bosom alarm !  
Whilst *Phyllis*, dear girl, is so free ;  
Possessing each power to charm.

But should she e'er slight her fond swain,  
And leave me her loss to deplore,  
Then, *Leise*, relieve me from pain,  
And let me not think of her more.

Not think of her more—did I say ?  
How vain such an effort would prove !  
For, long as I live, I each day  
Must think of her charms, and still love.

533  
WHILST on forbidden fruit I gaze,  
And look my heart away,  
Behold my star of *Venus* blaze,  
And rise upon the day :  
Fair as the purple-blossoming hours,  
That paint the morning eye ;  
Or cheek of evening after-show'rs,  
That flush the western sky.

I send a sigh with ev'ry glance,  
And drop a softer tear ;  
Hard fate, no farther to advance,  
And yet to be so near :  
So *Moses*, from fair *Pygma's* height,  
The land of *Canaan* ey'd ;  
Survey'd the region of delight,  
He saw, came down and dy'd.

534  
WHEN bright *Roxana* treads the green,  
In all the pride of diels and meins ;  
As blithe as summer's morning gay.

Averse to freedom, love and play,  
None other beauties strike mine eye,  
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disdaining art, the fair  
Assumes a soft engaging air ;  
Mild as the op'ning morn of *May*,  
Familiar, friendly, free and gay :  
The scene improves, whate'er she goes,  
More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid ! propitious hour,  
Nor deem thy shepherd insincere ;  
Pity a wild illusive flame,  
That varies objects still the same :  
And let his very changes prove  
The never-vary'd force of love.

535  
WHEN gentle *Harriet* first I saw,  
Struck with a reverential awe,  
I felt my bosom mov'd :  
Her easy shape, her charming face !  
She smil'd, and talk'd with so much grace  
I gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.

Up to the busy town I flew,  
And wander'd all it's pleasures thro',  
In hopes to ease my care :  
The busy town but mocks my pain,  
It's gayest pleasures all are vain,  
For *Harriet* haunts me there.

The labours of the learned cease,  
The comic clamour of the stage,  
By turns my time employ ;  
I relish not the sage's store,  
The stage's humours please no more,  
For *Harriet's* all my joy.

Sometimes I try'd the jovial throng,  
Sometimes the female train among  
To chase her form away :  
The jovial throng, in noise, rude,  
Nor other females does admire,  
While *Harriet* bears the prize.

nor art nor learning can,  
of maid or man,  
thence alone;  
all thy conqu'ring charms,  
take me to thy arms,  
all in one.

536  
and the blushing rose,  
give delight;  
on earth that grows,  
bright a sight,  
ely women,  
ing women,  
s, teizing,  
ly women.

kes onwards brave and bold,  
gave poets birth;  
people fond of gold,  
re dwell on earth?

But lovely women, &c.

a nose oppress'd with grief,  
in search of peace;  
it can give such sure relief,  
their torments cease.

Such pow'r have women, &c.

e fair give such delight,  
found their praise;  
view the glorious sight,  
their voices raise,

To lovely women, &c.

537  
my muse, sweet *Charlotte's* praise,  
charms explore;  
and thy feeble lays,  
like these so fair!

grace combin'd,  
all art;  
m, with sense refin'd,  
the heart!

n, mild and free,  
dece with truth;

In her we ev'ry virtue see,  
Resplendent with her youth.  
Thrice happy he who gains the maid,  
For wedlock to incline;  
But happier I, could it be said  
That hear's had stamp'd her mind!

538  
THOU setting sun, that calls my fair  
To take the cool and ev'ning air,  
With joy I hail thy latest rays,  
That shew me where my *Chloe* strays.  
O, let no clouds obscure the skies,  
Or noxious exhalations rise!  
But may sweet flow'rs appear their heads,  
And roses blossom, where she treads.

Let ev'ry tenant of the grove,  
Remind her youthful heart of love;  
And ev'ry breeze convey a sigh,  
And whisper 'tis for her I die.

O! sweet, tormenting love, I feel  
Thy wound, which reason cannot heal;  
Thy fire, conceal'd within my breast,  
Deprives my flutt'ring heart of rest.

At ev'ry glance of *Chloe's* eyes,  
My boasted resolution flies:  
And still I'm diffident to name  
My inward racks, and secret flames.

While *Philomela* sad complains,  
And pours out all her plaintive strains;  
I likewise mourn, in lays sincere  
As ever reach'd a female ear.

Thou son of *Venus*, hear my pray'r,  
And with thy dart transfix my fair;  
With her fond swain, O! make her prove  
The lasting bliss of ardent love.

539  
How happy should I be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away;  
But while you thus tease me together,  
To neither a word will I say.

WHEN the nymphs were contending for beauty & [same,  
Bright *Sylvia* stood foremost in right of her claim;  
At court she was envy'd, and toasted at *White's*;  
At court she was envy'd, and toasted at *White's*.  
But now shall I whisper the fair-one's sad case;  
A cruel disease has destroy'd her sweet face;  
Her vermilion is chang'd to a dull settled red,  
And all her gay graces of beauty are fled;  
And all, &c.

Take heed, all ye fair, lest you triumph in vain;  
For *Sylvia*, tho' altered from prety to plain,  
Is now more engaging, since reason took place,  
Than when she possess'd the perfections of face;  
Than when, &c.

Convinc'd, she no more can coquette it, and tease,  
Instead of tormenting, the studies to please;  
Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life;  
Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife.  
Tho' spoil'd, &c.

WHEN *Jessy* smil'd, her lovely look  
My wand'ring heart a pris'ner took,  
And bound it with so strong a chain,  
I ne'er expect it back again.

Then, *Jessy*, treat a captive true  
With gentle usage—'tis its due:  
It pants for thee alone:  
Then take it kindly, to thy breast,  
And give the weary wand'rer rest,  
And keep it near thy own.

WHEN I beheld you all divine,  
And fondly thought your passion true  
I, *Chloe*, call'd you only mine,  
And lov'd no other nymph but you.  
How could I think a face so fair,  
Cou'd now so false and sickle prove;  
That you who did so often swear,  
Would ever break the bonds of love?

But I no longer feel your chain,  
Nor you possess your wanted pow'r;

No longer I a slave remain,  
A *Chloe's* captive as before;  
But go, and other hearts beguile,  
Go, and some other conquest find!  
'Tis you that show a flatter'ing smile,  
'Tis you can kill while yet you're kind.

WHEN first thy soft lips I but civilly kiss  
*Eliza*, how great was my bliss!  
The fatal contagion ran quick to my breast  
I lost my poor heart with a kiss.  
And now, when supremely thus blest with;  
I scarce can my transports restrain;  
I wish, and I pant, to repeat the delight;  
And kiss you again and again.

In raptures I wish to enjoy all those charms  
Still stealing from favour to favour—  
Now, now, O ye gods! let me fly to you  
And kiss you for ever and ever.

WHEN *Celia* chants the rural lay,  
What transports fire my breast,  
Whene'er she strikes the trembling strain  
Methinks I'm more than blest,  
Methinks, &c.

Where *Celia* is, no sordid gloom,  
Or slow pac'd tear can dwell;  
*Celia* can charm all these away,  
And care itself expel.

As once the grove the fair one trod,  
And tun'd the *Sylvan* strain.  
A lark to imitate her strove,  
But strove, alas! in vain.

Her morn'g song she ceas'd to sing,  
Or had the rising dawn;  
But bid adieu, in plaintive notes,  
To ev'ry mead and lawn.

To rage (poor bird) a victim sell,  
To think in vain she try'd;  
Then stretch'd a wing, and snatch'd the  
Forsook the flock and field.

— 545 —  
*Bell and Mary Gray*,  
 are twa bonny lassies;  
 d a bower on yon burn bray,  
 hick'd it over wi' rashes.  
 Tell I loo'd yes teen,  
 thought I ne'er could alter;  
*Gray's* twa panky een  
 gar my fancy falter.

A hair's like a lint tap;  
 niles like a *May* morning,  
*bus* starts frae *Tbetis'* lap.  
 All with rays adorning;  
 er neck, fast is her band,  
 aist and feet fri'genty;  
 grace she can command,  
 pe, O vow! they're dainty.  
 's locks are like a crow,  
 an like di'monds' glances;  
 clean, redd up and braw,  
 ills whene'er the dances;  
 kid, with wit at will,  
 booming, tight and tall is;  
 her airs sae gracefu' still;  
 ve! she's like thy *Pallas*.

*Bell and Mary Gray*,  
 coo fair oppress us;  
 a joe between ye twa,  
 sic bonny lassies;  
 for baith I cannot get,  
 e by law we're fated;  
 braw euns, and take my fate,  
 we with aye contented.

— 546 —  
 ld the various pow'r of sound  
 t a lover's anguish;  
 'd the notes with life rebound,  
 could they sprightly languish;  
 the sprightly life declare  
 'd the softer lute despair,  
 yes with life rebound,  
 then sweetly languish.

Thus with my heart, when *Delia* smiles,  
 Soon it exults with pleasure,  
 But when she frowns obedient still,  
 I seek a softer measure:  
 Oh! would you with me sympathize,  
 Watch but the motions of her eyes,

— 547 —  
 OF thy sex the fairest,  
*Daphne* come my dearest!  
 See the opening spring invites!  
 Earthly sweets abounding,  
 Leafy woods surrounding.

Call us forth to new delight.  
 Hark, how softly cooing,  
 Yon male turtle wooing,  
 Strives to charm the female dove!  
 She no coyne's feigning,  
 Human arts disdainin'.

Whispers thus——I love——I love.  
 Warn'd by her example,  
 Give my dear, a sample,  
 Of my heavenly joys in view!  
 That lov'd form resigning,  
 Show a heart inclining,  
 To be kind and true.

— 548 —  
 SELINDA, sure's the brightest thing  
 That decks the earth, or breathes out air;  
 Mild are her looks like opening spring,  
 And like the blooming summer fair.  
 But then her wit's so very small,  
 That all her charms appear to lie,  
 Like glaring colours on a wall,  
 And strike no farther than the eye.  
 Our eyes luxuriously she treats,  
 Our ears are absent from the feast,  
 Our sense is surfeited with sweets,  
 Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.  
 So have I seen, with aspect bright,  
 And tawdry pride, a tulip swell,  
 Blooming and beautiful to the sight,  
 Dull and insipid to the smell.

## A COLLECTION of PASTORAL SONGS

## SONG I.

**F**ORSAKEN my pipe and my crook,

Why will you solicit my lay?

No longer I sit by the brook,

And carol my sorrow away:

Say, *Laura*, what theme shall I chuse?

Your praises I must not proclaim;

And friendship's too cold for my muse,

And love I'm forbidden to name.

For I'm but a poor simple swain,

Whose flocks and whose herds are but small,

Add my cottage, tho' neat on the plain,

Is cover'd with thatch, and that's all;

And *Laura* is blooming and young.

Ah! would that I too were the same;

My heart then might hint to my tongue

What now I'm forbidden to name.

Yet deny'd my fond wish to impart,

My wishes from you shall not swerve,

That the shepherd who sues for your heart,

By his own may, your virtues deserve:

With the charms which no time can destroy,

With the worth which no breath can defame,

May you taste of that permanent joy,

Which now I'm forbidden to name.

## 2

**H**ERE the primrose or cowslip could blow

You said that you'd surely be here;

You care not, and yet you should know

The first of the *May* is now near.

The cuckoo has utter'd her strain,

The thrush is now heard on each spray,

And the nightingale seems to complain,

As tho' you, my dear swain, were away.

What's the spring if you keep from my sight,

What the sweets of the field and the grove!

No music can give me delight,

But the music of *Colin* and love:

Let winter return when it will,

Let snow and let frost too prevail,

If *Colin* must keep from me still,

Why should *April* presume thus the gay?

But vows you have said are not wind,

Come and make the fond season more

You know how it is to be kind,

Who's heart you have stolen away:

On wings, love this message conveys,

The season now hastes to its prime;

I can hear, and take no delays,

Fetch up what you've lost of the time.

## 3

**S**ERENE is the morn, the lark leaves

And sings a salute to the dawn;

The sun with his splendor embroiders it

And brightens the dew on the lawn:

While the sons of debauch to indulgence

And slumber the prime of their hours

Let us, my dear *Stella*, the garden survey

And make our remarks on the flow'rs

The gay gaudy tulip observe as you walk

How flaunting the gloss of his vest;

How proud, and how stately it stands on

In beauty's diversity dress'd;

From the rose, the carnation, the pink and

What odours incessantly spring!

The south waits a richer perfume to the

As he brushes the leaves with his wing

Apart from the rest, in her purple array,

The violet humbly retreats;

In modest concealment the peeps on the d

Yet none can equal her in sweet

hat (though with unparallel'd grace  
e'en a palace adorn)  
in hedge hides her innocent face,  
at the foot of the thorn.  
A fair one, is doubly refin'd,  
deity heightens her charms;  
reels, like thine, adds a gem to her mind,  
to be lock'd in her arms.  
Desert from her throne should descend,  
races await at her call—  
gay world would with preference bend,  
hence the violet of all.

4

repton the rover first *Phyllis* address'd  
er to wake and to fair;  
er gay ribbons to wear at her breast,  
whisper'd the nymph in the ear.  
n be kind, gentle pity bestow,  
en's reply to young *Strephon* was no,  
u, lud don't you keep teasing me so.  
ho such coyness had oftentimes seen,  
led the maiden's reply;  
gone eve from the dance on the green,  
let other effort to try.  
and he press'd, crying pity bestow,  
en reply'd pray have done *Strephon* do  
u keep teasing me so.  
ke this so his passion enhanc'd,  
out her he swore he should die,  
r of marriage he fairly advanc'd,  
ld in a month she'd comply  
i her to church the next morning to go,  
; assented, the reason I trow  
him from teasing her so.

5

mer approaches, dull winter recedes,  
and v'lets adorn ev'ry hill,  
the lassies trip o'er the green meads,  
meanders slow murmuring rill. [grove,  
-land, the low-land, the wood-land the  
y to school sweet carols of love,

While *Colin* with *Phyllis* repairs to the bow'r  
To exchange a sweet-kiss, or to plight a fond vow  
Gay *Floralin* gathers each odorous flow'r  
To deck with a chaplet her swain's youthful brow.  
Whilst the up-land, &c.

Fair *Daphne* at morn bids adieu to her cot,  
And seeks the cool grot, or secluded alcove;  
Her *Damon* she greets at the critical spot,  
His heart that leaps for joy at the sight of his love.  
Whilst the up-land, &c.

When *Phæbus* forsakes this low region of clay,  
And sinks in soft rapture on *Thetis'* fair breast;  
For the wearisome labour of rigorous day  
Balmv sleep has an adequate portion of rest.  
Whilst the up-land, &c.

6

WHEN winter o'er shadows the scene,  
And no longer the hyacinths blow;  
Chill frost nips the leaf on the green,  
And the rivulet ceases to flow.

'Till reviv'd by the breathings of spring,  
All nature looks smiling and gay;  
The warblers in extasy sing,  
And own the soft impulse of *May*.

The lambskins now sport in the vale,  
By the stream that meanders along;  
The wood-pigeon tells its soft tale,  
While melody echoes the song.

What pain from thy coldness I've known,  
When your frowns did my passion reprove;  
Now you smile, *May's* soft raptures I'll own,  
And bless the sweet season of love.

7

How blithly all the live long day,  
The feather'd warblers sing;  
On ev'ry bush they chaunt their lay,  
Or trill on soaring wing.

'Tis joy that fills the vocal race,  
All unconfin'd and free;  
We'll bless the roof from place to place,  
How sweet is liberty!

Nymphs

8

**N**YMPHS and shepherds, come away,  
Wanton in the sweets of *May*;  
Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,  
Wanton as the bounding fawns;  
Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,  
Nymphs and shepherds come away.

9

**H**ITHER, *Phaebus*, turn thine eyes,  
Nor longer hide the day;  
Give light and glory to the sun,  
And blooming youth to *May*.  
Spring implores thy gentle aid,  
To rise in liv'ly gay;  
While no rude blast shall pierce the glade,  
Or cool the warmth of *May*.

*Flora* too, invokes the pow'r  
Of thy reviving ray,  
To scatter roses ev'ry hour,  
And scent the breath of *May*.  
Come and give to nature grace,  
To beauty quick convey  
That lovely excellence of face,  
That blush, which charms the *May*.

10

**I**N spring, my dear shepherds, your flow'rets are gay,  
They breathe all their sweets in the sun-shine of *May*,  
But hang down their heads when *December* is near,  
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The larks and the linnets that chaunt o'er the plains,  
All, all are in love while the summer remains;  
Their sweethearts in autumn no longer are dear,  
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The season for love, is when youth's in its prime,  
Ye lads and ye lassies, make use of your time;  
The frost of old age will too quickly appear,  
The winter of life is like that of the year.

11

**I**N rosy bloom of ripen'd years,  
To each fond shepherd known;

Young *Prissy*, wanton as the air,  
The hamlet rul'd alone;  
This *Kitty* saw, but yet dear truth  
Each rising passion sway'd;  
And virtue—prudence' chaplet wove,  
To crown the brilliant maid.

Ah! happy more than happy fair,  
Discretion sway'd alone;  
But warring love consum'd her care,  
And pluck'd off wisdom's crown:  
What *Prissy* was, see *Kitty* is,  
The role of each must fade;  
When virtue once deserts her seat,  
Undone's the unhappy maid.

12

**I**F those who live in shepherds' bow'rs,  
Prest not the gay and stately bed;  
The new mown hay and breathing flow'r,  
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at shepherd's board,  
Sooth not their taste with wanton art;  
They take what nature's gifts afford,  
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,  
No high and sparkling wines can boast;  
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,  
And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,  
Dancing on the daisy'd ground,  
Have not the splendor of a court,  
Yet love adorns the merry round.

13

**H**AIL *Windsor*! crown'd with jolly men  
Where nature wantons at her will;  
Decks ev'ry vale with fruits and flow'rs,  
With waving trees adorn the hill;  
Like *Mars* with *Venus* in his arms;  
Like his thy strength, like her's thy charms;  
Like his thy strength, &c.

When o'er thy plains I stretch my arms,  
Pleas'd with thy prospect, I am

scenes before me rise,  
 d beauties charm my mind;  
 it each, yet each agrees,  
 nor that, but all things please.  
 views his lovely fair,  
 m to charm in raptures lost;  
 face, her shape, nor air,  
 er eyes transport him most;  
 heavenly finish'd whole;  
 blest grace delights his soul.

14  
 mwick! crown'd with sweet delight,  
 out thy parks display'd;  
 s's lavish charms invite  
 h and blooming maid;  
 joys of rural shade,  
 bt but love and mirth invade.  
 bt. &c.

groves of lofty trees,  
 ading shades repel  
*Phœbus* tultry rays,  
 ther'd songsters dwell,  
 mbles of true love,  
 arbling through the grove.  
 hill new prospects yields,  
 vates the mind;  
 ; flocks, the pleasant fields,  
 tores unconfin'd;  
 aints the verdant scene,  
 with fragrant sweets the green.

*Phœbus* glides gently by,  
 ce and plenty crown'd;  
 ; surface cheer the eye,  
 ers mantling round;  
 in wavings as it goes,  
 rms new beauty shows.  
 dale, from dale to grove,  
 ndors shine around;  
 ng each, we 'lly prove,  
 ring joys abound;  
 p inspires the soul,  
 gods, we praise the whole.

15  
 How cheerful along the gay road  
 The daisy and cowslip appear,  
 The flocks as they carelessly feed,  
 Rejoice in the spring of the year.  
 The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,  
 The herbage that springs from the sod,  
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,  
 All rise to the praise of my god.

Shall man, the great master of all,  
 The only insensible prove,  
 Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,  
 Forbid it devotion and love.  
 The Lord, who such wonders could raise,  
 And still can destroy with a nod,  
 My lips shall incessantly praise,  
 My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

16  
 'TIS the birth-day of *Phyllis*, hark how the birds  
 Their notes are remarkably sweet; [sing,  
 The villagers brought all the honours of spring,  
 And scatter their pride at her feet.  
 With ribbons and roses her lambskins are crown'd,  
 A while they respectfully stand,  
 Then o'er the green lawn with a frolic they bound,  
 But first take a kiss from her hand.  
 'Mongst shepherds in all the gay round of the year,  
 This—is their principal day;  
 It gave *Phyllis* birth—and pray what can appear  
 More lovely, more pleasingly gay:  
 Hark—hark! how the tabor enliv'ns the scene.  
 Ye lads with your lassies advance;  
 'Tis charming to sport on a daisy-drest green,  
 And *Phyllis* shall lead up the dance.  
 The sun—(and he shines in his brightest array  
 As if on this festival proud)  
 In order to give us a beautiful day  
 Has banish'd each travelling cloud:  
 The priest pass'd 'long, and my shepherdess sigh'd,  
 Sweet *Phyllis*!—I knew what she meant—  
 We stole from the pastimes—I made her my bride,  
 Her sigh was the sigh of content. DECEASED



17  
**DECREPID** winter limps away !  
 Now youthful spring, all trim and gay,  
 Comes tripping o'er the sunny plain,  
 With health and pleasure in her train ;  
 She comes, and lo ! where'er she treads,  
 Soft cowslips lift their velvet heads,  
 With snow-drops white, and v'ileis blue,  
 And flow'rs of every leaf and hue.

Hail ! smiling season, woo'd by thee,  
 Town has no longer charms for me ;  
 Sated with folly, smoke, and noise,  
 I pant for calmer, purer joys,  
 Lead me, some rural genius, where,  
 The wanton, cool, and balmy air,  
 Fresh breathing from hill, mead and grove,  
 Inspires festivity and love.

Thrice happy man, whose friendly fate,  
 Affords a pleasant country seat ;  
 Secure retirement, and defence,  
 From bus'ness, and impertinence,  
 There, he may stretch beneath the shade,  
 For ease and contemplation made,  
 And, neither spy nor whisperer near,  
 Enjoy the beauties of the year.

18  
**EVERY** nymph and shepherd, bring  
 Tributes to the queen of *May* ;  
 Rise for her brows the spring ;  
 Make her as the season gay,  
 Make her as the season gay.  
 Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,  
 How to use the fleeting hour ;  
 Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,  
 How to use the fleeting hour.

Now the fair *Narcissus* blows,  
 With his sweetness now delights ;  
 By his side, the maiden rose  
 With her artless blush invites,  
 With her, &c.

Such, so fragrant, and so gay,  
 Is the blooming queen of *May* ;  
 Such, so fragrant, &c.

Soon the fair *Narcissus* dies,  
 Soon he droops his languid head ;  
 From the rose her purple flies,  
 None invading to her bed,  
 None, &c.

Such, tho' now so sweet and gay,  
 Soon shall be the queen of *May* ;  
 Such, tho' now, &c.

Tho' thou art a rural queen,  
 By the suffrage of the swains,  
 Beauty, like the vernal green,  
 In thy shrine not long remains,  
 In thy, &c.

Bless, then, quickly bless the youth,  
 Who deserves thy love and truth ;  
 Bless, then, quickly bless the youth,  
 Who deserves, &c.

19  
**HAPPY** hours all hours excelling,  
 When retir'd from crowds and noise,  
 Happy is that silent dwelling,  
 Fill'd with self-possessing joys.

Happy is that contented creature,  
 Who with fewest things is pleas'd,  
 And consults the voice of nature,  
 When of roving fancy's eas'd,  
 Every passion wisely moving,  
 Just as reason turns the scale,  
 Every state of life improving.

That no anxious thoughts prevail,  
 Happy man who thus possesses,  
 Life with some companion dear ;  
 Joy imparted still increases,  
 Griefs when told soon disappear.

20  
**HAPPY** the man whose wife and care,  
 A few paternal acres bound,  
 Content to breath his native air

In his own ground  
 Whose herds with milk, whose field with  
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,  
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade ;  
 In winter

unconcern'dly find  
and years, slide soft away,  
thy peace of mind,

Quiet by day.

night, study and ease  
in'd, sweet recreation,  
which most doth please,  
With meditation.

ve, unseen, unknown ;  
sented let me die  
world, and not a stone

Tell where I lie,

21

y charmer, my *Rosalind* wake,  
rd, thy *Paridel's* here ;  
thy slumber, thou queen of my heart,  
thy beauties severe :  
impressions of mirth are all up ;  
they trip o'er the plain ;  
they'll chide the neglect of thy vow,  
relieve thee again.

like the birds are all whistling around,  
ing soft echo to sing :  
ing profuse of unparallel'd sweets,  
on the zephyr's wing :  
like the sun at thy window peeps in,  
his bold rays at thine eyes ;  
like thy shepherd, thy *Paridel's* here,  
dear *Rosalind*, rise.

22

nd *Phyllis* sat  
g on the plain,  
charming *Strepson* walt  
nymph his pain ;  
ing danger to remove,  
'd in her ear,  
if you would not love  
rd, do not hear.

so strange an art,  
to convey  
y virgin's heart,  
r soul away :

Fly, fly, betimes, for fear you give  
Occasion for your fate,  
In vain, said she, in vain I strive.  
Alas ! 'tis now too late.

23

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,  
Fresh verdure decks the grove,  
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,  
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,  
And shun the noon-tide heat ;  
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,  
My groves a safe retreat.

Hee freely hop from spray to spray,  
Or weave the mossy nest ;  
Here rove and sing the live long day,  
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,  
That trickle down the glade,  
Here bathe your pumes, here drink your fill,  
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,  
E'er shews his ruddy face,  
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,  
In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,  
Secure the linnet sings  
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares  
To clog her painted wings.

Sad *Philomel* ! ah quit thy haunt,  
Yon distant woods among,  
And round my friendly grotto chaunt  
Thy sweetly-plaintive song.

Let not the harmless red-breast fear,  
Domestic bird, to come  
And seek a sure asylum here,  
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,  
Shall store of fruit preserve ;  
Oh, let me thus your friendship bribe !  
Come feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,  
To you these plumbs belong;  
Sweet is the fruit that you have pick'd,  
But sweeter far your song.

Let, then, this league betwixt us made,  
Our mutual interests guard;  
Mine be the gift of fruit and shades,  
Your songs be my reward.

— 24 —  
**AWAKE**, my fair, the morning springs,  
The dew-drops glance around,  
The heifer lows, the black-bird sings,  
The echoing vales resound.

The simple sweets would *Stella* taste,  
That breathing morning yields,  
The fragrance of the flow'ry waste,  
And freshness of the fields!

By uplands, and the green wood-side,  
We'll take our early way,  
And view the vally spreading wide,  
And opening with the day.

Nor uninformative shall the scene  
Unfold it's charms in vain,  
The follow brown, the meadow green,  
The mountain and the plain.

Each dew drop glit'ning on the thorn,  
And trembling to it's fall,  
Each blith'ring point the cheek of morn,  
In fancy's ear shall call:

O ye in youth and beauty's pride,  
Who lightly dance along;  
While laughter frolics at your side,  
And rapture tunes your song;

What though each grace around you play,  
Each beauty bloom for you,  
Warm as the blush of rising day,  
And sparkling as the dew;

*The blush* that glows so gaily now,  
But glows to disappear,  
And quiv'ring from the bending bough,  
Soon breaks the pearly tear!

So pass the beauties of your prime,  
That e'en in blooming die;  
So, shrinking at the blast of time,  
The treacherous graces fly.

Let those, my *Stella*, slight the strain,  
Who fear to find it true!  
Each fair of transient beauty vain,  
And youth as transient too!

With charms that win beyond the sight,  
And hold the willing heart,  
My *Stella* shall await their flight,  
Nor sigh when they depart.

Still graces shall remain behind,  
And beauties still controul;  
The graces of the polish'd mind,  
And beauties of the soul.

— 25 —  
**AH!** whither, alas! shall I fly?  
What clime shall I seek for relief?  
Since *Phillis* no longer is nigh,  
O! how shall I smother my grief?  
The sweetest, the fairest was she,  
So sweetly she tript o'er the plain;  
But now she ne'er smiles upon me,  
She's faithless—and false to her swain  
With *Strephon* she's gone far away,  
With him is contented and blest;  
While I am distracted all day,  
And ruin'd for want of my rest.  
No heed can I take of my sheep,  
They ramble and roam as they please  
For I can do nothing but weep,  
Till *Phillis* my sorrows appease.

Dear nymph, hear thy shepherd complain  
Return and subdue all my care;  
No longer torment me with pain,  
Nor drive me thus into despair:  
Thy charms ever shall be my pride,  
Thy smiles I will ever admire,  
Then design for to be but my bride,  
And satisfy all my desire.

26  
 Bloks gay;  
 On each spray  
 Armony round;  
 Rose  
 And disclose,  
 At the ground.  
 As look green,  
 Are seen,  
 Aptur'd with joy;  
 During rills,  
 He hills,  
 At never can cloy.  
 Leen'd lambs,  
 In dams,  
 As glad day;  
 And men sweat,  
 Careful heat  
 Careful ray.  
 As spring's fled,  
 Her instead,  
 Enliven the soul;  
 At mirth  
 Earth,  
 Bought, to the pole.  
 27  
 Sang'd blithe his way,  
 As of *Tweed*,  
 Ever was,  
 O'er the mead;  
 Untaught to feign,  
 Amph survey'd:  
 As lad could be,  
 Etty maid.  
 Why by thine fel  
 Wand'rest here?  
 Y'd, are fraying wide;  
 Laddy, where?  
 He made reply,  
 Sport to see;  
 Eet, so trim and neat,  
 Res with thee.

She gin her hand, nor made a stand,  
 But lik'd the youth's intent;  
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,  
 Right merrily they went:  
 The birds sang sweet the pair to greet,  
 And flowers bloom'd around;  
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,  
 And joys which lovers crown'd.  
 And now the sun had rose to noon,  
 (The zenith of his pow'r)  
 When to a shade their steps they made,  
 To pass the mid-day hour:  
 The bonny lad raw'd in his plaid  
 The lads who scorn'd to frown;  
 She soon so got the ewes she sought,  
 And he to gang to town.

28  
 As *Damon* late, within the grove,  
 Bemoan'd his too successful love,  
 And eas'd (reir'd) his secret pain,  
 The god of love, who wander'd near,  
 Chanc'd his complaint to overhear,  
 And thus address'd the swain:  
 Rise, silly shepherd, rise, (he cry'd);  
 It seems you're easily deny'd,  
 Because the charming nymph is coy:  
 The tongue may learn to speak with art;  
 But would you know the fair-one's heart,  
 Consult it in her eye!

'Tis in that mirror of her soul,  
 The secrets of her bosom roll,  
 Reveal'd, without disguise, to view;  
 For, *Damon*, take it for a tru h,  
 You only are the favour'd youth,  
 And *Lydia* loves but you!

No more my altars then upbraid,  
 Nor thus invoke my need efs aid!  
 Since faithful I have done my part:  
 Thy own perform with like address,  
 She soon shall yield, thy arms to bless,  
 And give thee all her heart!

A a

So spoke, sincere, the friendly god,  
When freight along the flow'ry road,  
The nymph with languid beauty mov'd;  
The swain with joy the moment seiz'd,  
She heard his tender vows well pleas'd,  
And all his wish approv'd.

With grateful pride, and gladsome air,  
To *Hymen's* shrine he led the fair!  
And made the lasting bliss secure.  
Let maids no more false coldness feign,  
Let faithful swains no more complain,  
But boldly ask a cure!

————— 29 —————

AS passing by a shady grove,  
I heard a linnets sing,  
Whose sweetly plaintive voice of love  
Proclaim'd the cheerful spring.

His pretty accents seem'd to flow  
As if he knew no pain;  
His downy throat he tun'd so sweet,  
It echo'd o'er the plain.

Ah! happy warbler, (I reply'd,)  
Contented thus to be;  
'Tis only harmony and love  
Can be compar'd to thee:

Thus perch'd upon the spray ye stand,  
The monarch of the shade;  
And even sip ambrosial sweets,  
That glow from ev'ry glade.

Did man possess but half thy bliss,  
How joyful might he be!  
But man was never form'd for this,  
'Tis only joy for thee.

Then farewell, pretty bird, (I said,)  
Pursue thy plaintive tale,  
And let thy tuneful accents spread  
All o'er the fragrant vale.

————— 30 —————

AT noon, on a sultry summer's day,  
Brighter lady of the May,

Young *Chloris*, innocent and gay,  
Sat knotting in a shade.

Each slender finger play'd it's part  
With such activity and art,  
As would inflame a youthful heart,  
And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite swain by chance came by,  
He saw no anger in her eye;  
Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,  
She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,  
And hurl'd away the twisted ball:  
But straight gave *Strephon* such a call,  
As wou'd have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is't none but thee  
With innocence I dare be free:  
By so much truth and modesty  
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come, lean thy head upon my lap;  
While thy sweet cheeks I stroke and clap:  
Thou may'st securely take a nap:  
When he, poor fool! obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore  
And found him fast asleep all o'er:  
She sigh'd, and could endure no more,  
But starting up, she said,

Such virtue shall rewarded be;  
For this thy dull fidelity,  
I'll trust thee with my flocks, not me:  
Pursue thy grazing trade.

Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep;  
And watch all night thy flocks to keep  
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep  
By me, mistaken maid.

————— 31 —————

AS on a summer's day,  
In the green-wood shade I lay,  
The maid that I lov'd,  
As her itchy mor'd,  
Came walking forth that way.

of her eye,  
 loth she,  
 t be,  
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 s decreed ;  
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s shade,  
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32

r of morn,  
 r skies adorn ;  
 e and play,  
 iday.

See! morn appears; a rosy hue  
 Steales soft o'er yonder orient blue ;  
 Soon let us meet in trim array,  
 And frolic out this holiday.

33

AS the plowman homeward goes,  
 Plodding to the hamlet bound,  
 Giant-like his shadow grows,  
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

The steer along the meadow strays  
 Now the furrow'd task is done ;  
 And village windows blaze,  
 Glist'ning to the setting sun.

Mark him from behind the hill,  
 Streak the purple painted sky t  
 Can the pencil's mimic skill  
 Copy the refulgent dye ?

Where the rising forest spreads  
 Round the time-decaying dome ;  
 To their high-built airy beds,  
 See the rooks returning home !

As the lark with vary'd tune,  
 Carols to the ev'ning loud,  
 Mark the mild, resplendent moon,  
 Breaking through a parted cloud !

Tripping through the silken grass,  
 O'er the path-divided dale,  
 See the rose-complexion'd lass  
 With the well pois'd milking pail.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,  
 And the cuckow bird with two,  
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,  
 Bids the sitting sun adieu.

34

BENEATH a cooling shade  
 Young *Strephen* sought relief :  
 The flow'rs around his head  
 Pin'd, conscious of his grief.

A a 2

## PASTORAL SONGS.

Wretched, (he cry'd)  
and yet despair;  
tho' still deny'd  
cool, cruel fair.

Artier asks a place;  
sailor tempts the sea;  
sister begs increase;  
e only governs me.

Honour, wealth, or fame,  
is like soft transitory move  
earth 'tis bliss supreme,  
and he who is but to love.

35

NEATH a bower of bloom'g May,  
young Damon all complaining lay,  
Of Chloe's cold disdain;  
In vain the flowers adorn'd the mead,  
Neglected lay his crook and reed;  
His flocks forsake the plain.

Whither, he cries, ye happy hours,  
That gaily frolic'd round these bowers,  
Ah! whither take your flight?  
Will Chloe deign no more to hear  
The ardent vows, the sighs sincere?  
That gave so much delight.

Ye rapt'rous joys, that fir'd my breast,  
When by no jealous fear oppress'd,  
Of happier rival's claim;  
Where are ye fled! for ever gone,  
Tho' ardours in my bosom burn;  
My passion still the same.

The modest blush, the down-cast look,  
Whene'er I of my passion spoke,  
Did ev'ry fear annoy;  
Chearful I tun'd my pipe all day,  
My flocks delighted, sought their play;  
All nature smil'd with joy.

— my mind,

The smiles she once bestow'd on me,  
The vows, that constant she would be,  
On Chloe now bestows.

Careful I'll shun my fellow swains;  
Their youthful sports, their rural games,  
Can yield delight no more;  
Retired to the shady grove,  
That has my artless tales of love,  
So often echo'd o'er;

(But now the sad reverse must know,  
And only echo to my woe,

Since Chloe's prov'd untrue;  
I'll seek the once-bless'd shade,  
Where arm in arm we oft have stray'd,  
Till death my pains subdue.

36

BLOW, ye bleak winds, around my head,  
And sooth my heart-corroding care,  
Flash round my brows, ye lightnings,  
And blast the laurels planted there!  
But may the maid, where'er she be,  
Think not of my distress nor me.

May all the traces of our love  
Be ever blotted from her mind;  
May from her breast my vows remem-  
And no remembrance leave behind  
But may the maid, &c.

Oh! may I ne'er behold her more  
For she has robb'd my soul of  
Wisdom's assistance is too poor  
To calm the tempest in my  
But may the maid, &c.

Come, death! O come, thou  
And with my sorrows lay  
And should the gentle virgin  
Nor sharp, nor lasting be  
But may she think, where  
No more of my distresses

37  
 In queen of pensive air,  
 Coated car,  
 Of turtles drawn;  
 There on yon lawn,  
 Vestments wrapt around,  
 As with cypress bound!  
 O thou sober dame,  
 Sing poet claim.  
 O thou lov'st to rove,  
 Dark, solemn grove;  
 Silks of velvet green,  
 Hence still is seen;  
 In the sultry noon  
 Repeat flings him down,  
 Queen! I'll sing thy pleasures  
 In measures,  
 Thy praises thro' the vale,  
 The hollow gale;  
 Thy rills shall spread it round,  
 As wild notes rebound.

38  
 O thee, my *Phyllis*, I pray,  
 Repair to the grove;  
 O gales, cheerful and gay,  
 In sweet accents of love;  
 Sound of their song,  
 Thy delight you, my fair;  
 O dear charmer, along,  
 Lead to the grove let's repair.  
 I have to impart,  
 As quite hard in my breast;  
 Hence is the smart,  
 Of peace and of rest:  
 O fond passion, I swear,  
 Is honest and true;  
 The source of my care,  
 Languish for you.  
 I scarce *Phyllis*, I pray,  
 Your *Dorinda's* pain;  
 O cheerful and gay,  
 Explore you in vain,

But let honest freedom invite,  
 For virtue's the path I pursue;  
 And may happiness ever unite  
 With those that are constant and true.

39  
 FILL, O goddess! fill my breast;  
 Rise on brightest colours drest,  
 And with thy image make me blest:  
 Fairest of celestial birth,  
 Enliv'ner of the sons of earth,  
 Source of flowing joy and mirth,  
 Enraptur'd let me hear the song,  
 Warbl'd from thy syren tongue;  
 Painting pleasure ever young.  
 Soul of bliss! O deign to smile;  
 Thou can'st fable cares beguile,  
 And vanquish misery and toil.  
 When disappointment hovers round,  
 When malice vents the poison'd sound,  
 Erect thy crest, and heal my wound.  
 'Tis thine, to cheer the face of woe,  
 To bid the tears forget to flow,  
 And, blust'ring adverse blasts to blow.  
 When ill-requited lovers pour  
 Their wailing to the midnight hour,  
 Thy balm is prevalent to cure.  
 Tho' *Cerberus* fairer than the skies,  
 With angry frowns should meet our sighs,  
 Thou canst insure us half our prize.  
 O come, bright *Hope*! possess my soul;  
 For every reign without controul,  
 And animate and warm the whole.  
 Devoid of thee, all teems with gloom;  
 'Tis thou that giv'st to bear each doom,  
 In hoary age, and youth's gay bloom.  
 With thee on wings sublime we soar,  
 To seek th' irretrievable shore;  
 And dare futurity explore.



40

YE shepherds so chearful and gay,  
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam;  
 Should *Corydon's* happen to stray,  
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home.  
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,  
 Nor talk of the change that ye find;  
 None once was so watchful as I:  
 I have left my dear *Phyllis* behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove  
 With the torture of doubt and desire;  
 What it is, to admire and to love,  
 And to leave her we love and admire.  
 Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,  
 And the damps of each ev'ning repel;  
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn:  
 I have bade my dear *Phyllis* farewell.

Since *Phyllis* youchsaf'd me a look,  
 I never once dreamt of my vine;  
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,  
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.  
 I priz'd every hour that went by,  
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before:  
 But now they are past, and I sigh;  
 And I grieve that I priz'd 'em no more.

But why do I languish in vain;  
 Why wander thus pensively here?  
 Oh! why did I come from the plain,  
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?  
 They tell me, my favourite maid,  
 The pride of that valley, is flown;  
 Alas! where with her I have stray'd,  
 I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,  
 What anguish I felt at my heart!  
 Yet I thought, but it might not be so,  
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.  
*She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew;*  
*The path I could hardly discern;*  
*So sweetly she bade me adieu,*  
*That I might not return.*

The pilgrim that journeys all day,  
 To visit some far-distant shrine,  
 If he bear but a relique away,  
 Is happy, notwithstanding repine.  
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,  
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,  
 Soft hope is the reick I bear,  
 And my solace wherever I go.

41

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
 My groves are shaded with trees,  
 And my hills are white over with sheep.  
 I seldom have met with a loss,  
 Such a health do my fountains bestow;  
 My fountains all border'd with moss,  
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;  
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
 But a sweet-briar entwines it around.  
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,  
 More charms than my cattle unfold;  
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think the might like to retire  
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;  
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
 But I hasten'd and planted it there.  
 Oh how fudden the jessamine strove  
 With the lilack to render it gay!  
 Already it calls for my love,  
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves  
 What strains of wild melody flow?  
 How the nightingales warble their loves  
 From thickets of roses that blow!  
 And when her bright form shall appear,  
 Each bird shall harmoniously join  
 In a concert so soft and so clear,  
 As may not be found in religion.

out a gift for my fair;  
 And where the wood-pigeons breed:  
 At plunder forbear.  
 'Twas a barbarous deed:  
 Could be true the av'rr'd,  
 Rob a poor bird of its young:  
 Ever the more, when I heard  
 Her self falls from her tongue,  
 Her with sweetness unfold  
 It was due to a dove;  
 Attended the bold,  
 I'd it the sister of love:  
 Such a pleasure convey,  
 Sweet accents adore,  
 And whatever she say,  
 Should love her the more.  
 So gentle remain  
 When her *Corydon* sighs!  
 That is fond of the plain,  
 Is and this valley despise?  
 Of silence and shade!  
 Of contentment and ease!  
 I'd have pleasingly stray'd,  
 I her absence, could please.  
 As my *Phyllida* stray?  
 Are her grots and her bow'rs?  
 As and the valleys as gay,  
 Ephebs as gentle as ours?  
 Say perhaps he as fair,  
 Of the valleys as fine;  
 Say in manners compare,  
 One is not equal to mine.

— 42 —  
 you my passion reprove?  
 't a folly to grieve?  
 In the charms of my love,  
 't than you can believe.  
 In the enamours the brave;  
 't it engages the free;  
 't it pleases the brave;  
 't it pleases to me,

O you that have been of her train,  
 Come and join in my amorous lays;  
 I could lay down my life for this swain  
 That will sing but a song in her praise.  
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town  
 Come trooping, and listen the while;  
 Nay on him let not *Phyllida* frown;  
 But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when *Paridel* tries in the dance  
 Any favour with *Phyllis* to find,  
 O how, with one trivial glance,  
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!  
 In ringlets she dresses his hair,  
 And his crook is befuddled around;  
 And his pipe—oh may *Phyllis* beware  
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his in mock passion to glow;  
 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,  
 How her face is as bright as the snow,  
 And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:  
 How the nightingales labour the strain,  
 With the notes of his charmer to vie;  
 How they vary their accents in vain,  
 Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,  
 And pillages every sweet;  
 Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,  
 He throws it at *Phyllis*'s feet,  
 O *Phyllis*, he whispers, more fair,  
 More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!  
 What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?  
 What is eglantine, after a show'r?

Then the lily no longer is white;  
 Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;  
 Then the violets die with despoil,  
 And the woodbines give up their perfume.  
 Thus glide the soft numbers along,  
 And he fancies no shepherd his part;  
 Yet I never should envy the song,  
 Were not *Phyllis* to lend it an art.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,  
 So *Pbillis* the trophy despise;  
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,  
 So they shine not in *Pbillis*'s eyes.  
 The language that flows from the heart  
 Is a stranger to *Paridel*'s tongue;  
 Yet may she beware of his art,  
 Or sure I must envy the song.

— 43 —  
**Y**E shepherds give ear to my lay,  
 And take no more heed of my sheep:  
 They have nothing to do, but to stray;  
 I have nothing to do, but to weep.  
 Yet do not ray folly reprove;  
 She was fair and my passion begun;  
 She smil'd, and I could not but love;  
 She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;  
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,  
 That a nymph so compleat would be sought,  
 By a swain more engaging than me.  
 Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire:  
 It banishes wisdom the while;  
 And the lip of the nymph we admire  
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;  
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,  
 Let reason instruct you to shun  
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.  
 Beware how you loiter in vain  
 Amid nymphs of a higher degree:  
 It is not for me to explain  
 How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,  
 What hope of an end to my woes?  
 When I cannot endure to forget  
 The glance that undid my repose.  
 Yet time may diminish the pain:  
 The flower, the shrub, and the tree,  
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,  
 In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,  
 The sound of a murmuring stream,  
 The peace which from solitude flows,  
 Henceforth shall be *Corydon*'s theme.  
 High transports are shewn to the fight,  
 But we are not to find them our own;  
 Fate never bestow'd such delight,  
 As I with my *Pbillis* had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;  
 To your deepest recesses I fly;  
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase;  
 I would vanish from every eye.  
 Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove  
 With the same sad complaint it begun;  
 How he smil'd, and I could not but love;  
 Was faithless, and I am undone!

— 44 —  
**T**HE western sky was purpled o'er  
 With every pleasing ray,  
 And flocks reviving felt no more  
 The sultry heat of day;

When from a hazel's artless bower  
 Soft warbled *Strephon*'s tongue;  
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,  
 While *Nancy*'s praise he sung.

Les fops with fickle falsehood range  
 The paths of wanton love,  
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change  
 And sadden every grove:

But endless blessings crown the day  
 I saw fair *Etham*'s dale:  
 And every blessing find its way  
 To *Nancy* of the vale.

'Twas from *Avena*'s bank, the maid  
 Diffus'd her lovely beams;  
 And every shining glance display'd  
 The *Naiad* of the streams.

Soft as the wild duck's tender young,  
 That float on *Avon*'s tide;  
 Bright as the water lily spring  
 And glittering near its bed.

Ordering flowers, her bloom,  
mild to view;  
Yon's azure plume  
half so blue.

Like the reed, so sleek,  
Fair, and fair;  
Smile her blushing cheek,  
Singing sweet they were!

Ordering vale retir'd  
As bud I found,  
Among rocks and woods conspir'd  
Their beauties round.

Not so lone dell  
Not a nymph so sweet!  
Her secret cell  
Yet wand'ring feet!

Sought her for their bride,  
Alid ne'er incline;  
Equals true, she cry'd,  
Rove to mine.

On the mountain's brow  
Right good will;  
O my plighted vow,  
I'll climb the hill.

Her charms and gentle truth  
Are constant fair;  
I give my youth,  
My future care.

His vow shall faithless prove,  
Her charms forego,  
That saw our tender love,  
Not shall cease to flow.

## 45

Where pherds, we'll follow the hearse,  
And lov'd *Corydon* laid:  
May blemish the verse,  
Sad tribute be paid.  
Dim the pride of the plain;  
He was gentle and kind;  
His elegant strain,  
That glow'd in his mind,

On purpose he planted yon trees,  
That birds in the covert might dwell;  
He cultur'd the thyme for the bee,  
But never would ride their cell.  
Ye lambskins that play'd at his feet,  
Go bleat, and your master bemoan;  
His music was artless and sweet,  
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,  
No bloom on the blossoms appear;  
The sweets of the forest shall fail,  
And winter discolour the year.  
No birds in our hedges shall sing,  
(Our hedges so vocal before)  
Since he that should welcome the spring,  
Can greet the gay season no more.

His *Phyllis* was fond of his praise,  
And poets came round in a throng;  
They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,  
But which of them equal'd his song?  
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,  
For lost is the pastoral strain;  
So give me my *Corydon's* flute,  
And thus—let me break it in twain.

## 46

THE virgin when so'ten'd by *May*,  
Attends to the villager's vows,  
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,  
And poplars embrace with their boughs.  
On *Ida* bright *Venus* may reign,  
Ador'd for her beauty above;  
We shepherds who dwell on the plain,  
Hail *May* as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,  
Fond *Zephyr* caresses the pine.  
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,  
And willows and woodbines entwine;  
The pinks by the rivulet's side,  
That borders the vernal slope;  
Bend downwards to kiss the soft tide,  
For *May* is the mother of love.

*May* tinges the butterfly's wing,  
 He flutters in bridal array;  
 If the lark and the linnet now sing,  
 Their music is taught them by *May*;  
 The stock-dove recluse with her mate,  
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove;  
 And murmuring seems to repeat,  
 That *May* is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,  
 Ye virgins be sportive and gay;  
 Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds, in tune,  
 For music must welcome the day:  
 Would *Damon* have *Phyllis* prove kind,  
 And all his keen anguish remove;  
 Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find,  
 That *May* is the mother of love.

FOR safety, my flocks, seek the plain,  
 Shun the woods, lest the wolf should pursue,  
 I think of nought but *Clemente*,  
 I cannot give one thought to you.

Ah me! so extreme's my despair,  
 My charge I no longer can keep;  
 Of myself I cannot take care,  
 How can I take care of my sheep?

Secure, though you range o'er the green,  
 No refuge I find from my pain;  
 The cruel, unkind *Clemente*  
 Pursues me throughout with disdain.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and  
 As wilder'd and wearied I roam, [bare,  
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,  
 And leads me o'er lawns to my home: [crown'd,  
 Yellow sheaves from rich *Ceres* her cottage had  
 Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;  
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round  
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,  
 Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best,  
 Whilst throw'n off my guard by some glances she cast,  
 Love slid y'long into my breast.

I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,  
 (Ye virgins, her choice was divine)  
 I've rich ones rejected and great ones deny'd,  
 Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.  
 Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,  
 So simple, yet sweet were her charms,  
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,  
 And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.  
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,  
 And if on the banks, by the stream,  
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,  
 Her image still softens my dream.  
 Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,  
 Delighted with pastoral views,  
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet darts  
 And mark out new themes for my muse.  
 To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,  
 The damsel's of humble descent;  
 The cottager *Peace* is well knowna for her  
 And shepherds have nam'd her—Content.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream  
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;  
 And whilst a false nymph was his theme,  
 A willow supported his head:  
 The wind, that blew over the plain,  
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;  
 And the brook, in return to his pain,  
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.  
 Alas! silly swain that I was,  
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd;  
 When first I beheld that fair face,  
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd:  
 She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;  
 When the smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great  
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,  
 Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe  
 She could doat on so lowly a clown;  
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve  
 To forsake the fine folks of the town.

beauty so gay  
 ô constant would prove,  
 our maidens in grey,  
 ottago on love!  
 'e skill to complain,  
 as my temples have crown'd?  
 they hear my soft strain,  
 it weeping around?  
 hopes are in vain,  
 I thy laurel resign;  
 clines to a swain,  
 is sweeter than thine.

ompanions so dear,  
 to see me betray'd,  
 fer, forbear.  
 cuse the false maid:  
 he wide world I should range,  
 from my fortune to fly;  
 e false and to change,  
 be constant and die.

ard fate I sustain,  
 and pity is found,  
 with the nymphs of the plain,  
 laid low in the ground;  
 le boon that I crave,  
 ne with cypress and yew;  
 looks down on the grave,  
 that her shepherd was true.

ow love let her go,  
 in golden array,  
 ry fine show,  
 all the long day:  
 orgotten and gone,  
 If be heard of or seen,  
 eneach the pale moon  
 all glide over the green.

50

lood pensive in the shade,  
 across, and head reclin'd;  
 as'd the cruel maid,  
 lie'd his love-sick mind:  
 se all broken lay,  
 and actions seem'd to say,  
 akiad,

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?

Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;  
 I faintly hear in your sweet notes,

My *Chloe's* voice that wakes my pains:

Yet why should you your song forbear?

Your mates delight your song to hear,

But *Chloe* mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,

Dejected as the lonely dove,

Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood.

I feel the sound; my heart-strings shrove:

'Twas not the nightingale that sung;

No, 'tis my *Chloe's* sweeter tongue.

Hark, hark, what says my love!

How foolish is the nymph, she cries,

Who trifles with her lover's pain!

Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,

Our artful lips were made to feign.

O *Daphnis*, *Daphnis*, 'twas my pride,

'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd,

Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,

My blood with thrilling motion flew;

Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,

And hasty from his hold withdrew.

'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain,

Then had'st thou prest my hand again,

My heart had yielded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,

That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek;

Think not thy skill in song defam'd;

That lip should other pleasures seek:

Much, much thy music I approve;

Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,

Much more to hear thee speak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,

*Daphnis* I fear is ever gone;

Last night with *Delia's* dog he play'd,

Love, by such trifles first comes on.

Nwo now, dear shepherd, come away,

My tongue would now my heart obey,

Ah *Chloe*, thou art won!

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace,  
 And found where wishing *Cloe* lay;  
 Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,  
 Confus'd, she knew not what to say.  
 At last in broken words, the cry'd,  
 To-morrow you in vain had try'd,  
 But I am lost to-day!

## 51

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,  
 Their rural sports and jocund strains;  
 Heaven shield us all from *Cupid's* bow!  
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks,  
 And wandering thro' the lonely rocks,  
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,  
 His grief some pity, others blame,  
 The fatal cause all kindly seek;  
 He mingled his concern with theirs,  
 He gave them back their friendly tears,  
 He sigh'd, but could not speak.

*Clorinda* came amongst the rest,  
 And the too kind concern express'd  
 And ask'd the reason of his woe;  
 She ask'd, but with an air and mien  
 'T hat made it easily foreseen  
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,  
 And will you pardon me, he said,  
 While I the cruel truth reveal?  
 Which nothing from my breast should tear,  
 Which never should offend your ear,  
 But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,  
 Since you appear'd upon the plain,  
 You are the cause of all my care;  
 Your eyes ten thousand darts dart,  
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart,  
 I love and I despair.

Too much *Alexis* have I heard,  
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear!  
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd;  
 But you shall promise ne'er again  
 To breathe your vows, or speak your  
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

## 52

I Said on the banks by the stream  
 I've pip'd for the shepherds too long  
 Oh grant me ye muses, a theme,  
 Where glory may brighten my song  
 But *Pan* bids me stick to my strain,  
 Nor lessons too lofty rehearse;  
 Ambition befits not a swain,  
 And *Phyllis* loves pastoral verse.

The rose, tho' a beautiful red,  
 Looks faded to *Phyllis's* bloom;  
 And the breeze from the bean-flower  
 To her breath's but a feeble perfume  
 The dew-drop so limpid and gay,  
 That looke on the violet lies,  
 Tho' brighten'd by *Phœbus's* ray,  
 Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes

A lily I pluck'd in full pride  
 Its fairness with her's to compare;  
 And foolishly thought (till I cry'd)  
 The floweret was equally fair.  
 How, *Corydon*, could you mistake?  
 Your fault be with sorrow confess  
 You said the white swans on the lake  
 For softness might rival her breast

While thus I went on in her praise,  
 My *Phyllis* pass'd sportive along:  
 Ye poets, I covet no bays,  
 She smil'd—a reward for my song  
 I find the god *Pan's* in the right,  
 No fame's like the fair one's appeal  
 And *Cupid* must crown with delight  
 The shepherd that sings in his cave

63  
 ye love-enchanting shades,  
 Eternal grove;  
 Thy woods and glades,  
 No more I rove!

Thou now arise,  
 O spangled dawn;  
 Thy rays reach the skies,  
 O infant dawn.

Now his crook forsakes,  
 And fleecy care;  
 He arble from the brakes,  
 O glibomy air.

Hear the direful truth,  
 Thy laws attend;  
 O'er thy generous youth,  
 The fatal end.

Thy fading charms,  
 O'ertaken pow'r;  
 To *Aminor's* arms,  
 The happy hour.

Thy spring glide on serene,  
 Thy tempests reign;  
 Prove love's happy queen,  
 A faithful swain.

64  
 O'erming river, flow;  
 Thy borders grow  
 O'er the richest pride:  
 Thy bounty seeds  
 Ring verdant meads,  
 As tinklings glide.

His spring stream,  
 O lovers dream,  
 O the humming-bee:  
 O passion'd swain  
 O there complain,  
 O tuneful glee.

As I'll stray,  
 O cares away,  
 O on the moonlit beam:

Fair quiet here I find,  
 This soothes my thoughtful mind;  
 I thank thee, gentle stream.

65  
 HER sheep had in clusters crept close to a grove,  
 To hide from the heat of the day;  
 And *Phyllis* herself, in a woodbine alcove,  
 Among the sweet violets lay:  
 A young lambkin, it seems, had been stole from it's  
 ("Twix *Cupid* and *Hymen* a plot) [dam,  
 That *Corydon* might, as he search'd for his lamb,  
 Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he creeps  
 He saw the fair nymph with surprise;  
 Ye gods, if so killing, he cry'd, while she sleeps,  
 I'm lost if she opens her eyes;  
 To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,  
 I'll homeward my lambkin to trace.  
 But in vain honest *Corydon* strove to depart,  
 For love held him fast to the place.

Cease, cease, pretty birds, what a chirping you keep,  
 I think you're too loud on the spray;  
 Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep,  
 You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day.  
 How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!  
 Her cheeks he mistakes for the rose:  
 I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid  
 My boldness would break her repose.

Then *Phyllis* look'd up with a languishing smile,  
 Kind shepherd, said she, you mistake;  
 I laid myself down for to rest me awhile,  
 But trust me I've long been awake.  
 The shepherd took courage, advanced with a bow,  
 He plac'd himself down by her side;  
 And marv'ling at the matter, I cannot tell how,  
 But yesterday made her his bride.

66  
 HAIL, young spring, the earth adorning,  
 Drive old winter far away;  
 Call the rosy-finger'd morn'ning,  
 Deck the sun in radiance gay.

B b



*Flora*, bring thy sweetest treasure ;  
 Zephyrs, waft thy softest gale ;  
 Chant, ye birds, the song of pleasure ;  
 Echo, tell it thro' the vale.

Leafless, tuneless, unendearing,  
 Mourn'd the long-deserted grove ;  
 But, sweet spring, at thy appearing,  
 All is harmony and love.

————— 67 —————  
**How** sweet the freshing gales of spring !

Each blushing morn how gay !  
 The tuneful lark begins to sing,  
 As soon as dawn of day.

Then next *Aurora's* golden ray  
 Comes glancing o'er the plains ;  
 To hail the warblers plaintive lay,  
 And rouse the sturdy swains ;

Who from their cots to toil repairs,  
 Regardless of all strife ;  
 Unknowing, and unknown to care,  
 Is sure the shepherd's life.

He toils, he carols, all the day ;  
 At eve, then home he bends ;  
 Charm'd with the birds on every spray,  
 As to his cottage tends.

His cottage teems with infants dear,  
 That's wholesome, clean, and neat ;  
 His wife—his bed—his all is there,  
 To make his joys complete.

With these he sits a welcome guest,  
 So happy and so gay ;  
 Till twilight points the hour of rest,  
 They then to call obey.

————— 68 —————  
**HAIL**, thou source of thought, divine !  
 Awful solitude be mine :  
 Let me, from the world secluded,  
 By no glitt'ring joys deluded,  
 Earthly pleasures all despise,  
 Hoping for eternal joys.

Let me wander o'er the plains,  
 Where perpetual silence reigns ;  
 Whilst I, at the close of even,  
 View the blue baptism'd heav'n ;  
 Let me then my God adore,  
 Mark his works, and own his pow'r.  
 When the blushing morn has spread  
 Dewy fragrance o'er the mead ;  
 When the newly-risen sun  
 Has his daily task begun,  
 Teach me then, in tuneful lays,  
 To chant my great Creator's praise.

When my peaceful life is spent,  
 Free from care and discontent,  
 Let me, O my God ! when thou  
 Call'st me from this world below,  
 With hope of heav'nly pleasures blest,  
 In gentle slumbers sink to rest.

————— 69 —————  
**HAVE** ye seen the morning sky,  
 When the dawn prevails on high,  
 When, anon, some purple ray,  
 Gives a sample of the day ;  
 When, anon, the lark on wing,  
 Strives to soar, and strains to sing ?  
 Have ye seen th' ethereal blue,  
 Gently shedding silver dew,  
 Spangling o'er the silent green,  
 While the nightingale, unseen,  
 To the moon and stars full bright,  
 Lonesome chants the hymn of night ?  
 Have ye seen the broder'd *Wady*,  
 All her scented blooms display,  
 Breezes opening every hour,  
 This and that expectant flower,  
 While the mingling birds prolong,  
 From each bush, the vernal song ?  
 Have ye seen the damask rose  
 Her unsully'd blush disclose ;  
 Or the lily's dewy bell,  
 In her glossy white excel ?

er  
ies more?

display,  
ght, or day;  
excite  
ight;  
ys I find,  
is kind;  
refign  
r mine.

70  
begin their lay,  
be of *May* :

is bound,  
er-ground;  
ortive low  
whips blow.

Swains advance  
fest dance;  
aythorn bough  
pherd's brow;  
array,  
of *May*.

nd love,  
l the grove;  
as a frown,  
is all her own;  
ure's smile,  
his toil.

shepherds know!  
ch know;  
happy hour,  
ch in store.  
ra from hence,  
nce.

71  
ly, the joy of the plain,  
nd lov'd *Iphis* again;  
th, and the youth in the fair;  
qual, and equal their care;  
nt their dptage withdrew,  
iv'd still the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain:  
Some envy'd the nymph; but more envy'd the swain.  
Some swore 'twou'd be pity their loves to invade;  
That the lovers alone for each other were made:  
But all, all consented that none ever knew  
A nymph yet so kind, or a shepherd so true.

Love saw them with pleasure, and vow'd to take care  
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair:  
What either did want he bjd either to move;  
But they wanted nothing but ever to love: [do,  
Said 'twas all that to please them his god-head could  
That they still might be kind, and still might be true.

72  
IMMORTAL powers, convey me where  
No tumultuous throngs appear;  
Far from flattery, far from care,  
Let me breathe the rural air.

Bear me to some shady grove,  
Blest retreat of peace and love;  
Where, secure, the warbling choir  
From the busy world retire.

Where nature's beauties deck the ground,  
Thousand beauteous flowers abound:  
Still, to make the scene more fair,  
Let lovely *Delia* meet me there.

*Delia*'s presence will improve  
The vernal beauty of the grove;  
Give each flower a pleasing dye,  
Brighter azure to the sky.

*Venus*, to complete my joy,  
Hither send thy sportive boy;  
And, in 'his propitious hour,  
Let my *Delia* own his power.

Roseate health, fair peace, gay pleasure,  
Happiness, and balmy leisure;  
When my *Delia*'s heart possessing,  
Ever best, and ever blessing.

73  
IN the barn the tenant cock,  
Close to parlet perch'd on high,

Briskly crows the shepherd's clock !  
 And proclaims the morning nigh,  
 Swiftly from the mountain's brow,  
 Shadows nure'd by night retire ;  
 And the peeping sun-beam, now,  
 Paints with gold the village spire.

*Philomel* forsakes the thorn,  
 Plaintive where the prates at night ;  
 And the lark, to meet the morn,  
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the clay-built cottage ridge,  
 See the chat'tring swallow spring ;  
 Darting through the one arch'd bridge,  
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,  
 See the silver stream distil  
 Sweet refreshment for the flock,  
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hill.

Plowmen for the promis'd corn,  
 Ripening o'er the banks of *Tweed*,  
 Anxious hear the huntsman's horn,  
 Soften'd by the shepherd's reed.

Sweet, oh ! sweet, the warbling throng,  
 On the white emblossom'd spray !  
 All in music, mirth and song,  
 At the jocund dawn of days.

————— 74 —————  
**LET** letter'd bards sing lofty strains,  
 Of *Pindus'* mount, of *Latian* plains ;  
 I most delight, at rising day,  
 Along the *Kentish* lawns to stray ;  
 There, whilst the birds are wrapt in tune,  
 To breathe the sweets of rosy *June*.

Or far about the hills to trace,  
 And sing my country's fertile face ;  
 Her pppin-trees in silver bloom,  
 Her curling hops, her golden broom ;  
 Of *Shelley*, where at sultry noon  
 A rustic thuns the heat of *June*.

Of ample orchards, halesome streams,  
 Where fishes sport in sunny beams ;  
 Of distant meads, where flocks are seen,  
 Like argent spots on purist green,  
 Where (while he crops the vernal bean)  
 The mower sings of rosy *June*.

To sing of clover's purple dye,  
 Grateful to the wond'ring eye ;  
 Of pea-blown vallies, wheat-clad fields,  
 Brighter sooner than *Tempe* yields.  
 Ah ! how gay, by midnight moon,  
 Are scenes like these in rosy *June*.

And still to sing, in *Doric* strains,  
 Of low-roof'd cots, where quiet reigns ;  
 Of rustic lads, by honour fram'd,  
 Of sylvan maids, for beauty fam'd,  
 Whose loves will never cloy so soon,  
 But ever last as fresh as *June*.

And (more than many a realm can boast)  
 To sing our sea-girt happy coast,  
 Where, big with commerce, ev'ry tide  
 The fleets of distant nations glide.  
 To themes like these my state I tune,  
 Whilst roses deck the month of *June*.

————— 75 —————  
**LAST** *Midsummer* morn, as I stray'd thro't  
 Young *Dolly*, I met by the way ;  
 I told her, her charms had subdn'd me  
 And caus'd her awhile for to stay.

Silly *Damon*, she cry'd, what would you be  
 Your fooling give over, I pray ;  
 For all your fond wooing, your cooing and  
 No longer shall make me delay.

Then I press'd her hand close, saying, can  
 A favour so trifling as this ?  
 But still she rejected, and cry'd out, O fit  
 When I eagerly stole a sweet kiss.

With rapture I gaz'd on her delicate cheek  
 (For I could not resist it, I vow)  
 Then clasping her lovingly in my fond arm  
 Said she, I must go to my own.

Let o'er the plain together we went,  
 Once to a foofy river's fide,  
 Tarry'd awhile, till I gain'd her consent  
 To be my true bride.

No ye troubles and plagues of this life,  
 Dolly I fure fhall be bleft;  
 That kind Providence makes her my wife  
 Lull all our cares into reft.

76  
 It dreary, darkfome morning,  
 On the rifing day;  
 From the weft returning,  
 Leams a trembling ray.

More the lark, high-faring,  
 Her fweetly-thrilling ftrain;  
 He haftes, exploring  
 O'er hofpitable plain.

Parrows, pertly hopping,  
 And there collect & grain;  
 Sweet domeftic robin,  
 Citty quits the plain.

Every fong and pinion,  
 On winter's rigid reign;  
 Summer's foft dominion  
 Gb, but figh in vain.  
 Five notes repining,  
 Snow-embossed fpray,  
 Abfent partners pining,  
 Air litle lives away.

More is heard refounding,  
 Clifff, the bufy mill;  
 Rigid arms furlounding,  
 A fweetly-tinkling rill,  
 All our fscenes of pleafure,  
 In fpotlefs liveries lie,  
 Mphs and fwains, in frolick meafure,  
 And fong fo merrily.

oft, at eye, refounding  
 stole from yonder hill,  
 killy fogs and mists furlounding)  
 dew dapples and vapours chill.

But hark! in yonder vale, gay moving,  
 Breathes the far-refounding horn;  
 Whilst the jovial fportfmen roving,  
 Hail, with fhouts, the rifing morn.

77  
 No more the feftive train I'll join;  
 Adieu! ye rural fports, adieu!  
 For what, alas! have griefs like mine  
 With paffimes or delights to do!  
 Let hearts at eafe fuch pleafures prove,  
 But I am all defpair and love.

Ah, well a day! how chang'd am I!  
 When late I feiz'd the rural reed,  
 So foft my ftrains, the herds hard by  
 Stood gazing, and forgot to feed;  
 But now my ftrains no longer move,  
 They're difcord all, defpair, and love.  
 Behold around my ftraggling fheep,  
 The faireft once upon the lea;  
 No fwain to guide, no dog to keep,  
 Unfhorn'd they ftray, nor mark'd by met  
 The fhepherds mourn to fee them rove;  
 They afk the caufe, I anfwer love.

Negle&rd love firft taught my eyes  
 With tears of anguifh to o'erflow;  
 'Tis that which fill'd my breaft with fighs,  
 And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe;  
 Love has occafion'd all my fmart,  
 Difpers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

78  
 Now gilded groves, with verdure clad,  
 Reflect bright Phæbus' golden beams,  
 While his celeftial glories flame  
 Down the tranflucient filver freams,  
 Lo! as Aurora onward moves,  
 His fleecy flocks the fhepherd fwain  
 Drives from their folds in jovial glee,  
 And whitens all the verdant plain.

In yonder gay, enamel'd mead,  
 The ftirling plumes his golden wings,  
 Then tow'ring up the azure height,  
 He mounts fublime, and foaring fings.

Nymph of the wave, sweet *Naiad* hear,  
While thy clear water's bank along,  
With careless steps I pleasing stray,  
And warble forth my youthful song.

Here could I ever, ever rove,  
And quit the world's contentious scene;  
What joy, with innocence and truth,  
To wrap me in your charming green!  
But fate and fortune, adverse, call,  
And snatch me to the busy throng;  
Adieu, then! rural sweets adieu!  
And cease, thou dear, deluding song.

79  
Now the woodland choirists sing,  
Beauty takes her radiant sphere,  
Love adorns the smiling spring,  
Love and beauty gild the year:  
Seize the minutes as they fly,  
Jocund hours and festive sound;  
Innocence, with virgin eye,  
Comes with rural chaplets crown'd,

Awful virtue keeps her state  
In the cot, or on the throne;  
Liberty enjoys her mate,  
As fair honour holds the zone:  
Love and beauty, on the wing,  
Sweep the globe, and conquer all;  
Poet, hero, sage, and king,  
At their shrine submissive fall.

Where should honour love to dwell,  
But in freedom's happy isle?  
Virtue here enjoys a cell  
More than in a tyrant's smile:  
Where should beauty fix her reign,  
But on love that pow'r defies?  
Innocence shall crown the scene  
Where ambition droops and dies.

80  
*SEE Nerissa*, the young and the fair,  
Far away from her *Coryllas* flies,  
Though the *Zephyrs* float soft on the air,  
And mild seasons illumine the skies:

To the haunts of the great ones she strays;  
She despises our meads and our flows;  
She will listen no more to our lays;  
She has left the sweet shade of our bow'n.

Yet at eve have the nymphs of the plains  
Oft join'd our gay dances among,  
And the *Dryads*, in murmuring strains,  
Through the woodlands have echo'd our song.  
E'en *Pan* must have own'd that our verse  
Had exceeded the chief of the grove;  
E'en with *Pan* might we dare to rehearse,  
When the theme was *Nerissa* and love.

But alas! till the fair one return,  
No soft music shall glad the dull scene;  
The nymphs and the *Dryads* shall mourn,  
For their goddess has quitted the green.  
But sad *Coryllas* chief shall complain,  
By the lake, by the thrush on the spray,  
Shall invoke the dear goddess again,  
Whose presence enlivens the May.

81  
ON ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,  
Along the margin of each stream,  
Dear conscious scenes of former love,  
I mourn, and *Damon* is my theme:  
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,  
But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,  
Where to my cave I oft have sung,  
Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,  
As o'er the airy steep they hung:  
The mossy cave, the goats remain,  
But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling vale I pass,  
And sigh to see the well-known shades  
I weep, and kiss the bended grass,  
Where love and *Damon* fondly play'd:  
The vale, the shade, the grass remain,  
But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,  
Groves, flocks, and fountain, all are dead.

pity droops its head,  
oes my loss deplore;  
the faithless swain,  
seek in vain.

82

my boys! pipe and tabor strike up!  
moment, but put round the cup!  
nour'd, and our toil now is o'er;  
stock'd, & we'll dance on the floor.  
! with hearts & with voices in tune  
r festival sheephear in *June*;  
light our frolick shall cease;  
mirth! and success to the fleece!

83

of *Pattie's* mill,  
, blythe, and gay,  
ll my skill  
e my heart away;  
ag of the hay  
led on the green,  
her locks did play,  
ton'd in her een.  
hite, round, and smooth,  
sing in their dawn,  
ould give youth  
them with his haund;  
y spirits ran  
y of bliss,  
h sweetnesss fand  
a balmy kiss.  
e help of art,  
v'rs that grace the wild,  
sweets impart,  
r the spoke or smil'd;  
hey were so mild,  
n affected pride,  
ove beguil'd,  
her for my bride.  
all the wealth  
's high mountains fill,  
y life and health,  
res at my will  
nd fulfil,

That none but bonny she,  
The lass of *Pattie's* mill,  
Should share the same with me.

84

YE nymphs of the plain who once saw me so gay,  
You ask why in sorrow I spend the whole day:  
'Tis love, cruel love, that my peace did betray:  
Then crown your poor *Pbillis* with willow.  
The bloom which once grac'd, has deserted this cheek  
My eyes no more sparkle, my tongue can scarce speak  
My heart too so flutters, I fear it will break:  
Then crown your poor *Pbillis* with willow.

Ye lovers so true, that attend on my bier,  
And think that my fortune has prov'd too severe;  
Ah! curb not the sigh, nor refuse the kind tear;  
Then strew all the place round with willow.  
Erect me a tomb, and engrave on its side,  
"Here lies a poor maiden, whose love was deny'd;  
"She strove to endure it, but could not, and dy'd."  
Then shade it with cypress and willow.

85

A Swain of love despairing,  
Thus wail'd his cruel fate,  
His grief the shepherds sharing,  
In circles round him sat:  
The nymphs in kind compassion,  
The luckless lover mourn'd;  
All who had felt love's passion  
A sigh for sigh return'd.  
O friends! your plaints give over,  
Your kind concern forbear,  
Should *Cloe* but discover  
For me you've shed a tear,  
Her eyes the arm'd with vengeance,  
Your friendship soon subdues:  
Too late you'd ask forgiveness,  
And for her mercy sue.  
Her charms such force discover,  
Resistance is in vain,  
Spight of yourself you'd love her,  
And hug the galling chain:  
Her wit the flame increases,  
And rivets fast the dart.

She has ten thousand graces,  
And each would gain a heart;

But, oh! one more deserving  
Has thaw'd her frozen breast,  
Her heart for him preserving,  
She's cold to all the rest:  
Their love with joy abounding,  
The thought distracts my brain.  
O cruel maid! then swooning,  
He fell upon the plain.

86

**H**ARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!  
Come *Lucy*, it cries, come away,  
The grave of thy *Colin* has room  
To rest thee beside his cold clay.  
I come, my dear shepherd, I come;  
Ye friends and companions adieu;  
I haste to my *Colin*'s dark home,  
To die in his bosom for true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung  
When *Lucy*, sad *Lucy* arose,  
And forth to the green turf she sprung,  
Where *Colin*'s pale ashes repose:  
All wet with the night's chilling dew,  
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,  
While stormy winds over her blew,  
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd *Colin*, she cry'd,  
How long must thy *Lucy* complain?  
How long shall the grave my love hide?  
How long e'er it join us again?  
For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,  
With thee o'er the world would she fly,  
For thee she had sorrow'd and griev'd,  
For thee, would she lie down and die.

Alas! what avails it how dear  
Thy *Lucy* was once to her swain;  
Her face like the lily so fair,  
And eye that give light to the plain.  
*The shepherd* that lov'd her is gone,  
That face and these eyes charm no more,

And *Lucy* forget and alone  
To death shall her *Colin* explore;

While thus she lay sunk in despair,  
And mourn'd to the echo around,  
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,  
And thunder shook dreadful the ground:  
I hear the kind call and obey,  
Ah *Colin*! receive me the cry'd:  
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,  
She hung on his tomb-slope and dy'd.

87

**I**N the morn as I walk thro' the mead,  
And tread on a carpet of green,  
When I view the sweet flocks as they feed,  
What equals the beautiful scene:  
Thro' the groves do I pass with delight,  
In viewing yon ever-green pine;  
What sensations I feel at the sight  
Of a prospect so rural and fine!

Hark! the birds as they perch on the bough  
With melody pleasing the ear;  
See the hind from afar with his plough  
Denoting the time of the year.  
As I stray thro' the neighbouring vale,  
Encompass'd by mountains so high,  
O, what charms do I find in the dale,  
By the stream that runs bubbling by!

At the foot of yon ivy-moore tree  
Sits the shepherd a tuning his reed,  
While his lambs frolic round him with glee,  
His sheep a long side of him feed,  
O'er yon beautiful lawn do I see  
The hare with timidity fly;  
How delightful's the music to me  
Of the echoing dogs in full cry.

But what harmony's that which I hear?  
'Tis the bells from yon neighbouring tower,  
O, how pleasing the sound to my ear!  
By the side of this murmuring rill,  
There's no pleasure to me is so sweet  
As that which the tinkering

hank God, at my feet,  
all felicity lives,

38

he jessamine sweetens the bow'r,  
as adorn the gay green,  
fresh'd by the show'r,  
to brighten the scene;  
retir'd, there lives  
in, and *Phæbe* the fair;  
each other receives,  
enjoyments they share;  
and the lasses that dwell on the plain,  
of fair *Phæbe*, and *Colin* her swain.

of contentment supply  
fond and grandeur of pride;  
in the shepherd annoy,  
fit with his beautiful bride:  
o greater delight  
tend on his lambkins by day,  
to his *Phæbe* at night,  
sent toil to repay;  
and the lasses that dwell on the plain,  
of fair *Phæbe*, and *Colin* her swain.

her lover appears,  
one partakes of his bliss:  
she soothes all his cares,  
is all his pains with a kiss.  
the artful deceit  
practis'd in city and court;  
appinels no where compleat  
re shepherds and nymphs do resort;  
she and the lasses they die in despair,  
're as kind as *Phæbe* the fair.

who're accusom'd to rove,  
h innocent fair-one betray,  
be faithless in love,  
ates of honour obey:  
s, who with beauty are bless'd,  
true improve ev'ry grace;  
as of the mind, when possels'd,  
misly those of the face;  
is and as lasses whom *Hymen* has join'd,  
be constant, like *Phæbe* be kind.

WHAT shepherd or nymph of the grove  
Can blame me for dropping a tear,  
Or lamenting, aloud, as I rove,  
Since *Phæbe* no longer is here?  
My flocks, if at random they stray,  
What wonder, if she's from the plains?  
Her hand they were wont to obey:  
She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.  
Can I ever forget how we stray'd  
To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,  
To the bow'r we had built in the shade,  
Or the river that runs by the mill?  
There, sweet, by my side as the lay,  
And heard the fond stories I told,  
How sweet was the thrush from the spray,  
Or the bleating of lambs from the fold?

How oft 'd would I spy out a charm,  
Which before had been hid from my view!  
And, while arm was enfolded in arm,  
My lips to her lips how they grew!  
How long the sweet contest would last!  
Till the hours of retirement and rest;  
What pleasures and pain each had past,  
Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place, or of time,  
I felt when my fair-one was near;  
Alike was each weather and clime,  
Each season that chequer'd the year:  
In winter's rude lap did we freeze,  
Did we melt on the bosom of *May*;  
Each morn brought contentment and ease,  
If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask;  
She had all the kind gods could impart;  
She was nature's most beautiful task,  
The despair and the envy of art:  
There all that is worthy to prize,  
In all that was lovely was dress;  
For the graces were thron'd in her eyes,  
And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.



MY *Colin* leaves fair *London* town,  
 Its pomp, its pride and noise;  
 With eager haste he bids him down,  
 To taste of rural joys.  
 Soon as my much-lov'd swain's in sight,  
 My heart is mad with glee;  
 I never know such true delight,  
 As when he comes to me.

How sweet with him all day to rove,  
 And range the meadows wide!  
 Not yet less sweet the moon-light grove,  
 Al. b. the river's side.  
 The gay seasons pass away,  
 How swift, when *Colin's* by!  
 How swiftly glides the flow'ry *May*!  
 How fast the summers fly!

When *Colin* comes to grace the plains,  
 An humble crook he bears;  
 He tends the flock like other swains,  
 A shepherd quite appears.  
 All in the verdant month of *May*,  
 The rake is all his pride;  
 He helps to make the new-mown hay,  
 With *Moggy* by his side.

'Gainst yellow autumn's milder reign,  
 His sickle he prepares;  
 He reaps the harvest on the plain,  
 All pleas'd with rural cares.  
 With jocund dance the night is crown'd,  
 When all the toil is o'er,  
 With him I trip it on the ground,  
 With bunny swains a score.

When winter's gloomy months prevail,  
 If *Colin* is but here,  
 His jovial laugh and merry tale  
 To me are muckle cheer.

The folk that chuse in town to dwell  
 Are from my envy free;

For *Moggy* loves the plain too well,  
 And *Colin's* all to me.

WITH *Phyllis* I'll trip o'er the meads,  
 And hasten away to the plain,  
 Where shepherds attend with their rods,  
 To welcome my love and her swain.  
 The lark is craked in air.  
 The linnet sings perch'd on the spray:  
 Our lambs stand in need of our care,  
 Then let us not lengthen delay.

What pleasures I feel with my dear,  
 While gamefome young lambs are at play,  
 Exceed the delights of a peer.  
 That shines with such grandeur at court,  
 When *Colin* and *Strephon* go by,  
 They forgo a disguise for a while;  
 They see how I'm bless'd with a sigh,  
 But envy forbids them to smile.

Let courtiers of liberty prate,  
 T' enjoy it take infinite pains;  
 But liberty's primitive state  
 Is only enjoy'd on the plains.  
 With *Phyllis* I rove to and fro,  
 With her my gay minutes are spent;  
 'Twas *Phyllis* first taught me to know,  
 That happiness flows from content.

STREPHON arose at early dawn,  
 And sought as wont his fleecy care;  
 His fleecy care, alas! were gone.  
 Nor knew the hapless shepherd where  
 In vain each hill, in vain each dale,  
 Each dell, each break he travell'd round,  
 Each pathless wood and flow'ry vale,  
 But not one lambkin could be found.

*Colin*, he cry'd, my flocks are fled  
 How shall I e'er thy grief assuage?  
 How shall I cheer thy drooping head,  
 If poverty should mark my age?  
 Said she, my love, misfortune's dart  
 Is pointed, and is spent in vain;  
 While I possess my dearest heart,  
 I laugh at ill, and sigh at pain.

ibbling devils stray,  
 or envious neighbour folds,  
 my *Celia's* soul dismay,  
 born to her break the holds;  
 warmest thanks, O take,  
 if thou be my only care;  
 ne'er forsake,  
 regardless hear my pray'r.

vely form mine eyes  
 we but in the least degree;  
 will arise,  
 e wand'rer back to thee.  
 y liv'd, and long they lov'd,  
 heard the story told;  
 heft Fortitude approv'd,  
 fill'd the shepherd's fold.

## 93

amer comes, the swains on *Tweed*  
 successful loves;  
 ves and lambskins feed,  
 fills the groves;  
 song is then the broom,  
*Swoden knows*;  
 e'er, so fair a broom,  
 ere never grows.

in'd his oaten reed,  
 y yielding heart;  
 er that dwelt on *Tweed*,  
 with half such art.  
 zy, of *Ferb*, and *Clyde*,  
 nd dales all round.  
 ighs, and *Leader-fife*,  
 blest the sound.

ghiful is the broom,  
*Swoden knows*;  
 sh, so bright a broom,  
 here never grows.

ss so green and gay,  
 his broom compare;  
 asks in flow'ry *May*,  
 oon *Trugs*.

More pleasing far the *Cotodet* *knows*,  
 My peaceful happy home;  
 Where I *was* wont to milk my *twes*  
 At eve among the broom:  
 Ye pow'r that haunt the woods and plains,  
 Where *Tweed*, and *Trout*, flows;  
 Convey me to the best of swains,  
 And my lov'd *Swoden* knows.

## 94

T'OTHER day, in the strawberry-vale,  
 When only my *Phyllis* was there,  
 I begg'd she'd attend to my tale,  
 I long to unbosom my care.

With smiles, Sweet as *Flora's* in *May*.  
 She bid me my pleasures impart.  
 I said, (in a faltering way)  
 Your eyes have ta'en captive my heart.

The dance and the tabor I hun,  
 No rest on my pillow I find;  
 Believe me, wherever I run,  
 Your image still dwells in my mind.

O! forth the *te'n* anguish I bear,  
 I vow'd to be ever sincere:  
 Her hand she presented to kiss,  
 And brighten'd her blush with a tear.

And now, if my sheep are secure,  
 I meet her at eve in the dale,  
 Where she wishes that flame may endure,  
 She approv'd in the strawberry-vale.

## 95

T'HE *plads* of ev'ry grove I chose,  
 The violet sweet, and lily fair,  
 The dappled pink, and blushing rose,  
 To deck my charming *Chloe's* hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place  
 Upon her brow the various wreath;  
 The flow'rs less fragrant than her face,  
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day;  
 And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,  
 That in her hair they look'd more gay  
 Than glowing in their native bed

Undrest at ev'ning, when she found  
 Their colours lost, their odours past,  
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground  
 Her garland and her eye she cast.  
 That ey'dropt sense distinct and clear,  
 As any music's tongue could speak;  
 When from it's lid a pearly tear  
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.  
 Dissembling what I knew too well,  
 My love, my life, said I, explain,  
 This change of humour; prithee, tell,  
 That failing tear, what does it mean?  
 She sigh'd, she smil'd; and to the flow'rs  
 Pointing the lovely moralist said,  
 See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,  
 See yonder, what a change is made!  
 Ah, me! the blooming pride of May  
 And that of beauty are but one;  
 A noon both flourish bright and gay,  
 Both fade at ev'ning, pass and gone.  
 At dawn poor Silvia danc'd and sang,  
 The ambitious youth and she her pow'r;  
 At night her tale all grief was long,  
 I love, and love's her in her blood.  
 Such as she is, that day's to-day,  
 Such I, a sad'ner to-morrow;  
 Grief, then, be thy theme to-day,  
 The pleasure of my youth is o'er.

THE LITTLE GOOSE, &c.

When I was young, and full of mirth,  
 I was a goose, and full of glee,  
 When I was young, and full of mirth,  
 I was a goose, and full of glee.

Come, then, my little goose, and sing,  
 About the joys of youth and mirth,  
 The joys of youth and mirth, and sing,  
 About the joys of youth and mirth.

The joys of youth and mirth, and sing,  
 About the joys of youth and mirth,  
 The joys of youth and mirth, and sing,  
 About the joys of youth and mirth.

When I was young, and full of mirth,  
 I was a goose, and full of glee,  
 When I was young, and full of mirth,  
 I was a goose, and full of glee.

When I was young, and full of mirth,  
 I was a goose, and full of glee,  
 When I was young, and full of mirth,  
 I was a goose, and full of glee.

Content shall harmonize the fall,  
 And ev'ry pain disarm.

Then when stern winter shakes the world,  
 And rapid lightnings fly,  
 When nature's in confusion hurly,  
 We'll ev'ry care defy.

THE ponderous cloud was black and ho,  
 And sail'd majestically slow,  
 Red lightning scorch'd the ground;  
 Tremendous, now, the thunder roll'd;  
 As if it would have riv'd the poles,  
 And torrents pour around,  
 No shelter nigh, to shield my head,  
 Along the champaign swift I fled,  
 Before the opening skies;  
 Till from the west a gale arose,  
 Dispers'd the cloud, the welkin glow'd,  
 And vernal sweets arise.

Cecation seem'd as new awake,  
 From every dingle, bush, and brake,  
 E'en from the very sod;  
 The feather'd race their throats essay,  
 Who shall salute, in songs most gay,  
 The wonder-working God.

Alas! me, that those of least esteem  
 Should praise the pow'r alone supreme,  
 I wou'd to be forgiven;  
 Straight, like the little graceful thrush,  
 I sing an unsolicited song,  
 And let my voice to heaven.

THE rears in the neighb'ring grove  
 No longer cry all the long day;  
 Nor sit in the branches above,  
 And cover'd so longer with May;  
 The birds that so cheerfully sung,  
 Are dumb, or plaintive each tone,  
 And as they chirp low to their young,  
 They wail their goddesses between.

is of green,  
 bosom are spread;  
 rig can be seen  
 wreaths for my head:  
 may be found,  
 blooming nor gay;  
 in the ground,  
 coming of *May*.  
 as purloin'd  
 fantastical gear,  
 he may have join'd,  
 it of the year.  
 true, may repine  
 gardens undrest,  
*Udla's* mine,  
*May* in my breast.

— 99 —

miles again!  
 n has left her brow:  
 alous pain,  
 my angry vow?  
 ubtful day:  
 tempest lour?  
 av'n's survey,  
 he sitting show'r.  
 g their languid head,  
 he transient rains;  
 ed tendrils spread,  
 e gilds the plains.  
 that droop'd no less  
 of rain and wind,  
 : express  
 en thou art kind.

— 100. —

the bonniest swain  
 w'ry plain,  
 the lee:  
 gamefome ground,  
 : flow'ry ground,  
 e as he.

Beneath the oak, in yonder vale,  
 You'd think you heard the nightingale,  
 Whene'er he rais'd his voice:  
 But, ah! the youth was all deceit,  
 His vows, his oaths, were all a cheat,  
 And choice succeeded choice.

The maidens sung, in willow groves,  
 Of *Colin's* false and perjur'd loves;  
 Here *Jenny* told her woes:  
 And *Moggy's* tears increas'd the brook,  
 Whose cheeks like dying lilies look,  
 That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy fair, my words believe,  
 So shall no swain your hopes deceive,  
 And leave you to despair:  
 Ere he disclose his fickle mind,  
 Change first yourselves for ah! you'll find  
 False *Colins* every where.

— 101 —

**F**AIREST daughter of the year,  
 Ever blooming, lovely *May*;  
 While the vivid skies appear,  
 Nature smiles, and all is gay.  
 Thine the flowery painted mead,  
 Pasture fair, and mountain green;  
 Thine, with infant harvest spread,  
 Laughing lies the lowland scene.  
 Friend of thine, the shepherd plays  
 Blithsome near the yellow broom,  
 While his flock, that careless strays,  
 Seeks the wild-thyme's sweet perfume,  
*May*, with thee I mean to rove  
 O'er these lawns and vallies fair,  
 Tune my gentle lyre to love,  
 Cherish hope, and soften care.  
 Round me shall the village swains,  
 Shall the rosy nymph appear;  
 While I sing, in rural strains,  
*May*, to shepherds ever dear.

C c

I had never skill to raise

Pæans from the vocal strings,  
To the godlike hero's praise,  
To the pageant pomp of kings.

Stranger to the hostile plains,  
Where the brazen trumpets sound;  
Life's red stream the verdure stains,  
Heaps promiscuous press the ground:

Where the mur'rous cannon's breath  
Fate denounces from afar,  
And the loud report of death  
Stuns the cruel ear of war.

Stranger to the park and play,  
Birth-night balls, and courtly trains;  
Thee I woo, my gentle May,  
Tune for thee my native strains.

Blooming groves, and wand'ring rills,  
Sooth thy vacant poet's dreams,  
Vocal woods, and wilds, and hills,  
All her unexalted themes.

102

A; o'er the varied meads I stray,  
Or trace thro' winding woods my way,  
While op'ning flow'rs their sweets exhale,  
And odour breathe in every gale;  
Where sage contentment builds her seat,  
And peace attends the calm retreat,  
My soul responsive hails the scene,  
Attun'd to joy, and peace within.  
But musing on the lib'ral hand,  
That scatters blessings e'er the land,  
That gives for man with pow'r divine,  
The earth to teem, the sun to shine;  
My grateful heart with rapture burns,  
And pleasure to devotion turns.

103

ON every tree, in every plain,  
I trace the jovial spring in vain!  
And sickly languor veils mine eyes,  
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,  
That smile on others, smile on me;  
Mine eyes from death shall count no steps,  
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring!  
Or, what the needless pains of spring!  
The cypress bough, that fairs the bier,  
Retains it's verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair,  
Might claim awhile my wanted care;  
My rural store some pleasure yield;  
So white a flock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie,  
Might well expect one parting sigh;  
Might well demand one tender tear;  
For when was *Diana* insincere?

But ere I ask once more to view  
Yon sitting sun his race renew,  
Inform me, swains, my friends declare,  
Will pitying *Deia* join the prayer?

104

O'ER desert plains, and rusty meers,  
And wither'd heaths I rove;  
Where tree nor spire, nor cot appears,  
I pail to meet my love.

But tho' my paths were damask'd o'er  
With beauties e'er so fine;  
My busy thoughts would fly before  
To sit alone—on thine.

No fir crown'd hills cou'd give delight,  
No palace please mine eye:  
No pyramid's aerial height,  
Where mould'ring monarchs lie.

Unmov'd should eastern kings advance:  
Could I the pagan see:  
Splendour might catch one scornful glance  
Nor steal one thought from thee.

105

fun began to peep,  
morning skies,  
om disorder'd sleep  
radiant eyes.

ph, the wanton sprite  
on her still,  
all the tedious night  
try ill.

fate is surely nigh !  
ne tim'rous maid :  
e horrid dreams imply !  
n't be dead !

Cupid by his name,  
some mishap ;  
il, her Cupid came,  
into her lap.

est of brittle-ware  
us table grac'd :  
blems of the fair,  
order plac'd !

d, and all prepar'd  
morning treat ;  
e country beau, appear'd ;  
took his seat.

on of that and this,  
vers'd her cup ;  
by the forfeit kiss,  
n turn'd it up.

he demands the prize ;  
it was won !  
own the fair denies :  
draw him on !

ve himself polite,  
se as this :  
es with all his might  
forfeit kiss.

—Oh, dire to tell !  
grief I must)

The table turn'd—the china fell,  
A heap of painted dust !

O fatal purport of my dream !  
The fair afflicted cry'd,  
Occasion'd (I confess my shame)  
By childishness and pride !

For in a kiss, or two, or three,  
No mischief could be found !  
Then had I been more frank and free,  
My china had been found.

106

SPRING returns ; the fawns advance,  
Leading on the sprightly dance,  
O'er the fallow, o'er the glade  
Thro' the sunshining, thro' the shade ;  
Whilst I forlorn, and pensive still,  
Sit sighing for my daffodil.

See the wanton nymphs appear,  
Smiling all, as smiles the year !  
Sporting, print where'er they tread,  
Daisy ground, or primrose bed,  
Whilst I forlorn, &c.

Now the swain with wat'ry shoe,  
Brushes by the morning dew ;  
With officious love to bear  
Fresh-Blown cowslips to his fair.  
Whilst I forlorn, &c.

Gentle nymph, forsake the mead,  
To my love for pity plead ;  
Go, ye swains, and seek the fair,  
This my last petition bear.  
Whilst I forlorn, &c.

Sweetest maid, that e'er was seen,  
Dance at wake, or trip the green ;  
See a love-sick, sighing swain,  
Hear my vows, relieve my pain ;  
Or with your frowns for pity kill  
Too charming, cruel, daffodil.

C c 2

107

SEE, *Daphne*, see *Flordella* cry'd,  
And learn the sad effects of pride ;  
Yon shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd !  
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd !

The sun with warm attractive rays  
Tempt's it to wanton in the blaze :  
A gale succeeds from eastern skies,  
And all it's blushing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine,  
Wilt quit the plains too fond to shine  
Where fame's transporting rays allure,  
Tho' here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid  
Shall make you sigh, you left the shade :  
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,  
As to the rose an eastern wind.

The Youth reply'd—You first, my swain,  
Confine your sonnets to the plain ;  
One envious tongue alike disarms,  
You, of your wit, me, of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's skill ?  
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill ?  
What unadmir'd, a charming mien ?  
Or what the rose's blush, unseen ?

108

WHEN I behold, at vernal tide,  
The halefome herbage spring,  
Note how the trees with leaves supply'd,  
My fancy takes the wing ;

Grateful I meet the *April* shower ;  
Cheareful, at rising day,  
I trace the lawns, and kiss the flowers  
Which makes the season gay.

Sweet lark, (I cry) shall you, untaught,  
Praise with thy feeble voice ;  
And I, a creature blest'd with thought,  
Be backward to rejoice !

No. by the name of gratitude,  
Or strains I'll sing,

To him whose kindness has renew'd  
The life-inspiring spring !

Who bids the boughs with bloom to teem,  
Sweet fruits that bloom to yield ;  
Who deals, in summer-time, the stream,  
To cheer the harvest-field ;

Who, when the harvest time is past,  
Gives us a golden store,  
And kindly makes the plenty last  
Till summer brings us more !

Him will I praise, above all pow'rs,  
Without whose bounteous will,  
Spring could not deck the dale with flow'rs,  
Nor harvest cloth the hill.

109

WHEN first I saw my *Delia's* face,  
Adorn'd with every bloom and grace  
That love and youth could bring :  
Such sweetness too in all her form,  
I thought her one celestial born,  
And took her for the Spring.

Each day a charm was added more,  
Music and language swell'd the store,  
With all the force of reason :  
And yet so frolic and so gay,  
Deck'd with the opening sweets of *May*,  
She look'd—the Summer season.

Admiring crowds around her press,  
But none the happy *He* could guess.  
Unwis'd her beauties caught them ;  
I urg'd my passion in her ear,  
Of love, she said, she could not hear ;  
And yet seem'd-ripe as Autumn.

The rose, not gather'd in it's prime,  
Will fade and fall in little !

So I began to hint her :  
Her cheeks confess a summer glow ;  
But, ah ! her breast of driven snow  
Conceals a heart of Winter.

— 110 —  
 stray with my swain,  
 it, and in youth,  
 it is my pain !  
 the loss of his truth !  
 as he swore  
 to be mine !  
 to deplore,  
 king anguish repine !  
 in the grove,  
 pictures would kneel.  
 thy love,  
 fond fool, how to feel !  
 he must come,  
 heart cannot bear ;  
 carry me home,  
 and despair.

— 111 —  
 wondrous near,  
 pains hear my dear ;  
 in vain ;  
 d thuns the plain.

to prove  
 my endless love ;  
 vulgar hours,  
 face devours.

*Delia's* way,  
 e-long day ;  
 dazzling pride  
 ng eyes aside.

of succours nigh,  
 legions die,  
 tient glance,  
 du advance.

oy, that expires  
 ome requires  
 amiliar face,  
 ft embrace.

hat crowds of beaux  
 r inclose ;

Oh ! better had'st thou shun'd the green,  
 Oh, *Delia* ! better far unseen..

Methinks, by all my tender fears,  
 By all my sighs, by all my tears,  
 I might from torture now be free—  
 'Tis more than death to part from thee !

— 112 —  
**N**OW nature's beauties bloom around,  
 Sweet violets paint the velvet ground ;  
 Perfumes abundant lade each gale,  
 And float along the vernal dale.

The frisky lambskins wanton play,  
 In luscious pastures, time away ;  
 And limpid streams harmonious glide,  
 With silver cygnets to their tide.

The ermin'd lilies dress'd in light,  
 And blooming roses red and white,  
 With painted tulips, mirtles green,  
 Assist to heighten grandeurs scene.

The fields all gay, in glory blaze,  
 Assisted by bright *Phæbus'* rays ;  
 Whose beams refulgent now appear,  
 And early bid the morning steer.

The starling, blackbird, and the thrush,  
 Enraptur'd chant on ev'ry bush ;  
 High-pois'd in air the lark, too, sings,  
 While cleaving space with nervous wings.

Yet all the beauties here I paint,  
 Without the fair-ones, seem but faint ;  
 For they with prattle gild our hours,  
 And are by fair the brightest flow'rs.

— 113 —  
**W**HEN primrose sweet bedecks the year,  
 And sportive lambskins play,  
 When lilies in each vale appear,  
 And music wakes the day ;  
 With joy I meet my shepherd swain  
 Come tripping o'er the lawn ;  
 Then hand in hand we range the plain,  
 To hail the rosy dawn.



Well pleas'd I hear his artless tale.  
While rural scenes delight;  
Beneath the beech in yonder dale,  
His music charms the night.  
When morn returns, I meet my swain  
Come tripping o'er the lawn;  
Then hand in hand we range the plain,  
To hail the rosy dawn.

Without a blush to church I'll haste  
With him who has my heart;  
Whose love invites, no time I'll waste,  
No more we'll ever part:  
And when returning with my swain,  
We trip it o'er the lawn;  
While hand in hand we range the plain,  
We'll hail the rosy dawn.

WHY shines the moon with silver ray,  
Amid her starry splendours gay!  
Why thrills the night angle her note,  
And strains her sweet melodious throat!  
Why breathes the incense of the grove,  
On me, a slave to care and love!

Now snowy blossoms clothe the year,  
In verdant vesture meads appear;  
Favonian gales, and tepid showers,  
Revive the gaudy smiling flowers;  
All nature warms in her bloom,  
While I, alone, bewail my doom.

No deeply-piercing throbs return,  
And freeze each Nymph in her urn;  
The tender blossoms tear away,  
Drooping the dew, unweird the spray;  
And O'er the vale, thus this flame,  
That burns my heart, and mars my frame;  
Root out the seeds of am'rous fire,  
And quench with fear and cold desire.

But ah! in vain I beg your aid,  
My heart you never can persuade;  
I'll die, and you'll be gone;  
With unheeding, cold, and gloomy

What can I pray! where turn my eyes!  
Ye howling winds infuriate rise!  
With tempest's rage impetuous sweep  
The furrow'd bosom of the deep;  
Let spiny trees from land be torn,  
And on your winged surges borne;  
That in the aggravated roar,  
My fatal loss I may deplore;  
Unheeded blend my frantic voice,  
With gen'ral shrieks, and hideous noise.

WHY blushes so early the rose,  
Diffusing its sweets thro' the day;  
Since *June* is the month that is chose,  
To finish the courtship of *May*.  
Perhaps the young colours I see  
Of Spring in her morning array,  
Are painted, O *Flora*, by thee,  
In honour of *Phyllis*'s day.

For *June*'s perfection shall rise,  
Surpassing the blushes of *May*,  
And *Zephyr* shall mount to the skies,  
In honour of *Phyllis*'s day:  
Then ladies, let each be a wife,  
Each marry, like *Phyllis*, in *June*;  
For age is the winter of life,  
And night is the pillow of Noon.

WHERE the murmuring river flows,  
Where the trembling willows play,  
We enjoy a cool repose  
From the busy glare of day.

Summer's heat disturbs the breast,  
Every passion should be still,  
Ev'ry thought is toil'd to rest,  
By the sweetly tinkling rill.

WHEN the early cock crows at the day's  
And soaring lark through the air trills,  
E'er yet the warm sun drinks the dew  
Or vapour uncovers the hills,

ghmen are whistling, as furrows they  
 reeds releasing their care, [turn,  
 ennel, at sound of the horn,  
 with my greyhounds, the hare.

ne observing my husbandmen sow,  
 how my yearlings go on ;  
 riding round, mark my turnip-men hoe  
 what my threshers have done.  
 with the parson, 'bout markets I prate,  
 I, tho' I never delay ;  
 each should maintain in his state,  
 dresser's worthy his pay.

idens, morn and eve, dairy-cows press,  
 ds, cream, puddings, and cheese,  
 s keep market in neat but plain dress,  
 too—but 'tis when she'll please.  
 r master or mistressship strive,  
 and wife's lot share and share ;  
 tells us, in friendship we live,  
 ne ye *Crim. cons.* it ye dare.

is all by my good woman bred,  
 gives roots for my health,  
 my bullocks on best fodder fed,  
 th not the poor for my wealth.  
 f game in my copes and woods,  
 on its thyme-feeding thrives ;  
 I well stor'd are my ponds and my floods  
 y from yon' row of hives.

al return is to industry made ?  
 ard have the bees for their toil ?  
 our *rights*, yet, *their rights* we invade,  
 on their labours as spoil.  
 power is only a name,  
 s devour the small ;  
 and great beasts, and great men do the  
 I, the grand robber, takes all. [same,

ads my cloth, and says grace after meat,  
 come attends at my board ;  
 mixture disguises my treat,  
 y own orchards afford,

With a glass in my hand, to church, country, and  
 I drink, as a subject should do ; [King,  
 Perhaps my dame smiles, then one song I must sing,  
 So, Sir, if you please, pray do you.

W HEN snow descends, and robes the fields,  
 In winter's bright array ;  
 Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades,  
 And weeps itself away.  
 When spring appears, when v'lets blow,  
 And shed a rich perfume ;  
 How soon the fragrance breathes its last !  
 How short-liv'd is the bloom !

Fresh in the morn, the summer rose,  
 Hangs wither'd ere 'tis noon ;  
 We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,  
 But mourn the pleasure gone.  
 With gilding fire the evening star  
 Streaks the autumnal skies ;  
 Shook from its seat, it darts away,  
 And in an instant dies.

Such are the charms that flush the cheek,  
 And sparkle in the eye ;  
 So from the lively finish'd form  
 The transient graces fly.  
 To this the seasons as they roll,  
 Their attestation bring ;  
 They warm the fair, their ev'ry round,  
 Confirms the truth I sing.

I N my pleasant native plains,  
 Wing'd with bliss each moment flew ;  
 Nature there inspir'd the strains,  
 Simple as the joys I knew ;  
 Jocund morn and evening gay  
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.  
 Fields, and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,  
 All that health and joy impart ;  
 Call'd for artless music's pow'rs,  
 Faithful echoes to the heart !  
 Happy hours for ever gay  
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,  
Wak'd the warblers of the grove,  
Who, sweet birds that heard you sing,  
Would not join the song of love ?  
Your sweet notes and chaunting gay  
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

120  
**W**HEN first this humble roof I knew,  
With various cares I strove,  
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,  
My all of life was love.  
By mutual toil our board was dress'd,  
The spring our drink bestow'd ;  
But when her lip the brim had press'd,  
The cup with nectar flow'd.  
Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,  
No other guest came nigh,  
In them was giv'n (tho' gold was spar'd)  
What gold could never buy.  
No value has a splendid lot,  
But as the means to prove  
That from the castle to the cot,  
The all of life is love.

121  
**A**DIEU the verdant lawns and bow'rs,  
Adieu, my peace is o'er ;  
Adieu the sweetest shrubs and flow'rs,  
Since *Delia* breathe no more.  
Adieu ye hills, adieu ye vales,  
Adieu ye streams and floods ;  
Adieu sweet echo's plaintive tales,  
Adieu ye meads and woods.  
Adieu ye flocks, ye fleecy care,  
Adieu yon pleasing plain ;  
Adieu thou beauteous blooming fair,  
We ne'er shall meet again.

122  
**O**H! waft me, *Zephyr*, give me ease,  
Fan me with thy gentle breeze ;  
Bear me to some flow'ry bed,  
To lose all their odour shed.

Where nature's ever bounteous hand,  
Her endless treasures doth expand ;  
There let me gain a sweet repose,  
And calm my soul in spite of woes.  
I ho' thou, dear maid, be not my lot,  
Yet shalt thou never be forgot ;  
I'll weave a chaplet ev'ry year,  
And soothe despair with many a tear.  
For ev'ry thought thy form shall bring,  
On cruel recollection's wing ;  
Each flow'r, each beauty which I see,  
*Amanda*—makes me think of thee.

123  
**A** Busy humble bee am I,  
That range the garden sunny ;  
From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,  
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.  
Bright *Chloe*, with her golden hair,  
Awhile my rich jonquil is,  
Till cloy'd with sipping nectar there,  
I shift to rosy *Phyllis*.  
I shift, &c.

But *Phyllis*'s sweet op'ning breast,  
Remains not long my station ;  
For *Kitty* now must be address'd,  
My spicy breath'd carnation.  
Yet *Kitty*'s fragrant bed I leave,  
To other flow'rs I'm rover ;  
And all in turns my love receives  
The gay wide garden over.  
The gay, &c.

Variety that knows no bound,  
My roving fancy edges,  
And oft with *Flora* I am found,  
In dalliance under hedges :  
For as I am an arrant bee,  
Who range each bank that's sunny,  
Both fields and garden, are my fee,  
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.  
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.

124  
me, my fair one, let us stray,  
e sweet of early day;  
h the rosy child of Morn,  
s shall thy cheeks adorn.  
hes, &c.

abroad, behold 'tis day,  
awn the lambskins play;  
innet of the grove,  
list'ning swain to love.  
&c.

ie gentle voice of love,  
ir, arise and prove,  
lights fond lovers know,  
blessings here below.  
&c.

125  
very breeze, let nothing move,  
ign, and sighs of love,  
winning graces wait,  
intentment guards the seat.  
ry breeze, &c.

shade, my *Delia*, stay,  
h those charms more sweet than *May*;  
w rages in his Noon,  
e to part so soon.  
&c.

ie, *Delia*, hear me now,  
itious to my vow;  
charms no changes prove,  
or ever like my love.  
n, &c.

126  
ssumes her gloomy reign,  
s lengthen o'er the plain,  
myrtle grove repair,  
d pleasure wait us there.  
&c.

ur river's verdant side,  
happy footsteps glide,

In concert with my verdant stream,  
We'll sing, and love shall be our theme.  
In concert, &c.

There lost in extacies of joy,  
While tend'rest scenes our thoughts employ,  
We'll bless the hours our loves begun  
The happy hour that made us one.  
We'll bless the hour, &c.

127  
NIGHT reigns around in sleep's soft arms,  
The village swain forgets his care;  
Sleep that the sting of sorrows charms,  
And heals all sadness but despair.  
Despair alone her power denies,  
And when the sun withdraws his rays,  
To the wild beach distracted flies,  
Or cheerless thro' the desert strays.

Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,  
Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,  
Resign'd I'll wait my final doom,  
And bid the busy world adieu.  
The world has now no charms for me,  
Nor can life now one pleasure boast,  
Since all my eyes desir'd to see,  
My wish, my hope, my all is lost.

Must then each woman faithless prove,  
And each fond lover be undone;  
Are vows no more, almighty love,  
The sad remembrance let me shun,  
Let her be blest with health and ease,  
Which all your bounty has in store;  
Let sorrow cloud my future days,  
Be *Stella* blest, I ask no more.

128  
As the birds on every spray,  
Welcome the approach of day;  
Or at gay return of spring,  
As they sweetly, sweetly sing,  
As they sweetly, &c.

So when Damon can beguile,  
Cruel Flora of a smile,

Gladden'd he begins to sing,  
First kind, more sweet than spring.

Crue! maid! why such disdain,  
Is there joy in causing pain;  
Love a kinder aspect wear,  
Frowns become not such a fair.

Thus the swain his love beguill'd,  
And she kindly, kindly smil'd;  
As the birds on ev'ry spray,  
Welcome the approach of day;  
Or at gay return of spring,  
As they sweetly, sweetly sing.  
As they sweetly, sweetly sing.

129  
Come come my good shepherds, our flocks we must  
In your holiday suits with your lasses appear: [hear;  
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free,  
And who are so guileless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught;  
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught:  
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes  
Far, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led;  
But we all the children of nature are bred:  
By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd. [breast  
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the

The giant Ambition we never can dread;  
Our roots are too low for so lofty a head;  
Content and sweet Chearfulness open our doors,  
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possid'd us, that love we reveal,  
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel,  
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,  
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

130  
THE gentle primrose of the vale,  
Whose tender bloom rude winds assail,  
Dwells in its meek leaves, and scarce sustains  
The night's chill snow and beating rains.

'Tis past—the morn returns—sweet spring  
And hills and valleys sing—

But low the gentle primrose lies;  
No more to bloom, no more to rise!

131  
AT eve with the woodcock I rest.  
I rise up each morn with the same,  
By the note of the nightingale blest.  
I laugh at the trumpet of fame.

From the top of my primrose hill,  
How many proud houses I see;  
The Lords of them envy who will.  
My ease and my cottage for me.

I smile at my country's increase,  
In commerce, religion, and arms;  
My heart, and my hand are for these,—  
A *Brave* and Liberty warm.

132  
TRANSPORTED with joy, with a heart fit  
Lovely *Peimide* tript to her out from the  
Her mother would fain know the cause of  
Which wrote the inscription from *Corydon's* kil  
From *Corydon's* kiss! said the lass with  
He gave me much more, ere we journey  
Much more cry'd the mother, I'll know  
No, no, that's a secret between him and  
And mother you've told me all secrets to  
And never reveal 'em—not even in sleep;  
What *Corydon* gave me I'll now not impart  
'Tis the joy of my eye! and the bliss of

Come, hurry, disclose, I'm determin'd!  
What the shepherd has done, thus to tick  
Dear mother 'tis only what pass'd in your  
Tween my father and you—as I live!  
So press me no farther for time will reveal  
What now with such rapture I wish to see  
Yes, yes, I know well what will happen  
And know what misfortunes await on'd  
A crime! said the fair one, believe me, d  
Each virgin around would embrace such  
He gave me this morn the delight of my l  
He gave me—himself—for he made me

## COLLECTION of CANTATAS, &amp;c.

## SONG I.

**C I T A T I V E.** [shade  
 ck grove, whose deep embow'ring  
 ft for love & contemplation made,  
 with gentle murmurs flows,  
 anks are form'd for soft repose;  
 rom *Phæbus*' sultry ray,  
 ep, fair *Iphigenia* lay:  
 who never dreamt of love,  
 umping to the neighb'ring grove;  
 , unknowing what he sought,  
 he went, for want of thought,  
 t beheld the sleeping maid,  
 r'd—her lovely form survey'd;  
 artless voice he sweetly sung,  
 re thus inform'd his tongue:

**A I R.**

that glides in murmurs by,  
 ly bosom shews the sky,  
 etes the rural scene,  
 etes the rural scene;  
 bosom, charming maid,  
 itself is sure display'd,  
 rely *Iphigene*,  
 rely *Iphigene*.

**C I T A T I V E.**  
 arts—poor *Cymon* trembling stands;  
 aff from his unnerv'd hands:  
 , said she, dispell all fear;  
 present, sure no danger's near.  
 gentle accent, she replies,  
 is you, I need not rise;  
 no wrong can entertain:  
 and let me sleep again.  
 ported, was not silent long,  
 tasy pursu'd his song.

**A I R.**

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,  
 In wanton ringlets, down thy neck;  
 Thy love inspiring mien,  
 Thy love inspiring mien,  
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,  
 And taper shape, enchant me so,  
 I die for *Iphigene*,  
 I die for *Iphigene*,

**R E C I T A T I V E,**

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence  
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense:  
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and straight,  
 And thinks he might improve his awkward gait;  
 Bids him be secret, and and next day attend,  
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.  
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead;  
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

**A I R.**

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,  
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire;  
 Love can rage itself controul,  
 And elevate the human soul.  
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state  
 Had made our lives of too long date;  
 But blest with beauty, and with love,  
 But blest with beauty, and with love!  
 We taste what angels do above;  
 What angels do above.

## 2

**TRILANDER.**

**D E A R E S T** *Daphne*, turn thine eyes,  
 Jocund day begins to rise;  
 See! the morn, with roses crown'd,  
 Sprinkling dew-drops on the ground.

Love invites to yonder grove,  
Where none but lovers dare to rove.  
Let us haste, make no delay;  
Cupid calls, we must obey.

DAPHNE. Ah, *Philoander*! I'm afraid;  
There poor *Laura* was betray'd  
By young *Strephon*'s subtle wiles,  
Soothing words and artful smiles.  
Simple maids are soon undone,  
When their easy hearts are won.  
Press me not, I must away,  
And honour's strict commands obey.

PHILAND. Gentle *Daphne*, fear not you,  
I'll be ever kind and true;  
Think no more on *Laura*'s fate,  
View yon turtle, and his mate;  
See how freely they impart  
The impulse of each others heart,  
Like them, my fair, lets sport and play;  
Nature prompts us to obey.

DAPHNE. Shepherd, I perceive your aim,  
You and *Strephon* are the same;  
You like him wou'd me betray,  
Shou'd I trust to what you say.

PHILAND. If *Daphne* doubts, let *Hymen*'s bands  
This instant join our willing hands,  
The invitation I obey,  
And love with honour will repay.

3  
AIR.

WHY, *Damon*, wilt thou strive in vain  
My firm resolves to move?  
Ny heart, alas! may feel the pain,  
But scorns the guilt of love!

RECITATIVE, accompanied.  
Perfidious, too, like all the rest,  
Is faithless *Damon* grown!  
Ah! canst thou seek to wound the breast  
That pants for thee alone?

AIR.  
No! for a thought to mealy base,  
Ungrateful! thou shalt find,  
The heart that could admire thy face  
Can hate thee for thy mind.

4

RECITATIVE.

WHEN *Bacchus*, jolly god  
To revel in his ev'ning rites  
In vain his altar I surround,  
Tho' with Burgundian incer  
No charms has wine without  
'Tis love gives relish to the

AIR.

While all around, with joci  
In brimmers toast the fav'ri  
Tho' ev'ry nymph my lips  
My heart still whispers *Chloe*  
And thus, with me, by am'  
Still ev'ry glass 'is *Chloe*'s be

5

CELIA

YES, *Damon*, yes, I can a  
See all thy merit, all thy lo  
But, shipwreck'd once, I le  
And trust the faithless seas  
Thy vows are lost, thy tear  
For I can never love again.

DAMON. And could'st thou then,  
Could'st thou be slighted  
Or, is it but an artful t  
O'er *Damon*'s passion to  
For surely thou wert bound  
To love, and to be lov'd

CELIA. If *Celia* cou'd once mor  
*Damon*, like *Thyrsis*, w  
And yet, methinks, it  
There must be faith and  
Trust me, thy *Celia* feels  
And wishes she cou'd lo

DAMON. Why, then, those fears thou  
Say that thou wilt, and I  
But, if my vows success  
*Damon* shall bid adieu  
Like thee, resolve to qu  
And never, never love a

6

'SQUIRE.

O, my dear girl, I must not be denied ;  
you shall flash in, and rant it away ;  
us part too ; and, hark you, beside,  
ad we'll toy all the long summer's day

SALLY.

toying you soon would be tir'd,  
hapless Sally consent to be naught !  
lieve me, I scorn to be hir'd ;  
not worth gaining that is to be bought

'SQUIRE.

afraid of the world's busy tongue,  
above scandal you then shall be put ;  
you roll in your chariot along,  
tail chastity walking a foot.

SALLY.

h fear of the world I was shy,  
and modesty were but ill shown ;  
ere easy with money to buy ;  
ill me how, I shall purchase my own.

'SQUIRE.

o grey-beards, these lips were design'd  
ployment.

SALLY.

I will not endure——

'SQUIRE.

I love bids you be rich, and be kind ;

SALLY.

mands me—Be honest and poor.

7

AIR.

HTER sweet of voice and air,  
cho, haste thee here ;  
vale, where all around  
rocks return the sound ;  
swelling surge that roars  
be tempest-beaten shores ;  
silent moss-grown cell,  
warbling *Philomel*,  
seen of men, you lie,  
woodland harmony,

RECITATIVE.

Listen, nymph divine, and learn  
Strains to make *Narcissus* burn ;  
Hark ! the heav'nly song begins ;  
Air be still ; breath soft ye winds ;  
Peace, ye noisy feather'd choir,  
While *Dione* strikes the lyre.

AIR.

See, each eye, each ravish'd ear,  
Fix'd to gaze, and charm'd to hear,  
All around enchantment reigns,  
Such the magic of her strains ;  
Strains which, if thou can'st but learn,  
Soon will make *Narcissus* burn.

RECITATIVE.

*Ecce*, should they fail to move,  
His obdurate heart to love,  
Borrow, for she well can spare,  
Borrow her enchanting air.

AIR.

Learn her ease and elegance  
Of motion in the airy dance ;  
Learn the grace with which she strays  
Thro' the light fantastic maze ;  
Add a thousand charms untold,  
Should *Narcissus* still be cold ;  
Charme, the least of which would move  
His obdurate heart to love.

8

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,  
Oh how blest the miller's life !  
Chearful working thro' the day,  
Still he laughs and sings away.

Nought can vex him,

Nought perplex him,

While there's grist to make him gay.

DUET.

Let the great enjoy the blessings  
By indulgent fortune sent,  
What can wealth, can grandeur offer  
More than plenty and content ?

CHORUS.

Free from sorrow, &c.

Dd



## 9

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

**F**AIR *Venus* left her blest abodes, they say,  
And to the woodlands once pursu'd her way;  
There sought *Diana*, and in cooling strains,  
She thus implor'd the queen of woodland plains.

AIR.

The chase's joys I wish to know,  
Like *Diana* to be dress'd;  
With thee, thro' toils O let me go:  
A huntress all confess:  
Take, take me in thy cheerful train,  
Let *Cupid* share the day:  
I long to hunt o'er wood and plain,  
O'er hills and far away.

AIR.

Forbear to ask me, queen of love,  
(*Diana* quick replies)  
Oh! hie thee, to thy *Paphian* grove,  
To taste of softer joys.  
Our din would hurt thy tender ear,  
Thy feet are slow of pace:  
Our toils would fill thy heart with fear,  
Forego the fatal chase.  
Keep, keep thee with thy sons away,  
Nor urge the suit in vain;  
No more my nymphs would own my sway,  
If love should join my train.

## 10

THOMAS.

LET sops pretend in flames to melt,  
And talk of pangs they never felt;  
I speak without disguise or art,  
And with my hand bestow my heart.

**SALLY.** Let ladies prudishly deny,  
Look cold, and give their thoughts the lie,  
I own the passion in my breast,  
And long to make my lover blest.

**THOMAS** For this the sailor on the mast,  
Endures the cold and cutting blast;  
All dripping he wears out the night,  
And braves the fury of the fight.

**SALLY.** For this the virgin pines and  
With throbbing heart and sin  
Till sweet reverse of joys she  
And clasps the faithful lad in

**BOTH.** Ye *British* youths, be brave,  
The *British* virgins will be kind  
Protect their beauty from sin  
And they'll repay you with kind

## 11

RECITATIVE.

**LOVELY** virgins in your prime,  
Mark the silent flight of time,  
Fortune's gifts should she disclose,  
Quickly chuse what she bestows;  
Bloom and beauty soon decay.  
Love and youth fly swift away.

AIR.

Let not age thy bloom ensnare,  
You can find no pleasure there;  
Transient joys you'll seek in vain  
Joys that ne'er return again.  
Ev'ry minute then improve,  
Fleeting are those joys of love;  
Wisely think the young and gay,  
But the tenants of a day.

## 12

AIR.

**OH** *Damen*! still you strive in  
*Clarinda's* fix'd resolve to move  
My heart, alas! may feel the pain  
But justly scorns the guilt of love

RECITATIVE

Is this, ye pow'rs, his boasted sin  
O say, is this his only end?  
And can his love destroy the fan  
His truth and honour should defend

AIR.

Oh! for a thought so meanly bid  
The ungenerous youth shall find  
The heart that could admire his sin  
Can still detect him for his kind

13

ing notes, as *Cbloe* sung  
 saw 'ly liberty,  
 h bondage pleas'd,  
 ed to be free ;  
 : seeks the distant plain ;  
 nes forth this parting strain.

A I R.

e distant vale I wing.  
 : slow return of spring,  
 ifless groves to dwell,  
*Cbloe's* warmer cell ;  
 mistress, since, by thee,  
 ught sweet liberty.

welcome spring shall cheer,  
 warmth, the drooping year,  
 a the topmost spray,  
 notes improv'd my lay,  
 prison, learn'd from thee  
 uth sweet liberty.

me an useless care ;  
 concern let *Strepbos* share ;  
 r sorrows, slight my ills,  
 ich he, poor captive ! feels,  
 n hopeless bonds by thee,  
 ot for his liberty.

14

I T A T I V E.

'us scarce had got on board,  
 d and mist'd her lord,  
 to the beach she flew,  
 s'ning to her view :  
 , she rav'd, and tore her air,  
 she vented her despair.

A I R.

'*besus*, stay !  
 ye winds to blow !  
 e, cease to flow,  
 ve away !  
 r wilt thou go ?  
 serv'd thee so ?  
*Ubbles* *Thesus*, tell me why  
 who gave thee pow'r to fly ?

R E C I T A T I V E.

The jolly God, who rules the jovial bowl,  
*Bacchus*, whose gifts re-animate the soul,  
 Heard and beheld poor *Ariadne's* grief,  
 And gently thus administer'd relief.

A I R.

Cease, lovely nymph, to weep,  
 Wipe off that falling tear ;  
 Though *Thesus* plow the deep,  
 You've still a lover here :  
 I am *Bacchus*, God of Wine,  
 God of revelry and joy ;  
 If *Ariadne* will be mine,  
 Mirth shall every hour employ.

Come, *Silenus*, fill a cup  
 Of my choicest cordial draught ;  
 Fill it, man, why fill it up ;  
 'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought :  
 Fill it higher to the brink :  
 Come, my lovely mourner, drink !

R E C I T A T I V E.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,  
 And to her lip the nectar'd cup apply'd :  
 The potent draught, with more than magic art,  
 Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding heart  
 In wine ambrosial all her cares were drown'd,  
 And with success the jovial God was crown'd :  
 While old *Silenus*, as he reel'd along,  
 Thus entertain'd them with his frolic song.

A I R.

Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and who pine,  
 Learn hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of wine, [fair  
 Let the nymph, who's forsaken for one that's more  
 Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all despair  
 And let the fond youth who would win the coy maid  
 Instead of his *Cupid's*, seek *Bacchus's* aid.  
 Jolly *Bacchus* ne'er fails of performing his part,  
 Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the heart.

15

R E C I T A T I V E.

WHAT innocent delights sweet fancy yields ?  
 With her how sweet to range the flow'ry fields.  
 D d 2

While parted from my love by cruel war,  
Thy aid, sweet fancy I implore,

AIR.

Smiling Fancy, softly lead  
To the joys of jocund May,  
To the daisy'd, dewy mead,  
Where my shepherd us'd to stray.

Lead me where the blossom'd boughs  
Form'd the bow'r to Colin dear,  
And let the object of my vows,  
Let my gentle swain be there.

Now vict'ry crown the gallant youth,  
Sweet peace and joy, our hours are thine;  
Oh! love, reward his loyal truth,  
And myrtle with his laurels twine.

16

PHILANDER.

WHILE blossoms deck each verdant spray,  
And Flora breathes the sweets of May,  
I'll leave my flock to frolic free,  
And tune my pipe alone for thee;  
And tune, &c.

SYLVIA. What if thy flock should leave the plain,  
While Tray is sleeping by my swain?  
Would'st thou not think the minutes dear  
And rail at me that kept thee here?  
And rail, &c.

PHILAN. First shall the lark forget his note,  
The linnet stop his liquid throat.

SYLVIA. So oft you game, some shepherds say,  
And only jest when you betray;  
And only, &c.

Deck but your song with truth's home,  
My virgin heart shall be your own.

PHILAN. The turtle shall forsake his love,  
Ere I to thee inconstant prove;  
Ere I, &c.

BOTH. When beauty opens all her charms,  
And honour flies to beauty's arms,  
Sweet peace and love take up their crown  
And virtue then ascends her throne;  
And virtue, &c.

17

RECITATIVE

WITH joy and mirth our vall  
On ev'ry spray sweet warblers sit  
Whilst echo soft repeats the strain  
Of many a nymph and rustic swain  
In all their sports I bore a part,  
When conq'ring love first touch'd

ROMBEAU.

No maid so blithe, so blest I  
Nor knew of *Cupid's* wiles,  
'Till first I met young *Damon*  
And mark'd his beauties  
Ah! then what rapture fill'd  
And rush'd thro' every vein  
Who tumults strange, my soul  
Tho' first a pleasing pain.  
Too soon, alas! I lost my red  
And absent, now I feel  
That love's keen wound with  
No time can ever heal.

18

RECITATIVE

WHICH is best, ye casual  
To be grave, or to be gay  
Still to weep and never stop  
(In the Penitents's stile)  
So sit moping like a nun,  
Or so frisk it in the sun,  
Where the scenes of mirth  
And the glad appointment

AIR.

If the maid avoid excess,  
Better sing, and dance and  
And indulge the calls of joy  
While she forgoes not her  
Rigour and severe demean  
Are not decent at sixteen  
And the character is lost,  
Study'd at good nature's cost  
She that meditates the loss  
Is not always virtue's host  
Not that she is a woman  
Always generous and

It, and smart,  
at heart,  
read  
their head.

Myrilla cries,  
wanton eyes;  
ill air,  
fair;  
und at sight,  
bercing light.

I V E.  
ng to prove  
s of love;  
for he  
for me.

presume,  
h to come;  
ns or gold  
ne'er be sold.  
to make,  
I take.

I V E.  
assus' summit throng,  
lays along;  
with thee bring,  
sing sing.

ng vine;  
cest cull,  
blet full.  
les,  
re beguiles;  
or strife,  
n life.

ng bowl,  
controul,  
claim,  
frame.

21  
[A Cöbler there was]

YE sons of the bottle attend to my muse,  
Who boldly has ventur'd her subject to choose,  
From Hogarth's keen pencil, which justly displays  
The foibles trail man ev'ry moment betrays.

Derry Down, &c.

Old Time on the clock had proclaim'd the last hour  
When Bacchus began to exhibit his power;  
Poor Reason was forc'd to take flight from the room  
And leave aside and folly their reign to assume.

Derry Down, &c.

[A Soldier and a Sailor.]

The Captain and Physician,  
Were got in strange division  
Which had the greatest skill, Sir,  
And who the most did kill, Sir,  
When thus began their fray;  
At length so high it rose, Sir,  
From words they fell to blows, Sir,  
And soon the fierce cockade, Sir,  
Upon the floor was laid, Sir,  
The Doctor gain'd the day.

[Religion's a politic Law.]

A ruby-fac'd son of the church,  
Who thought all religion a hum,  
Had left his poor flock in the lurch,  
To tip the glass over his thumb:  
The Patriarchs (he said) thought no shame,  
With women and wine to be blest;  
Then why should not we do the same,  
So merrily drank to the best.

[The Ass.]

The Lawyer so arch, with his wig plac'd awry  
On noddle well fronted with brass,  
Grins, flammers and hiccups, and cocking his eye,  
Thus makes of his client an ass.  
"The case you have told, to be sure is as clear,  
As the wing that now smiles in this glass;  
But 'zounds! right or wrong, Sir, you need not care  
I'd prove that a horse is an ass."

D & S

## RECITATIVE.

As I sat joyous in a pleasant room,  
Where none but choicest spirits ever come,  
A song was call'd; silence aloud proclaim,  
For mirth and joy was e'ry hum'rist's aim:  
Up starts a genius, and he thus begun,  
Hoping to please each social son;  
To wine and music he address'd his song,  
In words like these, or these, he sung:

## AIR.

O bring me music, bring me wine,  
Go fill the sprightly bowl;  
'Tis only wine and music can  
Relieve the wounded soul.  
*Apollo*, tune thy trembling lyre;  
Great *Bacchus*, sound thy tun;  
And whilst thou dost the chorus fill,  
Our joys can ne'er be done.  
Then take the cup and fill it high,  
Such joys to us belong;  
Then let us with cheerful hearts  
Invoke the god of song.  
Come, god of mirth and revelry,  
Come bring thy merry round,  
And shew the cynic fool, that he  
Such joys has never found.  
Sacred to mirth, this spot, my friends,  
Ye social sons decree;  
Let us, then, consecrate this night  
To wit and jollity:  
Come let the cup with wine o'erflow;  
The bottle push about;  
Come fill, my bro her bloods, around,  
The starry liquor out.

## RECITATIVE.

ABOUT the time when busy faces meet,  
And carts and coaches rumble in each street;  
When madam rises, and the tea-things rattle;  
And all the sex prepare for general tattle,  
The maudlin libertines are let to know,

They m  
A coach  
To be,  
His wo  
To pur  
With ai  
Why th  
In fobes  
The bu

You  
Ten  
W  
The:  
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My  
And  
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A

His w  
Then  
Turn'  
And t  
But th  
And st  
Begg'd  
Which  
Then,  
And t  
And v  
They  
This  
Produ

Cle  
As

y transgress'd,  
 ve express'd,  
 dly, much grief and contrition.  
 netimes,  
 at small crimes,  
 elax, and be kind;  
 mmit;  
 submit,  
 me, as painted, quite blind.

29

## R E C I T A T I V E.

t with ev'ry grace,  
 music's needless aid;  
 nquer'd by her face,  
*Strepbon*, smiling said.

A I R.

ature may deny  
 f beauty's melting glance,  
 our toil and try  
 song, or form the dance;  
 arms alone suffice,  
 nusic of your eyes.

## R E C I T A T I V E

hand'd to overhear,  
 s he approach'd more near;  
 not trust the swain,  
 y honest strain.

A I R.

old of beauty's pow'r,  
 warms the tuneful lay;  
 d person ev'ry hour  
 eal our hearts away;  
 ling is the prize,  
 e cars, and fools have eyes;  
 mph, indeed to bless,  
 orthiest swain you've won;  
 sound and colour less,  
 u for your sense alone;  
*lilacs are behind,*  
*uprove the mind.*

30

## R E C I T A T I V E.

AS in a pensive form *Myrilla* sat,  
 Revolving on the will of fate,  
 A sprightly youth, devoid of care,  
 Advanc'd, and thus address'd the fair,

A I R.

Thou vernal bloom of beauty's tree,  
 I'm come to buy a heart of thee;  
 With transport I receiv'd the tale,  
 That such a gem was up for sale.  
 Could I command the starry train,  
 For thee I'd give it back again;  
 And, if I could, to make thee mine,  
 The universe should all be thine.

Go hence, (the maid with softness cries);  
 Merit the best deserves the prize:  
 The tale you've heard was falsely told;  
*Myrilla's* heart can ne'er be sold.

31

## R E C I T A T I V E.

AS porter *Will* along *St. Paul's* did move,  
 Depress'd with weighty load, but more by love,  
 By chance the fair *Cerissa* there he found,  
 Crying her fine heart-cherries, round & sound [her  
*Will*, Joyous, instant pitch'd, then straight carelessly  
 And leaning o'er the barrow thus address'd her;

A I R.

Thy lips are cherries, sweeter far  
 Than those which in the barrow are;  
 With such a store of charms, 'tis well  
 You may have stolen hearts to sell.  
 Mine, dear *Cerissa*, too, you know,  
 You stole it from me long ago;  
 And now I stoop to ask of thee,  
 To give it back, or marry me.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Cerissa* archly leering as he spake,  
 White all the cherry blushed on her cheek,  
 The mellowest fruit, unnotic'd cull'd apace,  
 And sent like thunder at his doleful face;

Then grasp'd her barrow, trundled soft along,  
And looking round at *Will*, triumphant sung.

## AIR.

Shall I, possess'd of all these charms,  
Sleep nightly in a porter's arms!  
M' ambitious soul detests such scum,  
And sighs for conquests yet to come.  
Fair youths my sov'reign pow'r shall feel!  
Ten thousand hearts I daily steal,  
And beauteous nymphs shall envious see  
Crown'd heads and dukes submit to me.

32

## RECITATIVE.

**T** WAS at the gate of *Calais*, *Hogarth* tells,  
Where sad despair and famine always dwells,  
A meagre Frenchman, madam *Gransire's* cook,  
As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took;  
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd *firolin*,  
On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine:  
Good father *Dominick* by chance came by.  
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;  
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,  
His benediction on it he bestow'd;  
And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,  
He lick'd his chops, and thus the Knight address'd.

AIR. [*A lovely lass to a friar came, &c.*]

Oh rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,  
If I were doom'd to have thee,  
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,  
And swimming in thy gravy,  
Not all thy country's force combin'd  
Should from my fury save thee  
Renown'd *firolin*, oft-times decreed  
The theme of *English* ballad;  
On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,  
Unknown to Frenchman's palate:  
Then how much doth thy taste exceed  
Soup-meagre, frogs and salad!

## RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale and lean,  
Who such a sight before had never seen,  
Like *Garrick's* frighted *Hamlet*, gaping food,  
And gas'd with wonder on the British food.

His morning's mefe forsook the friendly bed,  
And in small streams along the pavement led  
He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,  
And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

AIR. [*Foot's Minuet.*]

Ah! sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,  
Dat look so tempting red and vine?  
Begar, it is de roast beef from *Londri*;  
Oh! grant to me von luttie bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,  
And cruel fate dis boon denies;  
In kind compassion unto my pleading,  
Return, and let me feast mine eyes.

## RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right *Hibernian* chy,  
Whose brazen front his country did betray,  
From *Tyburn's* fatal tree had hither fled,  
By honest means to gain his daily bread,  
Soon as the well-known prospect he descri'd,  
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd:

AIR. [*Ellen a Ross.*]

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to  
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to  
So taking thy sight is,  
My joy, that so light is,

To view thee, by painful runs out at my eye  
While here I remain, my life's not worth a sigh  
While here I remain, my life's not worth a sigh  
Ah hard-hearted *Loui*!  
Why did I come to you? [A]

The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd us

## RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor *Sweeney's* site,  
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy;  
But when old *England's* bulwark he esp'd,  
His dear-lov'd mull, alas! was thrown and  
With list'd hand he bless'd his native place  
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his

AIR. [*The broom of Coridon Knowl.*]

How hard, oh! *Sweeney*, is thy lot,  
Who was of byrthe of late,  
To see such meat as can't be got,  
When hunger is so great!

onny beef,  
ice and brown;  
e of thee,  
ould gang down!

ft thou not been seen,  
happ'd to me;  
had pick'd mine ey's,  
d wi' thee.  
ef, &c.

## RECITATIVE.

o *England* takes her flight,  
plenty socially unite; [throne,  
freedom guards great *George's*  
hains, & tortures are not known,  
e in loftiest strains shall ring,  
e me leave to sing.

## AIR.

: a young frog, pert and vain,  
grazing o'er the wide plain,  
: he could quickly attain.  
ast beef of old *England*,  
the old *English* roast beef.

ching his weak little frame,  
by like a knowing old dame,  
tempt it you're surely to blame."  
ast beef, &c.

, he for glory did thirst;  
r'd more strong than the first,  
training too hard made him burst.  
ast beef, &c.

valiant, the moral is clear;  
land, the frog is *Monsieur*,  
ravadoes we need never fear.  
ast beef, &c.

ommerce and arts we are able  
smoking hot on the table,  
on burst like the frog in the fable.

*ast beef of old England*,  
*e old English* roast beef.

## 33

## RECITATIVE.

BRITONS, attend; I sing in merry lay,  
The feats achiev'd upon a Lord-mayor's day:  
What surfeits caught, what feasting when they dine;  
What sober citizens get drunk by nine;  
What fights are seen; what rattling, fufs and noise,  
Of coaches, carts, men, women, girls, and boys,  
Who streets, bulks, windows, tops of houses throng,  
To view his lordship pass in state along.

AIR. [*Ob! London is a fine totton. &c*]

Oh! Lord-Mayor's shew, so brave and gay,  
Does honour to the city;  
And old and young, and rich and poor;  
Must own 'tis vastly pretty,  
To see the gilded coach and fix,  
And man in armour ride,  
In pomp and splendor, from *Guildhall*,  
Unto the water-side.  
And when the barges closely pent,  
Such plenty of good cheer,  
What pity 'tis so fine a sight,  
Should come but once a year!  
Oh! Lord-Mayor's show, so brave, &c.

## RECITATIVE.

The bustle o'er, the cavalcade gone by,  
The mob dispers'd, "To dinner's" all the cry.  
With hasten'd steps, as keenest hunger calls,  
The starv'd mechanics seek their different halls;  
At the full-groaning board each takes his seat,  
With brandish'd knife and fork, prepar'd to eat.

AIR. [*Ghosts of every occupation.*]

Cits of ev'ry occupation,  
Ev'ry age, and ev'ry station,  
Parsons, justices of quorum,  
All with napkins tuck'd before 'em,  
Press to have their plates fill'd first.  
With the victuals here such work is,  
Snatching turdes, gosses, and tuckies,

How



Hares, with puddings in their bellies,  
Cheescakes, custards, tarts and jellies :

Bawling, sweating,

Cutting, tearing,

Sweating, puffing,

Licking, stuffing,

Just as if they all wou'd burst.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Their prowess now in eating having prov'd,  
The dishes emptied, and the cloth remov'd ;  
Again the table smiles with wine and ale,  
And toasts and bumpers ev'ry where prevail ; [lie  
Some talk, some laugh, some smoke, some snoring  
And some with jovial songs old care defy.

AIR. [Come hither, my country 'Squire, &c.]

Come fill the glass to the brink ;

Brisk wine soon away sorrow drives ;

Like cowards ne'er shrink, but valiantly drink  
Confusion to bailiffs and wives.

C H O R U S.

Such soaking, such smoking and joking,  
Such guzzling here you see ;

The buck and furr'd gown together sit down,  
And all are good company.

To enjoy life while we may,

I'll prove from the scripture, is right :

Old Lot us'd they say, to fuddle all day,  
And lie with his doxy at night.

Such soaking, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But soon the luscious grape too potent grows ;  
Mirth and good humour turn to words and blows ;  
Now Rogue and Cuckold through the hall resound,  
And wigs, and canes, and cravats strew the ground ;  
• Till bright Aurora rears her rosy head,  
And bids the noisy crew seek home to bed.

AIR. [There was a jovial beggar, &c.]

Let heroes, both by land and sea,  
Their deeds in battle boast ;

They only *some* acquire now,

Who eat and drink the most.

Then a *gutting* we will go, will go, will go ;  
Then a *gutting* we will go.

In story  
An ox flew with his trunk ;  
Then at a meal he eat him up,  
Gods ! what a glorious twist !  
Then a gutting, &c.

If then good erting's so renown'd,  
Be this each *Briens*'s pray'r,  
" God bless the Court of Aldermen,  
" The Sheriffs and Lord Mayor,  
When a gutting they, &c."

34

R E C I T A T I V E.

'T WAS when the seas we  
With hollow blasts of wi  
A damsel lay deploring,  
All on a rock reclin'd :  
Wide o'er the foaming bill  
She cast a wishful look :  
Her head was crown'd wi  
That trembled o'er the

A I R.

Twelve months are gone  
And nine long tedious  
Why didst thou, vent're  
Why didst thou trust  
Cease, cease, thou roll  
And let my lover re  
Ah ! what's thy trout  
To that within my

The merchant, robb'  
Views tempests wi

But what's the loss  
To the losing of

Should you some co

Where gold and

You'd find a riches

But none that h

How can they say

Has nothing is

Why then, bene

Do tedious

rocks discover,  
beneath the deep,  
wand'ring lover,  
the maid to weep.

y lying,  
d she for her dear,  
laft with fighing,  
v with a tear :  
e white waves ftooping,  
corpfe the fpy'd ;  
ily drooping,  
her head—and dy'd.

— 35 —

S H E.

'ft thou leave thy *Nancy*,  
thy native fhore,  
to my fancy,  
I'll fee the more.

ft leave my *Nancy*,  
le haughty *Spain*,  
'er fill thy fancy,  
hall meet again.

foaming billows,  
und'ring cannons roar,  
k on thefe green willows,  
yourfelf on fhore.

and nor water ;  
sword or fire ;  
venge and flaughter  
at I defire.

an gods proteft thee  
ter, fire, or fteel,  
no fears affect thee  
e which now I feel.

av'n's proteftion,  
my only dear ;  
ny foul's affection,  
clude me here.

— 36 —

R E C I T A T I V E.

AS tink'ring *Tom* thro' ftreets his trade did cry,  
He faw his lovely *Sylvia* paffing by ;  
In duft-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,  
With the rich cinders round her lovely wait ;  
*Tom* with uplifted hands th' occafion bleff,  
And thus, in foothing ftrains, th' maid addref.

A I R.

O *Sylvia*, while you drive your cart,  
To pick up duft, you fteal our hearts ;  
You take up duft, and fteal our hearts :  
That mine is gone, alas ! is true,  
And dwells among the duft with you ;  
And dwells among the duft with you :  
Ah ! lovely *Sylvia*, eafe my pain ;  
Give me my heart, you ftole, again ;  
Give me my heart, out of your cart ;  
Give me my heart, you ftole, again.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Sylvia*, advanc'd above the rabble rout,  
Exulting, roll'd her fparkling eyes about :  
She heav'd her swelling breaft, as black as floe,  
And look'd difdain on little folks below :  
To *Tom* fhe nodded, as the cart drew on,  
Tnd then, resolv'd to fpeak, fhe cry'd, ftop *John*.

A I R.

Shall I, who ride above the reft,  
Be by a paltry croud opprest ?  
Ambition now my foul does fire ;  
The youths fhall languifh and admire,  
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart  
Shall long to ride in my duft-cart ;  
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart  
Shall long to ride in my duft cart.

— 37 —

H E.

CAST, my love, thine eyes around,  
See the fportive lambkins play ;  
Nature gaily decks the ground,  
All in honour of the May-

E e

Like the sparrow and dove,  
Listen to the voice of love.

SING. *Damon*, thou hast found me long  
Listening to thy soothing tale,  
And thy soft persuasive tongue  
Often heard me in the dale;  
Take, oh! *Damon*, while I live;  
And which virtue ought to give.

H. 2. Not the verdure of the grove,  
Nor the garden's fairest flow'r,  
Nor the meads where lovers rove,  
Fempted by the vernal hour,  
Can aught thy *Damon's* eye,  
If *Flora* is not by.

SING. Not the water's gentle fall,  
By the bank with poplars crown'd,  
Not the feather'd songsters ail,  
Nor the fute's melodious sound,  
Can delight *Flora's* ear,  
If her *Damon* is not near.

ВОТЪ. Let us love, and let us live,  
Like the cheerful season gay;  
Banish care, and let us give  
Tribute to the fragrant *May*;  
Like the sparrow and the dove,  
Listen to the voice of love.

— 32 —

## R E C I T A T I V E.

THE festive board was met, the social band  
Round f-m'd *Diocles* took their silent stand;  
My sons (beast in the cage) be this the rule;  
No brow aulte e must dare approach my school,  
Where love and *Eucelus* jointly reign within;  
Old care, begone! her sadness is a sin.

## A I R.

Tell me not the joys that wait  
On him that's learn'd, or him that's great;  
Wealth and wisdom I despise;  
Cares surround the rich and wise;  
The queen that gives soft wishes birth,  
And *Eucelus*, god of wine and mirth,

Me their friend and favourer ead,  
And I was born for them alone:  
Business, title, pomp and state,  
Give them to the fools I hate.  
But let love, let life be mine:  
Bring me women, bring me wine:  
Speed the dancing hours away;  
Mind not what the grave once says:  
Gaily let the minutes fly,  
In wit and freedom, love and joy:  
So shall love, shall life be mine;  
Bring me woman, bring me wine.

— 39 —

## R E C I T A T I V E.

SEE! with rosy banners streaming,  
Young-ey'd morn ascends the skies!  
Why, dear *Chloe*, art thou dreaming?  
Wake, my fair! my love, arise!

## A I R.

Break the silken bands of *Morpheus*,  
Hark aerial concerts flow;  
Sweet, methinks, a lyre of *Orpheus*,  
When he sought the shades below.  
See! the lark aloft is soaring;  
Now, with undulating strains,  
*Phœbe*, her fate deploring,  
Charms the spacious happy plains.

— 40 —

## R E C I T A T I V E.

A Wretch 'long tortur'd with disdain,  
That ever pin'd, but pin'd, in vain,  
At length a god of wine address,  
Sure refuge of a wounded breast.

## A I R.

Vouchsafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid,  
Teach me to gain the cruel maid;  
Thy juices take the lover's part,  
Flush his wan looks, and cheer his heart.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

To Bacchus thus the lover cry'd,  
And thus the jolly god reply'd;

## AIR.

ing o'er, be brisk and gay,  
is sneaking form away :  
eff mien approach the fair ;  
conquer is to dare.

RECITATIVE.  
fu'd the god's advice ;  
as now no longer nice :

## AIR.

and spoke the sex's mind ;  
row daring, we grow kind :  
selves are most severe,  
is tyrants by their fear.

## 41

COLIN. [we hear !  
k ! o'er the plains what glad tumults  
e nymphs and the shepherds appear !  
nd roses new deck'd are the bow'rs,  
a bears a garland of flowers,  
life, what it means understand :  
ural festival surely at hand ;  
r sheep-shearing, now can take place ;  
I tell me the truth of the case.

## PHILLIS.

nest lad !—why surely you know  
prepar'd in the village below,  
young *Thyrfis*, so fam'd and ador'd,  
the sister of *Coris* our lord ;  
whose beauty, good-nature, and ease,  
strike, & all judgements can please ;  
ut praise must the matter give o'er ;  
at he i.—and I need say no more.

## COLIN.

too claims all that honour can lend,  
o's glory, their champion & friend,  
it memorials scarce speak his deserts,  
is name is engrav'd on their hearts.

## PHILLIS.

he bridal, behold how they throng,  
conducting his sweet-heart along ;  
upon all nature inspires  
visions and cheerful desires.

## DUETTO.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preside,  
All-gracious look down on the bridegroom & bride,  
That beauty, and virtue, and valour may shine  
In a race like themselves, with no end to the line :  
Let honour and glory, and riches and praise,  
Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days ;  
And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot,  
O ! may they live easy as those in a cot !

## 42

## DAMON.

Contented all day will I sit by your side,  
Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the cool tide ;  
And, while the clear river runs purling along,  
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.  
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

## LAURA.

While you are but by me, no danger I fear ;  
Ye lambs rest in safety, my *Damon* is near ; [please,  
Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may  
For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease ;  
For my shepherd, &c.

## DAMON.

Ye virgins of *Britain*, bright rivals of day,  
The wish of each heart, & the theme of each lay ;  
Ne'er yield to the swain till he makes you a wife,  
For he who loves truly will take you for life ;  
For he who, &c.

## LAURA.

[fair,  
Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the  
'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care ;  
Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,  
Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to defend ;  
Nor betray, &c.

## DUETTO.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd ;  
Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found :  
Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,  
To preserve in their age, what they gain'd in their youth.  
To preserve in their age, &c.

43

**W**HILE others barter ease for state,  
And fondly aim at growing great,  
Let me (with rosy chaplet crown'd)  
Stretch'd on the flow'r-enamell'd ground,  
The grape's nectareous juices quaff,  
Alternate sing and love and laugh.  
Already see the purple juice  
Resplendent o'er my cheek diffuse  
A second youth!—gain the bowl  
With warm desires inflames my soul.

## RECITATIVE

Quickly, ah quickly! must I leave  
The joys that wine and beauty give;  
Soon must I quit my wonted mirth,  
And mingle with my parent earth,  
Where kings, divested of their state,  
With slaves sustain a common fate.

AIR.

Let then the present hour be mine,  
Blest in the joys of love and wine:  
Come, ye virgin-throng, advance,  
And mingle in the sprightly dance!  
To the lyre's enchanting sound  
Nimbly tread the blithsome round;  
While the genial bowl inspires  
Soft delight and gay desires.

44

## RECITATIVE..

**W**HEN *Flora* o'er the garden stray'd,  
And ev'ry blooming sweet survey'd,  
As o'er the dew-dipt flow'rs she hung,  
Thus wrapt in joy she fondly sung.

AIR.

The early snow-drop, primrose pale,  
The tulip gay, the lily fair,  
Each flow'r that loads the scented gale  
Deserves their *Flora's* tender care,  
Deserves their *Flora's* tender care.

But none of summer's gaudy pride  
Such sweetness breathe, or charms tick  
As that dear flow'r that blooms beside,  
None pleases like the blushing rose,  
As that dear flow'r, &c.

The balmy *Zephyrs* round thee play,  
And golden suns exert their pow'r  
To bring thy beauties to the day,  
And make thee *Flora's* fav'rite flow'r,  
And make thee *Flora's* fav'rite flow'r.  
A garland gay, the nymphs and swains  
May make from ev'ry sweet that grows  
And meaner things may please the plains  
But thou art mine thou lovely rose.  
And meaner things, &c.

45

## RECITATIVE.

**FROM Paphos** isle, so fam'd of old, I  
To raise recruits, with merry life and  
The queen of beauty here, by me invit  
Each nymph and swain to taste of sweet  
Obey the call, and seek the happy land,  
Where Captain *Cupid* bears the sole com

AIR.

Ye nymphs and ye swains who are youth  
Attend to the call, and be blest while ye  
Lads and lassies hither come  
To the sound of the drum.  
I have treasure in store which you never  
Then haste, let us rove  
To the island of love.  
Where *Cupid* is captain, and *Pleus* is  
Each nymph of sixteen who would fain be  
Shall soon have a partner to bless her  
Then lassies hither come  
To the sound of the drum,  
I have sweethearts in store such as never  
Haste, haste, let us rove  
To the island of love,  
Where *Cupid* is captain, and *Pleus* is

... and his wish he shall find;  
 I can bless him for life,  
 With a kind loving wife,  
 A beautiful fair than was nymph ever seen,  
 Then haste, let us rove  
 To the island of love,  
*Cupid* is captain, and *Venus* is queen.  
 Now, we know of nor discord nor strife,  
 In transport and joy,  
 We each moment employ,  
 In such delights as were never yet seen;  
 Then haste, let us rove  
 To the island of love,  
*Cupid* is captain, and *Venus* is queen.

46

RECITATIVE.

And appointment *Celia* made,  
 Who'd the myrtle bow'r;  
 Settling, long poor *Damon* stay'd  
 At the promis'd hour:  
 Unable to contain  
 Anxious expectation,  
 As he sought to allay his pain,  
 And thus his passion:

AIR.

All the sex deceitful,  
 A long and last adieu,  
 As women prove ungrateful,  
 As long as men prove true.  
 As pains they give are many,  
 And oh! too hard to bear;  
 As joys they give—if any,  
 As short, and insincere.

RECITATIVE.

From mama got loose,  
 In the calm retreat;  
 With the begg'd excuse,  
 Lazy feet.

The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,  
 His joy could not restrain,  
 But as each tender thought increas'd,  
 Thus chang'd his railing strain.

AIR.

How engaging, how endearing,  
 Is a lover's pain and care!  
 And what joy the nymphs appearing,  
 After absence or despair;  
 Women wise increase desiring,  
 By contriving kind delays;  
 And advancing or retiring,  
 All they mean—is more to please.

47

RECITATIVE.

*Amphytryon* and his bride, a god-like pair,  
 He, brave as *Mars*, and she as *Venus* fair,  
 On thrones of gold, in purple triumph plac'd,  
 With matchless splendor held the nuptial feast,  
 Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung,  
 Enraptur'd thus the happy hero sung.

AIR.

Was mighty *Jove* descending,  
 With all his wrath divine,  
 Enrag'd at my pretending  
 To call this charmer mine;  
 His shafts of bolted thunder  
 With boldness I deride,  
 Not heav'n itself can funder,  
 The hearts that love has ty'd.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

The thunderer heard, he look'd with vengeance down  
 Till beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown;  
 The magic impulse of *Alcmena's* eyes,  
 Compell'd the conqu'ring god to quit the skies,  
 He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her charms,  
 And punish'd his presumption in her arms.

AIR.

He deserves sublimest pleasure,  
 Who reveals it not when won,  
 Beauty's like the  
 Boast it, and

Learn by this, unguarded lover,  
When your secret sighs prevail,  
Not to let your tongue discover  
Raptures that it should conceal.

RECITATIVE.

TO try her shepherd, once a fair one plac'd  
A fav'rite Girdle round her slender waist;  
This Girdle now shall part me into two,  
Gay *Phyllis* cries, and either half's for you; [like,  
Make then your choice, and take which share you  
As passion or as sentiment shall fit like.  
The artful *Strepson* soon his silence broke:  
Look'd at the nymph, and thus his rapture spoke:

AIR.

Then give those looks what speak and tell  
The harmless breast and heart sincere,  
Where honour, truth, and virtue dwell,  
And what can life itself endear;  
That wit and wisdom still be mine,  
The flowing tongue, the temper free:  
Below the Girdle I resign,  
The upper half, dear girl, for me.

RECITATIVE.

Our nymph the shepherd's arguments approv'd,  
*Strepson* for this by *Phyllis* must be lov'd;  
Her thoughts she thus express'd in accents sweet,  
And dropp'd the while the Girdle at her feet.

By the Girdle I'm all yours.  
See a charm, I'm all your pleasure,  
Greater is the shepherd's pleasure;  
Who both mind and body gains;  
You who chose the soul's best treasure,  
Take my person for your pains.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG *Damon* long had lov'd, and long had  
The nymph he lov'd, lov'd him, but was  
At length resolv'd, no longer to endure  
Those cruel frowns, those frowns that were  
He left the maid, and sought a kinder fair  
Now *Daphne* mourns her folly in despair.  
Ye nymphs be warn'd, and make your  
The heart your smiles can wound, your!

AIR.

Nymphs be kind, and you shall find  
Your graces will improve;  
Gentle smiles, soft pleasing wile  
Are all the arms of love!  
Scorn to tease the heart you've  
Quick take the favor'd swain  
Nor frown on those by love  
When smiles might soothe.

# SOCIAL and CONVIVIAL SONGS

SONG I.

As *Bacchus* and *Marionce* together were sitting,  
As their gossips were sitting  
As *Bacchus*, I ne'er could  
As their friend *Bacchus*, I ne'er could  
As no wine

And when they have wanted,  
Since I, my good friend, have  
For tho' the rich clusters the  
I always take care to supply  
Their neighbours in France  
To compensate this want, it  
You know that when  
He decreed

er aught wanting but this,  
e'en heav'n in bliss?

uteous we often behold,  
r clay in your mistress's mould;  
nuch valour display in the field,  
yourself ev'ry enemy yield (show  
regret, tho' no grapes they can  
at those in whose kingdoms they  
— 2 — [grow.

vial companions forsake,  
ecese to partake;  
friend, I'll retreat to the vine,  
but its nectar be mine;  
arate pleasure produce,  
s, whilst I glow with its juice;  
with his rapture can vie,  
ing, yet always is dry.

if his flames and his darts,  
s, and his conquest of hearts,  
wanton, and sport with the gay,  
and desert where he may:  
sertate of love must deplore,  
en tasted, are favours no more;  
joys with his extacy vie,  
ing, yet always is dry?

me, has charms for us all,  
'd they're charms that must pall  
dor may lure for a while,  
k of its weight and its toil;  
e compar'd, my brave boy,  
gthen the more we enjoy;  
pow'rs! with this wish to com-  
nking, yet always be dry! [ply

— 3 —  
gently gliding stream,  
e budding violets spring,  
auties beam,  
Delia sing;  
combine,  
entwine,  
amorous kisses,  
human blisses,

In extacy I sigh and say,  
Thus let me love my life away.

Whene'er the jocund bowl we pass,  
And merry song and tale go round;  
When wine is sparkling in the glass,  
And joke and sprightly wit abound,  
With catch and glee,  
Good humour free;

While thus we find our joys increasing,  
Laughter roars with mirth unceasing,  
In extacy I pant and say,  
Thus let me laugh my life away:  
O lovely woman! gen'rous wine!

These potent pleasures let me quaff;  
Thy raptures, wit, O make them mine;  
Oh! let me love, and drink, and laugh!  
Each rising thought,  
With music fraught,

Where all is pleasure, nothing wanting,  
All harmonious, all enchanting,  
In extacy I pant and say,  
Thus let me sing my life away.

— 4 —  
SONS of Ocean, fam'd in story,  
Wont to wear the laurel'd brow;  
Listen to your rising glory,  
Growing honours wait you now;  
Think not servile adulation  
Meanly marks my grateful song,  
All the praises of the nation  
Giv'n to you, to you belong;  
And rival kingdoms send from far  
Their plaudits to the British Tar.

'Tis not now your valiant daring—  
Courage you've for ages shewn;  
'Tis not now your mild forbearing,—  
Pity ever was your own;  
'Tis your Prince, so lov'd, so pleasing,  
Spreads your fame thro' distant lands,  
And the Trident nobly seizing,  
Grasps it in his youthful hands;  
Proud to boast in peace or war,  
The virtues of the British Tar.



When the times were big with danger,  
 See your Royal shipmate go,  
 And to every fear a stranger,  
 Brave the fury of the foe :  
 Now when smiling Peace rejoices,  
 Greet him with a sailor's arts ;  
 Cheer his presence with your voices,  
 Pay his service with your hearts,  
 And be henceforth your leading star,  
 The gallant, Royal *British* Tar.

5  
**W**HILE the lads in the village shall merrily, ah !  
 Sound the tabor, I'll hand thee along,  
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah !  
 Thou and I will be first in the throng,  
 Just then, when his youth who last year won the  
 With his mate shall the sport have begun, [dow'r  
 When the gay voice of gladness is heard from each  
 And though long 'st in thine heart to make one. [bow'r  
 Those joys that are harmless what mortal can blame,  
 'Tis my maxim that youth should be free,  
 And to prove that my words and my deeds are the  
 Believe thou shalt presently see, [same  
 While the lads, &c.

6  
**O**H ! the days when I was young !  
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spite,  
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,  
 And with nectar crown'd the night.  
 Then it was, old father Care,  
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;  
 Half thy malice youth could bear,  
 And the rest a bumper drowns.  
 Oh ! the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,  
 Why I vow I ne'er could see ;  
 Let the water-drinkers tell,  
 There it always lay for me :  
 For when sparkling wine went round,  
 Never saw I falsehood's mask ;  
 But still honest truth I found,  
 In the bottom of each flask !  
 Oh ! the days, &c.

True at length my vices  
 I have years to bring d  
 Few the locks that now  
 And the few I have a  
 Yet, old *Jerome*, thou m  
 While thy spirits do n  
 Still beneath thy age's fr  
 Glows a spark of yout  
 Oh ! the days, &c.

7  
**C**OME now all ye fo  
 Shed your influence  
 Crown with joy the pi  
 Enliven those before  
 Bring the flask, the m  
 Joy shall quickly fi  
 Drink and dance and l  
 And cast dull care b  
 Friendship, with thy  
 Brighten all our sea  
 What but friendship, l  
 Can make us happy  
 Bring the flask, &

Love, thy Godhead I a  
 Source of gen'rous p  
 But will ne'er bow dov  
 Those idols, wealth  
 Bring the flask, &

Why the plague should  
 Whilst on earth we :  
 Whether we're merry,  
 We ev'ry day grow  
 Bring the flask, &

Then since Time will  
 Spite of all our sorri  
 Heighten ev'ry joy to-  
 And never mind to-  
 Bring the flask, &

8  
**O**H ! the little God of  
 He makes us all as child

At sixty-two,  
reckless lot!  
Now he drew,  
me he shot.

g went the firing,  
izz flew the dart,  
grey goose wing,  
an old man's heart.

ll be merry,  
down derry;  
or now I'll drown,  
ry down, down,  
gh at them all,  
de rol lol.

9  
oak and fountain brim,  
oh deck'd with daisies trim,  
kes and pastimes keep;  
to do with sleep?

r sweets to prove,  
d wakens love;  
r rites begin,  
ght that makes fin.

10  
a bowl, a mighty bowl,  
y capacious soul;  
thirst is, let it have  
igh to be my grave;  
grave of all my care,  
1 to bury't there.

lver fashion'd be,  
wine, worthy of me;  
adorn 'the spheres,  
ight cup amongst the stars,  
a bowl, &c.

11  
barbus sinketh in the west,  
ong and welcome jest,  
bouts and revelry,  
e and jollity:  
locks with rosy twine,  
ours, dropping wine,

Rigour now is gone to bed,  
And advice with scrup'ulous head;  
Strict age, and four severity,  
With their grave saws in slumber lie;  
With, &c.

12  
STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak,  
Let not a word on board be spoke,  
Victory soon will crown the joke,

Be silent and be ready;  
Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,  
Let us be sure the balls will tell,  
The cannon's roar shall sound their knell,  
Be steady, boys, be steady.

Not yet, nor yet—reserve your fire,  
I do desire,  
Now the elements do rattle,  
The god, am z'd behold the battle,  
A broadside, my boys.

See the blood in purple tide,  
Trickle down her batter'd side,  
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly,  
Conquer boys or bravely die;  
Hurl destruction on your foes.  
She sinks, huzza, to the bottom down she goes.

13  
WHILE I'm at the tavern quaffing,  
Well disposed for t'other quart;  
Comes my wife to spoil my laughing,  
Telling me 'tis time to part;  
Words I knew were unavailing,  
Yet I sternly answer'd, no!  
'Till from motives more prevailing,  
Sitting down she treads my toe.

Such kind tokens, to my thinking,  
Most emphatically prove;  
That the joys, which flow from drinking,  
Are averse to those of love;  
Farewell, friends, and t'other bottle,  
Since I can no longer stay:  
Love, more learn'd than Aristotle,  
Has to move me found the way.

14

**H**ERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,  
Likewise to the widow of fifty;  
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.  
Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lasfs,  
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.  
Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,  
Likewise to her that has none, fir;  
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,  
And here's to her that's but one fir.  
Let the toast pass, &c.  
Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,  
And to her that's as brown as a berry;  
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
And here's to the girl that is merry.  
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,  
Young, or ancient, I care not a feather;  
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,  
And e'en let us toast them together.  
Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lasfs,  
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

15

**I** Crave not *Cyge's* boundless pow'r,  
Nor wish I for the golden store!  
I envy not the regal state  
Of pompous kings, supremely great;  
For mirth and joy alone I care.  
And wreaths of roses for my hair.  
To-day I banish ev'ry sorrow,  
Nor think I of the coming morrow.  
While chance permits, we'll drink and laugh,  
And *Bacchus'* gifts in goblets quaff;  
For sooner than we wish comes death,  
And stops our drinking, and—our breath.

16

**A**S I on purple tap'stry lay,  
And slept the tedious night away,

Well warm'd within  
With sparkling wine.  
I seem'd with virgins brisk as *May*  
To dance, and sing, and wanton play.  
The shepherds all together flew,  
And envious glanc'd, and look'd askew;  
And ev'ry swain  
Upon the plain  
Both envy'd and reproach'd me too,  
That I with virgins had to do.  
An am'rous kiss I would have ta'en;  
But, waking, found my hopes were vain;  
Then curs'd the day,  
Whose glaring ray  
Bereav'd me of so sweet a pain;  
And strove to sleep and dream again.

17

**B**ID me, when forty winters more  
Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow;  
When from my head, a scanty store,  
Lankly the wither'd tresses flow:  
When the worm tide, that bold and firm  
Now rolls impetuous on, and free,  
Languid and slow scarce creeps along,  
Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene.  
Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,  
Unerring guide, could only mean  
That age should reason—youth desire,  
Shall then that rebel, man, presume  
(Inverting nature's law) to seize  
The dues of age in youth's bright bloom,  
And join impossibilities?

No!—let me waste the frolic *May*,  
In wanton joys, and wild excess;  
In revel sport, and laughter gay,  
And mirth, and jovial cheerfulness.  
Woman, the soul of all delights  
And wine, the aid of love, be near!  
All charms me that to joy incline,  
And ev'ry foe, that's friend, is mine.

...gallant boy,  
d of wine and joy,  
ates my soul  
pures of the bowl.  
feather'd feet I bound,  
a festive round;  
in sparkling wine,  
elicate, divine.

rightly music warms;  
as, and beauty charms!  
and light, and gay,  
e the hours away.

————— 19 —————  
AIN! pipe up all hands hoy!  
'r man and boy!  
ake sail, give chase,  
ben splice main brace!  
ip! my boys, she's *French*!  
flip here's to each wench.  
wof, boys, higher;  
and by—fire!  
she strikes! our's is the day.  
ize! belay, belay!

————— 20 —————  
oast, my good fellow, be jovial & gay,  
risk moments pass jocund away! [souls,  
g—take your bumpers, my brave *British*  
our fair freedom shall crown your full  
ng & happy, see *Louis* brought [bowls  
comforts, no cares, of a crown [down

————— 21 —————  
r and blow the fire,  
ton down to roast;  
'tis my desire,  
ig pan a toast,  
r may remove;  
eat I love.  
it lies;  
g white and red!  
met my eyes,  
grafs it fed:

swiftly make the jack go round,  
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,  
Let the knives be sharp and clean;  
Pickles get of ev'ry fort,  
And a salad crisp and green:  
Then with small beer, and sparkling wine,  
O, ye gods! how I shall dine!

————— 22 —————  
GOD save great *George*, our king!  
Long live our noble king,  
God save the king!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the king.

O Lord, our God, arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Confound their politicks,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks;  
On him our hopes we fix;  
God save us all.

The choicest gifts in store,  
On *George* be pleas'd to pour,  
Long may he reign;  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause,  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the king.

————— 23 —————  
How stands the glass around?  
For shame, ye take no care, my boys;  
How stands the glass around?  
Let mirth and wine abound.  
The trumpets found,  
The colours they are flying, boys,  
To fight, kill, or wound;  
May we still be found,  
Content with our hard fate, my boys,  
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,  
Should we be melancholy, boys?  
Why, soldiers, why,  
Whose bus'ness 'tis to die?  
What fighting, fie!  
Drown fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,  
'Tis he, you, or I!  
Cold, hot, wet or dry,  
We're always bound to follow, boys,  
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,  
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys;  
'Tis but in vain  
For soldiers to complain;  
Should next campaign  
Send us to Him who made us, boys,  
We're free from pain!  
But if we remain,  
A bottle and kind landlady  
Cure all again.

**HAIL!** *Burgundy*, thou juice divine!

Inspirer of my song!  
The praises given to other wine,  
To thee alone belong;  
Of poignant wit and rosy charms  
Thou can'st the power improve;  
Care of it's iting thy balm disarms,  
Thou noblest gift of *Jove*.  
Bright *Pæbus* on the parent vines,  
From whence thy current streams,  
Sweet shining thro' the tender limes,  
And lavish darts his beams;  
The pregnant grape receives his fires,  
And all his force retains;  
With that same worth our brains inspire,  
And animates our strains.

From thee my *Chebe's* radiant eye  
New sparkling beams receives;  
*Her cheeks* imbibe a rosier dye,  
*Her beauteous bosom* heaves;  
Summon'd to love by thy alarms,  
With what nervous heat,

Worthy the fair, we fill their arms,  
And oft our bliss repeat!  
The *Steic*, prone to thought intense,  
Thy softness can unbind,  
A cheerful gaiety dispense,  
And make him taste a friend;  
His brow grows clear, he feels content,  
Forgets his pensive strife;  
And then concludes his time well spent,  
In honest social life.  
E'en beaux, those soft amphibious things,  
Wrapt up in self and dress,  
Quite lost to the delight that springs  
From sense, thy pow'r confess;  
The fop, with chitty maudlin face,  
That dares but deeply drink,  
Forgets his queue and stiff grimace,  
Grows free, and seems to think.

25

I Heed not, while life's on the wing,  
What fate or what fortune may bring,  
Nor think of care or of sorrow;  
Would you know why so happy and gay,  
I've liv'd, my companions, to-day,  
And will waste not a thought on to-morrow.  
What pleasures a ready are flown,  
The joys my fond heart might have known  
I could not repeat without sorrow?  
When eagerly brimm'd the brisk wine,  
When *Jove*, half consenting, was mine,  
A whisper came, stay till to-morrow.  
I'll live, for I'm wiser at last,  
The present shall pay for the past,  
No moment of future I'll borrow;  
The cheat now I fairly decry;  
On to-day you must only rely,  
Look not for a friend in to-morrow.  
I'll catch ev'ry swift-flying hour,  
I'll taste ev'ry joy in my pow'r,  
And teach you to smile away sorrow!  
If love now bids beauty be kind,  
If you've need to please you will  
Have nothing to do with to-morrow.

— 26 —  
 igling swains,  
 'quits the plains,  
 and to court,  
 il your sport,  
 r feast,  
 ndly guest !  
 e away,  
 imagine gay,  
 g ruffian,  
 e blisses.

can bring,  
 auteque spring,  
 we show  
 he bud, the blow.

harming,  
 y warming,  
 : dies,  
 cord fliss.  
 ir feast,  
 ndly guest !

— 27 —  
 ly Bacchanah,  
 pe good wine,  
 gthead  
 ir's thrine.  
 ig we will go, &c.  
 and never shrink,  
 reason why ;  
 eave a house,  
 nk the cellar dry.  
 ig. &c.  
 as a fool,  
 ater clear ;  
 ne from that rule,  
 was too severe,  
 ig. &c.  
 the brim,  
 like a sup ;

But had it been a gallion pot,  
 By Jove I'd tose'd it up,  
 And a toping, &c.

And ever since that happy time,  
 Good wine has been my cheer ;  
 Now nothing puts me in a swoon,  
 But water or small-beer.  
 And a toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my boys,  
 And never flinch, nor fly,  
 But fill our skins brimsful of wine,  
 And drain the bottles dry.  
 And a toping we will go, &c.

— 28 —  
 DISTANT hie thee, carping care,  
 From the spot where I do dwell ;  
 Rigid mortals, come not there,  
 Frowns, begone to hermit's cell ;  
 But let me live the life of souls,  
 With laughter, love, and flowing bowls.

Miser, with thy paltry pelf  
 I give 'gainst thee my hate—it's scope ;  
 Wretch that liv'st but for thyself,  
 With heart of rust that cannot ope :  
 Fly, bird of night, from sun and souls  
 That love and laugh o'er flowing bowls.

Who can let the pensive go,  
 Or the eye that drops a tear,  
 And not weed their minds of woe,  
 May not, dare not peep in here :  
 Who can't be friends, can ne'er be souls,  
 Nor e'er shall quaff our flowing bowls.

Joys on joys, O let me taste,  
 Health and mirth dwell in my gate,  
 While with ease my sand doth waste,  
 Whilst I bless the book of fate :  
 Then let me live the life of souls,  
 With laughter, love, and flowing bowls.

— 29 —  
 LET rusty old grey-beards of apathy boast,  
 And Vener and Bacchus revile ;  
 Ff

In spite of their books, they are slaves to *lunatic* taste,  
The dupes of a nod, wink, or smile.

Some snug sober citizens here may repair,  
Without an idea of guile;

But what with the music, and what with the fair,  
They follow the nod, wink, and smile.

Let men boast of titles, of honour, or name;  
The females of this happy life,

Can vanquish the victors, may kill with a frown,  
Or save, by a nod, wink, or smile.

These gardens of pleasure the beauties approve,  
Who the dulcist of moments beguile;

Here *Cupid* whisks the white standard of love,  
And commands with a nod, wink, and smile.

LET a set of sober asses

Rail against the joys of drinking,

While water, tea,

And milk agree,

To set cold brains at thinking;

Power and wealth,

Beauty, health,

Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd:

Joys abound,

Pleasure's found

Only where the glass goes round,

The ancient sects on happiness

All differ'd in opinion;

But wiser rules

Of modern schools,

In wine fix their dominion,

Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,

Makes glow the cheeks of beauty,

Makes poets write,

And soldiers fight,

And friendship do its duty.

Power and wealth, &c.

*Wine was the only Helicon,*

*Whence poets are long-liv'd to*

'Twas no other mill

Than brisk champagne.

Whence *Venus* was danc'd to test

Power and wealth, &c.

When heav'n in *Pandora's* box

All kinds of ill had sent us,

In a merry mood,

A bottle of good

Was cork'd up, to prevent us

Power and wealth, &c.

All virtues wine is nuff to,

Of ev'ry vice destroyer,

Gives dullard's wit,

Makes just the step

Truth forces from the lawyer's

Power and wealth, &c.

Wine sets our joys a flowing,

Our care and sorrow drowning.

Who rails at the bowl,

Is a Turk in's soul,

And a *Christian* ne'er should own

Power and wealth,

Beauty, health,

Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd

Joys abound,

Pleasure's found

Only where the glass goes round.

MASTER *Jenkins* smok'd his pipe,

And swore he'd ne'er be married;

But 'gainst each husband throw some wit

Or dry jest drolly carried.

Master *Jenkins* thought a wife

The greatest mortal evil,

And swore to lead a husband's life

Must be the very devil.

Master *Jenkins* smok'd his pipe

At home, content, and married,

Regardless of each snare or wile,

Or dry jest drolly carried.

re a wife  
as 371 ;  
and a life  
y devil,  
e'd his pipe,  
he monie married ;  
t each wife,  
or man carried ;  
d his wife,  
h an evil,  
d part with life,  
ie dead.  
--- 32 ---  
a novices to measure,  
me, but please ;  
is, comply ;  
e, they say ;  
e they keep,  
in they sleep.  
lives to measure,  
me, but pleasure ;  
it have a fall ;  
sing all !  
ot none will give,  
it no time.  
--- 33 ---  
closets of grapes I'll entwine,  
or a goblet of wine ;  
the looser I'd have  
her at Bacchus's wine.  
as to cling with the fair ?  
lets like wine to despair ;  
harm can be found in a glass,  
e health of some favourite lass !  
chyme or my tasteful support,  
ring to the gulf of the heart :  
(to supreme is her song)  
we, and resign her his key.  
e voice, sorrow lifts up her head,  
e, well pleas'd, from her shed ;  
e, holding along,  
e, catch to the tune of her song

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's board,  
The largest and deepest that stands on the board ;  
I'll fill up a brimsome, and drink to the fair ;  
'Tis the toast of a lover, and pledge me who dare,

Oh, the sultry month of June !  
Sweating late and early ;  
Able scarce to hum a tune,  
Oh ! we swelter rarely !

All night long we're in a sweat,  
Sweating till the morning ;  
Piping hot then up we get,  
Breakfast bell gives warning.

After tea we take a walk,  
In the grove or meadow ;  
Oh ! how hot ! is all our talk ;  
None e'er sweat as we do.

Then upon the grass we're laid ;  
For a while, how clear !  
Soon the sun darts thro' the shade,  
We're as hot as ever.

Panting with the noon-tide heat,  
Homeward next we steal Sir,  
A' besmear'd with dust and sweat  
Dolly brings the bowl, Sir,

Cooling cream, our thirst t' slay,  
Eager now we swallow ;  
Cyder too, and cider and whey ;  
Still we melt our tallow.

Chairs, stools, benches, red like grown,  
Now we try to ease us ;  
Chairs, stools, benches, beds of down,  
Nothing now can please us.

Dinner wait, and down we sit,  
Fish and flesh invite us ;  
Not a morsel can we eat,  
Nothing can delight us.

From our liquors, strong or weak,  
We derive no pleasure ;  
Cooling draughts in vain we seek,  
Sweating beyond measure.



Ev'ning now comes on apace,  
Now the sun is setting;  
Shadows skim the meadow's face,  
But we still are sweating.

Sweating thus from day to day,  
Pitying pow'rs befriend us!  
And, instead of *Juno* to gay,  
Winter once more send us.

35  
ON *Old England's* blest shore  
We are landed once more,  
Secure from the storms of the main;  
For great *George*, and his cause,  
For our country and laws,  
We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Where the sun's orient ray  
First opens the day,

On *India's* extended domain,  
The swarthy-fac'd foes  
Who dar'd to oppose,

We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Come, my brave hearts of oak,  
Let us drink, sing, and joke,

While here on the shore we remain;  
When our country demands,  
With hearts, and with hands,

We are ready to conquer again.

36  
OUR glass, waiter, once again supply,  
Bring t'other decan, breach the cellar dry;  
Let not vacancy the board disgrace,  
But with rich claret fill the horrid space!

Potent juice, that rules the earth,  
Inspires of wit and mirth,

Source of love that ne'er decays,

Ever bubbling,

Never troubling,

Always sparkling, brisk and gay!

Reverent no goblet to the brims,

I'll sing thy praises while I drink.

37  
OUR wives at home, your husbands  
To them leave care and thinking;  
While gaily we the hours pass on  
In laughing and in drinking.  
The real joys of love are shar'd  
By those who are discontent;  
And here's his health, who first dar'd  
Stol'n pleasures are the forest.

38  
PHO! pax o' this nonsense, I pray you  
And talk of your *Philis* and *Chloris*;  
Their face, & their air, & their minny;  
Here's to thee, my lad, put the bottle  
Let finical fops play the fool and the  
They dare not confide in the jests of!  
But we honest fellows—*Heath!* who!  
Of pining for love, while he's able to

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleaseth  
Our joys it increases, and lightens up  
Remember what toper's of old us'd to  
The man that is drunk is as great as

If *Cupid* assails you, there's no law for  
*Amor*'s rules see, pagamentary for!  
The precedent's glorious, and just, by  
Lay hold on and drown the young dog  
What's life but a frolic, a song, and  
My toast shall be this, while I've life  
May mirth and good fellowship be  
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go!

39  
RAIL no more, ye learned asses,  
Grieve the joys the bowl supplies;  
Sound it's depth, and fill your glass  
Wisdom at the bottom lies:  
Fill them higher still, and higher,  
Shallow draughts perplex the brain  
Sipping quenches all our fire;  
Bumper high is up again.

Wit and pleasure;  
Joy;  
Have no leisure,  
Our employ;  
Nothing certain,  
That hour engage;  
Will drop the curtain,  
We'll quit the stage.

40  
Why should man be vain,  
Heaven hath made him great?  
With insolent disdain  
To d with wealth or state?  
For beds of down,  
That deck the fair;  
Of a crown  
Ease the brow of care?

the burden'd slave,  
The haughty die;  
The base, the brave,  
Distinction lie.  
Where monarchs rest,  
Reatest titles bore;  
Glory are bereft,  
Nour is no more.

through the skies,  
In a gilded train;  
Now, it's beauty dies,  
Men all again,  
Jovial souls,  
Lign while here we stay;  
With flowing bowls,  
Calls we must obey.

41  
My circles move,  
To scene ye rove,  
Look on me,  
Fifty.

how he shines!  
To confound;  
Courtiers!

Be the wretch with gold posses;  
Let the sot with wine be bless;  
Laurel'd let ambition be,  
Give me dear variety.

Would you lasting pleasures taste,  
Such as ne'er can cloy nor waste;  
From folly, care, and discord, free;  
Seek them in variety.

All ye powers of joy and mirth,  
Bring your choicest treasures forth;  
Music, song, and dance, and glee,  
Blended with variety.

But when love demands the theme,  
Then I quite avert my scheme;  
Nancy's heart's enough for me,  
Tho' my name's variety.

42  
SHOULD I die by the force of good wine,  
'Tis my will, when I fall, that a tun be my shrine;  
And for the age to come,  
Engrave this story on my tomb:  
Here lies a body once so brave,  
Who with drinking made his grave.

Since thus to die will purchase fame,  
And raise an everlasting name,  
Drink, drink away, and dare to be nobly in-  
Let misers and slaves [terr'd  
Sneak into the graves,  
And rot in a dirty church-yard.

43  
WHILE happy in my native land,  
I built my country's charter;  
I'll never basely lend my hand,  
Her liberties to barter.

The noble mind is not at all  
By poverty degraded;  
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,  
And well I am persuaded,  
Each free-born Briton's song should be,  
Or give me death or liberty.

Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,  
And few the gifts she sends us;  
The lordly hireling often wants  
That freedom that defends us.

By law secured from lawless strife,  
Our house is our castellum.  
Thus blest'd with all that's dear in life,  
For lucre, shall we sell 'em?  
No—ev'ry Briton's song should be,  
Or give me death or liberty.

44  
WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done boys,  
Put the glass then around with the fun, boys;  
Let *Apollo's* example invite us,  
For he's drunk ev'ry night,  
That makes him so bright,  
That he's able next morning to light us.  
Drinking's a Christian diversion,  
Unknown to the Turk and the Persian;  
Let Mahometan fools  
Live by heathenish rules,  
And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee;  
While the brave Britons sing,  
And drink health to the king,  
And a fig for their sultan and sophy.

45  
YE mortals whom trouble and sorrow attend,  
Whose life is a series of pain without end,  
For ever depriv'd of hope's all-cheering ray,  
Ne'er know what it is to be happy a day;  
Obey the glad summons, the bar bell invites,  
Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights.  
When poverty enters, an unwelcome guest,  
By heart-hearted duns too continually pest,  
When brats begin crying and howling for bread,  
And wife's never silent till fast in her bed;  
Obey the glad summons, &c.

Did Neptune's salt element run with fresh wine,  
Tho' all Europe's powers together combining,  
Our brave British sailors need ne'er care a jot  
'round by plenty of such rare grape-juice  
By the glad summons, &c.

Was each dull, pedantic, text-spinning w  
To leave off dry preaching, and stick to his  
O how would he wish for that power divine  
To change, when he would, simple waters  
Obey the glad summons, &c.

If wine, then, can miracles work, such pi  
And give to the troubl'd mind comfort and  
Despair not, that blessing in *Bacchus* you'll  
Who showers his gifts for the good of man!  
Obey the glad summons, the bar bell invites  
Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to ri

46  
THERE was once,—it is said,  
When,—'tis out of my head;—  
Aye, and where too—yet true is my tale;  
That a round-belly'd Vicar  
Bedimpled with liquor,  
Could stick to no text like good ale.

*Vol de rap*

He one night 'gan to doze,  
For, under the rose,  
The priest was that night *non se ipse*;  
*Non se ipse*, you'll say,  
What is that to the lay?—  
In pl in *English* then, parson was tippy;  
When the clerk coming in,  
With his band-bobbing chin,  
As solemn and insiv'ling as may be,  
The vicar he began  
His clerk hem'd and scrap'd  
Saying,—please, sir, to bury a baby.  
Now our author suspoces  
The clerk's name was *Moses*,  
Who look'd at his master so rosy;  
He blink'd with one eye,  
And with wig all awry,  
He hiccup'd out,—how cheers it, &c.

A child, sir, is carry'd  
For you to be bury'd  
Bury me *Moses*,—and that was the end

ie clerk,  
 e dark,  
 y'd, not you.  
 can't hurry,—  
 I bury;—  
 ye cannot say:—  
 —but why?  
 ve'll try  
 in run away.  
 d,  
 hide,  
 it in cold weather:  
 queth he,  
 om me,  
 s, all together.  
 e hand,  
 regard;—  
 makes me say I  
 young or old,  
 catch cold,  
 ou or I may.  
 be gone,  
 rain's done;  
 'd lend you my hand;—  
 th the vicar,  
 my liquor,  
 s case I can't stand.  
 ough fore troubled,  
 d be hobbled  
 us of the way;  
 oth he,  
 t'ye see,  
 , preach, nor pray,  
 to the grave,  
 e a slave;—  
 back-bankid?  
 aft walking  
 e a gold,  
 his book,  
 d to look,

Whilst o'er the page only he skinned;  
 Crying, *Moses*, I'm yet'd,  
 For I can't see the text,  
 The book is so damnably printed.  
 Woman of a man born—  
 No—that's wrong—the leaf's torn;—  
 Upon woman the natural swell is;  
 Were men got with child  
 The world would run wild,  
 You and I, *Moses*, might have big bellies.  
 Our guts would be prest'd hard  
 Were we got with bastard;  
 How wonderful are our fapposes;—  
 What midwife could do it?  
 He'd be hardly put to it,  
 Lord bless us, to lay me and *Moses*.  
 So, *Moses*, come forth,  
 Put the child into earth,  
 And dust to dust, dust at away;  
 For, *Moses*, I trust,  
 We should soon turn to dust  
 If we were not to moisten our clay.  
*Moses*,—mind what I say;—  
 When 'tis night his not day;—  
 Now in tinner times saints could work miracles,  
 And raise from the dead,—  
 There's no more to be said,  
 For, *Moses*, I've strop'd down my spectacles.  
*Moses*,—hear what I say—  
 Life's, alas! but a day,—  
 Nay, sometimes 'tis over at noon;—  
 Man is but a flower,  
 Cut down in an hour,  
 'Tis tiddly-ak, *Moses*, does it so soon.  
 So one pot, and then;—  
*Moses* answered, amen!—  
 And thus far we've carry'd the farce on;  
 'Tis the woe of the times  
 To relish these rhymes  
 Where the stinkiest turn on a passion.

But *Satyr* detects  
Immorality's jells,  
All prophane or immodest expression;  
So now we'll conclude,  
And drink as we shou'd,  
To the good folks of ev'ry profession.

*Tal de rei, &c.*

————— 47 —————  
**C**ONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,  
For what can this world more afford,  
Than a girl that will sociably sit on your knee,  
And a cellar that's plentiful stor'd,  
My brave boys.

My vault-door is open, descend ev'ry guest,  
Broach that cask; aye, that wine we will try,  
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,  
And as bright as her cheek to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop I my cane le have stuck,  
I will light us each bottle to hand;  
And the foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,  
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozy drops seem  
The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,  
From the arch mouldy cobwebs in *Gothic* take stream,  
Like stucco work cut of mofs.

Afride on a butt, as a butt should be frod,  
I sit my companions among,  
Like grape-blessing *Bacchus*, the good fellow's god,  
And a sentiment give, or a song.

I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain,  
No antient more patriot-like bled;  
Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,  
And myself for my bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those bins are well  
View that heap of old Hock in the rear; [fill'd,  
Yon' bottles of Burgundy, see how they are pil'd,  
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my fasks,  
All gloriously rang'd in review;  
When I cast my eyes round I consider my casks  
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like *Macedon*'s madman my glass I'll enjoy,  
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout;  
He cry'd when he had no more worlds to tempt,  
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

On their stumps some have fought & as fast  
When reeling, I roll on the floor;  
Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink a  
And dare the best buck, to do more.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall tell  
No hic jacet be cut on my stone;  
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,  
And say that his drinking is done,

*My heart*

————— 48 —————

**W**HEN *Britain* first at heav'n's command  
Arose from out the azure main,  
Arose from out, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sang the strain:  
Rule *Britannia*; *Britannia*, rule the waves  
For *Britons* never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blast as thee,  
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,  
Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great  
The dread and envy of them all.  
Rule, *Britannia*, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign shore,  
More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast that tears, that tears the sky  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
Rule *Britannia*, &c.

These haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy generous soul,  
And work their woe, and thy sorrow  
Rule, *Britannia*, &c.

ge the rural reign,  
halt with commerce' shame,  
&c.  
be; shall be the subject main,  
here it circles, thine.  
*itannia, &c.*

ill with freedom found,  
happy coast repair,  
[crown'd]  
th beauties, with matchless beauties  
hearts to guard the fair.  
*ritannia; Britannia, rule the waves,*  
*us never will be slaves.*

49  
*ril* wak'd the dawn with lucky gales,  
recorded the glorious eighty-two,  
joyous spied the *Gallic* sails,  
e wiggs of morn before him flew  
l hands aloft—let *British* valour shine,  
cry—the signal for the line,  
he lightning of the guns!  
ds, ardent minds,  
est Britain's warlike sons!

*Chorus*—Rising winds, &c.  
ignant plows the foaming main,  
shuns in combat the dreaded foe to meet  
of generous heroes crowd his train,  
ut-numb'ring cannon arm his fleet,  
Want mind to victory does aspire;  
ght's begun—the sea is all on fire!  
ek brow portentous gleams!  
ood all of blood,  
tazelling *Ville de Paris* streams.”

*Cbo.*—While a flood, &c.  
oke, and fire disturbing the air,  
der hoarse resounding from ocean's wa-  
s shrinking genius hovers near! try cave,  
her faded lights on the wave

Now! *Hoos'* intrepid force right onward bears its  
To give the second blow; a total overthrow, & course  
While death and horror madly reign!  
Now they cry, yield or die,  
*British* colours ride the vanquish'd main!  
*Cbo.*—Now they cry, &c.

See! they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands!  
What dangers they grasp to shun a greater foe!  
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,  
The nymphs & sea gods mourn their hapless fate  
Proud *Ville de Paris*! now, thy lot superior know  
In bright *Britannia*'s line thy burnish'd sides shall  
Enough thou mighty god of war!  
Now we sing, bless the king,  
Here's a health to every *British* Tar,  
*Cbo.*—Now we sing, &c.

W Hen mighty roastbeef was the *Englishman*'s food  
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood;  
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good;  
O the roast beef of old England!  
And O the old *English* roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all-conqu'ring *France*,  
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,  
We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaisance;  
O the roast beef, &c.  
Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,  
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,  
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song  
O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?  
A sneaking poor race, half begotten, and tame;  
Who fully those honours that once shone in fame;  
O the roast beef, &c.

When good queen *Elizabeth* sat on the throne,  
Era coffee, or tea, or factitious slops were known,  
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown;  
O the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,  
They seldom or never returned their train,  
As witness, the vaunting Armada of Spain  
O the roast beef, &c.

O! then they had stomachs to eat, & to fight, [right  
 And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves  
 But now we're a pack of— I could—but good night!  
 O the roast beef of old England!  
 And O the old English wait-beef!

51

COME, jolly *Bacchus*, god of wine,  
 Crown this night with pleasure;  
 Let none at cares of life repine,  
 To destroy our pleasure:  
 Fill up the mighty, sparkling bowl,  
 That ev'ry true and loyal soul  
 May drink and sing, without controul,  
 To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty *Bacchus*, shalt thou be  
 Guardian to our pleasures—  
 That, under thy protection, we  
 May enjoy new pleasures—  
 And as the hours glide away,  
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,  
 And sing thy praises, that we may  
 Live and die with pleasure.

52

THE silver moon that shines so bright,  
 I swear with reason is my teacher;  
 And if my minute glass runs right,  
 We've time to drink another pitcher.  
 'Tis not yet day, 'tis not yet day,  
 Then why should we forsake good liquor;  
 Until the sun beams round us play,  
 Let's jocund push about the pitcher.

They say that I must work all day,  
 And sleep at night, to grow much richer;  
 But what is all the world can say,  
 Compar'd to mirth, my friend, and pitcher:  
 'Tis not yet day, &c.

Tho' one may boast a handsome wife,  
 Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her;  
 Unrev'd I live a cheerful life,  
 And boldly call for other pitcher.  
 'Tis not yet day, &c.

I dearly love a hearty man,  
 No sneaking milk-top *Feeling Twitchee*;  
 Who loves a laze, and loves a can,  
 And boldly calls for other pitcher—  
 'Tis not yet day, &c.

53

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to play we  
 To add something new to this wonderful way  
 To honour we call you, not press you like lead  
 For who are so free, as we sons of the wand?  
 Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are we  
 We always are ready,  
 Steady, boys, steady;  
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and up  
 We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to  
 They never see us, but they wish us away;  
 If they run, why we follow, and run them  
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more  
 Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible  
 They'll frighten our women, & children &  
 But should their flat bottoms in darkness get  
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them  
 Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make  
 In spite of the devil, and *Brussels* gazette;  
 Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let  
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and  
 Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

54

WHEN all the *Atic* fire was fled,  
 And all the *Roman* virtue dead,  
 Poor freedom lost her seat;  
 The Gothic mantle spread a night,  
 That dampt fair virtue's fading light  
 The muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander, what new host  
 Has yet a laurel left in store?  
 To this bleak idle they stare:

Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,  
 Soon virtue's sacred form appear'd  
 And freedom soon was born.

It has left his call,  
has halloo'd bell;  
e now by me;  
at holes all primitive found,  
as a thousand wounds,  
at by thee.

55  
regal purple stream,  
solar beams,  
sparkling rife,  
e, and glaz my eyes;  
and on fancy's wing,  
He, a jovial King,  
'U love my clay,  
and gone away,  
subjects say—  
ign'd, but that was *May*.

56  
contrive me such a cup  
rd of old;  
hall to trim it up,  
mad with gold.

re, that, fill'd with sack  
belling brim,  
he deltitious lake,  
t sea, may swim.

He on his cheek,  
ve nought to do;  
note that took *Mausfricht*,  
th leaguer knew.

s of planets tell  
r constellations;  
in *Sidrophel*,  
his relations.

on a spreading vine,  
no lovely boys;  
I am 'round folds entwine,  
future joys.

chus my saints are,  
and love still reign;  
ash away my care,  
love again.

57  
BY *Chrest* and St. *Pavel* going home last night;  
About two in the morning, I was put in a fright;  
Comes a dog in a double, tripp'd all to his throat;  
And throws down poor *Teague* very clean in the dirt.

Then firing his pistol direct on my faith,  
Stand still you damn'd dog or you're dead on the plait;  
De'l tauke him for me, for his favour and graith,  
For ne'er was dear joy in more sorrowful caith.

Confounded and speechless, bold as hero I cry'd,  
Your rogueiship will one day at *Tyburn* be try'd,  
If *Teague* catch you again at such viletricks as theses,  
He will swear, joy, upon you his Majesty's peaths.

Thus threaten'd he shewilly cry'd, my dear honey,  
I'll not hurt thee at all but preface me thy money,  
My money, dear joy, 'tis *Teague's* kept—the's undone  
Well, 'en take it all—for by *Chrest* I have none.

58  
BY some I am told,  
That I'm wrinkled and old,  
But I will not believe what they say,  
I feel my blood mounting,  
Like streams in a fountain,  
That merrily sparkle and play.  
For love I have will,  
And ability still;  
Odsbobs I can scarcely refrain,  
My diamond, my pearl,  
Well, be a good girl,  
Until I come to you again.

59  
FLY swiftly ye minutes till *Comus* receive,  
The nameless soft transports that beauty can give,  
The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,  
And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.  
Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,  
Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain,  
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave,  
Love & wine give ye gods or take back what ye gave.

60  
FROM tyrant laws and customs free,  
We follow sweet variety;



By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,

Eyes for eyes on the wine.

Why should niggard rules controul,

Transports of the jovial fest;

No dull fasting hour we dwe,

Pleasure cures our time alone.

61

If wine be a cordial, why does it torment,  
If a poison, oh tell me, whence comes my content?  
Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I com-  
Or repent my morn, when I know 'tis in vain plain  
Yet so charming the glass is, so deep is the quaff,  
That at once it both drowns and enlivens the heart.  
I take it off briskly, and when it is down,  
By my jolly complexion I make my joys known.  
But oh! how I'm blest, when so strong it does prove  
By its sovereign heat to expel that of love,  
When in quenching the old, I create a new flame,  
And am wrapt in such pleasures as still want a name.

62

JUPITER wencheth and drinks,  
He rules the roast in the sky,  
Yet he's a fool if he thinks  
That he's as happy as I.  
Juno rates him  
And grates him,  
And leads his highness a weary life,  
I have my lass,  
And my glass,  
And stroll a batchelor's merry life.  
Let him fluster  
And bluster  
Yet cringe to his harriard's furbello;  
To my fair tulips,  
I glew lips,  
And clink the cannikin here below.

63

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul,  
Who, like *Aristippus*, his passions controul;  
Of wisest philosophers, wisest was he,  
Who attentive to ease, let his mind still be free.  
The Prince, Peer, or Peasant, to him was the same,  
For pleas'd, he was pleasing to all where he came;

But still turn'd his back to contention and  
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his  
And the peace of his mind was his aim and  
He found fault with none, if none found fault  
If his friend had a humour—he humour'd him  
If wine was the word—why, he blam'd him  
If love was the topic—he toast'd his lass;  
But still turn'd his back on contention and  
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,  
He found fault with neither, for this was his  
That let them be guided by folly or fast  
'T would be *semper eadem* a hundred years hence  
He thought 'twas unfoolish to be mal-content,  
If the tide went with him—with the tide  
But still turn'd his back on contention and  
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war—his wish'd well to  
If a peace was concluded—a peace was his  
Disquiet to him, or of body or mind,  
Was the latitude only he never could find  
The philosopher's stone was but gravel and  
And all who had sought it, had sought it in vain  
He still turn'd his back on contention and  
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow *Aristippus*'s rule,  
And deem his opponents both asses and fools  
Let those not contented to lead or to drive,  
By the bees of their sect be drove out of their  
Expell'd from the mansions of quiet and ease,  
May they never find out the blest art to please  
And our friends & ourselves, not forgetting us  
By these maxims may live all the days of our life

64

IN *Jacky Bull*, when bound for France  
The gossing you discover;  
But taught to ride, to fence, and prime  
A hawk'd goose, comes over.

tiere and carte, fa, fa,  
cotillon so smart, ha, ha,  
is each female heart, oh ! ha !  
thy returns from *Dover*.

and dogs see 'squire at home,  
ince of country tonies,  
from *Paris, Spa, or Rome*,  
quire a nice *Adonis*.

tiere and carte, fa ! fa !  
cotillon so smart, ha ! ha !  
ns the female heart, oh ! ha !  
ink of macaronies.

65

*Midas* I've been told,  
you touch turns all to gold,  
ut a pow'r like thine,  
ate'er I touch to wine.

ig stream should feel my force,  
my fatal power mourn,  
ring at the mighty change,  
their native regions burn,  
there any dare t'approach,  
mantling sparkling wine,  
ould pay their rites to me,  
me only god of wine.

66

e conquering hero comes,  
e trumpets, beat the drums;  
epare, the laurel bring,  
triumph to him sing.  
odlike youth advance,  
the flutes, and lead the dance;  
wreaths and roses twine  
the hero's brow divine.

67

sure's in fashion, and life's but a jest,  
sfortune, I'll laugh with the best;  
who repute it a weakness to smile,  
opinion, my morals revile,  
e that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
ic chorus of ha-ha-ha-ha,

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,  
No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul;  
If care, or ill nature shall come in my reach,  
And, foaming with rage, like a methodist preach;  
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
I'll trip up their heels, and cry ha-ha-ha-ha.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance,  
Mirth ! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance;  
But sweeter the music will float in the air,  
If *Lucy*, my good-temper'd *Lucy*, be there;  
She, knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,  
Will join the sweet tune of loves' ha ha-ha-ha.

I'll laugh through the world, in defiance of strife,  
For laughter's an oil to the salad of life;  
I'll make daddy Time, as he passes in haste,  
Look over his shoulder, and long for a taste;  
Then, friends while your bosoms are free from a flaw,  
Swell round the gay chorus of ha ha-ha-ha.

68

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,  
Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;  
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,  
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;  
Obey the glad summons, to *Lethe* repair,  
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care,  
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,  
And young ones the rover they cannot regain;  
The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,  
And *Chloe* again be with passion enjoy'd;  
Obey then the summons, to *Lethe* repair  
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care;  
And drink an oblivion, &c.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,  
Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;  
The troubled in mind shall go cheerful away,  
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to day:  
Obey then the summons, to *Lethe* repair,  
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your cares,  
Drink deep of the stream, &c.

G G

W

WHEN *Bibo* thought fit from the world to re-  
 As full of champaign as an egg's full of meat, [treat,  
 He wak'd in the boat, and to *Charon* he said,  
 He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.  
 'Trim the boat, and sit quiet!' stern *Charon* reply'd.  
 You may have forgot, you was drunk when you dy'd.

HOW little do the landsmen know,  
 Of what we sailors feel,  
 When waves do mount and winds do blow !  
 But we have hearts of steel :  
 No danger can affright us,  
 No enemy shall flout :  
 We'll make the monfieurs right us,  
 So tofs the can about.  
 Stick close to orders, messmates,  
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink,  
 Then, *France*, have at your first-rates,  
 For *Britons* never shrink :  
 We'll rummage all we fancy,  
 We'll bring them in by scores,  
 And *Moll*, and *Kate*, and *Nancy*,  
 Shall roll in louis-d'ors..  
 While here at *Deal* we're lying,  
 With our noble commodore,  
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,  
 And then to sea for more :  
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,  
 In war we'll never fly,  
 Here's a health to *George* our king, boys,  
 And the royal family.

YE *Warwickshire* lads and ye lasses,  
 See what at our jubilee passes ;  
 Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,  
 Come revel away, rejoice and be glad.  
 For the lad of all lads was a *Warwickshire* lad ;  
     *Warwickshire* lad,  
     All be glad,  
 For the lad of all lads was a *Warwickshire* lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,  
 Where nature has lavish'd her bounty ;  
 Where much has been given, and some to be spai'd,  
 For the bard of all bards was a *Warwickshire* bard ;  
     *Warwickshire* bard,  
     Never pair'd,

For the bard of all bards was a *Warwickshire* bard  
 Our *Shakespeare* compar'd is to no man,  
 Nor *Frenchman*, nor *Grecian*, nor *Roman* ;  
 Their swans are all geese to the *Avon's* sweet twin  
 For the man of all men was a *Warwickshire* man ;  
     *Warwickshire* man,  
     *Avon's* swan,

For the man of all men was a *Warwickshire* man,  
 Old *Ben*, *Thomas Otway*, *John Dryden*,  
 And half a score more we take pride in ;  
 Of famous *Will Congreve* we boast too the skill.  
 But the *Will* of all *Wills* was a *Warwickshire Will* ;  
     *Warwickshire Will*,  
     Matchless still,

But the *Will* of all *Wills* was a *Warwickshire Will*  
 As ven'fon is very inviting,  
 To steal it our bard took delight in ;  
 To make his friends merry he never was lag,  
 For the wag of all wags was a *Warwickshire wag* ;  
     *Warwickshire* wag,  
     Ever brag,

For the wag of all wags was a *Warwickshire wag*,  
 There never was sure such a creature,  
 Of all he was worth he robb'd nature ;  
 He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,  
 For the thief of all thieves was a *Warwickshire* thief ;  
     *Warwickshire* thief,  
     He's the chief,

For the thief of all thieves was a *Warwickshire* thief

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,  
 Joy exhilarates my soul ;  
 To the nine I raise my song,  
 Ever fair, and ever young,  
 When full cups my cares dispel,  
 Sober counsel then succeed ;

winds, that murmur, sweep  
sorrows to the deep.

I drink dull time away,  
*Bacchus*, ever gay,  
me to delightful bow'rs,  
fragrance, full of flow'rs;  
I quaff the sparkling wine,  
my locks with roses twine,  
I praise life's rural scene,  
sequester'd, and serene

I drink the bowl profound,  
fragrance flowing round,  
some lovely nymph detain,  
then inspires the strain;  
from goblets deep and wide,  
tast the gen'rous tide,  
my soul unbonds—I pay  
loyalty with the young and gay.

73  
E with care, complaint, and frowning,  
some jollity and joy;  
lest in pleasure drowning,  
this happy night employ.  
friendship do our duty,  
and sing some good old strain;  
health to love and beauty,  
hey long in triumph reign!

74  
Roger and Nell, come *Simkin* and *Ball*,  
led with his lass hither come,  
singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,  
celebrate Harvest Home;  
as *Ceres* bids play, to keep holiday,  
celebrate harvest-home, harvest-home, &c.

our is o'er, our barns in full store  
swell with rich gifts of the land;  
man then take, for his prong and rake,  
in and his lass in his hand: For *Ceres*, &c.  
tier can be so happy as we,  
necence, pastime, and mirth,  
hus we carouse with our sweetheart or spouse,  
"oice o'er the fruits of the earth, When, &c.

75  
THESE mortals say right, in their jovial abodes,  
That a glass of good punch is the drink of the gods;

Take only a smack of  
The nectar we crack of,  
You'll find it is punch, and no more;  
The ingredients they mingle,  
Are contraries, single;

So are ours, they're the elements four.  
Then, *Bacchus*, for thou art the drunkard's pro-  
Issue instant a fiat, [recter,  
And let who dare deny it, [nectar,  
That nectar's good punch, and that good punch is

76  
THE truths that I sing none deny me,  
They're truths that must ever prevail;  
Ye poor dogs of *France*, we defy ye,  
By the force of our *English* good ale.

The tricks ye attempt, but in vain are,  
They are what we expected, and sale;  
Your troops, and your fleets, our disdain are,  
By the force of our *English* good ale.

When *Bejs*, that brave queen, rul'd the nation,  
'Twas *Spain's* great *Armada* did fail;  
She dealt to the *Dons* tribulation,  
By the force of our *English* good ale.

And thus we will serve them for ever,  
Tho' their loads on our necks they'd entail;  
There's none like our people, so clever,  
By the force of our *English* good ale.

Free-born, we support our defender,  
To our sons we hand down the detail;  
Despise the devil, pope, and pretender,  
By the force of our *English* good ale.

77  
THE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,  
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;  
The yellow-harvest, free from spoil,  
Rewards the happy farmer's toil;  
The flowing bowl succeeds the toil,  
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

78  
**W**HAT think you, my masters! 'tis wondrous to  
 That puffs are encourag'd to such a degree. [me,  
 But puffs I detest, so live quiet and hush;  
 I sell you good wine, and good wine needs no bush.

Posts, pensions, and votes, are oft got by a puff,  
 Bar, pulpit, and theatre, thrive by the stuff,  
 But puffs I detest, &c.

I laugh at the newspapers till I'm half blind,  
 To see how by puffing men tickle mankind;  
 But puffs I detest, &c.

When great ones negotiate matters by puff,  
 To ape them mechanics are ready enough;  
 But puffs I detest, so live quiet and hush;  
 I sell you good wine, and good wine needs no bush.

79  
**W**HEN peace here was reigning,  
 And love without waining,  
 Or care or complaining,  
 Base passions disdaining;  
 This, this was my way,  
 With my pipe and my tabor  
 I laugh'd down the day,  
 Nor envy'd the joys of my neighbour.

Now sad transformation  
 Runs thro' the whole nation;  
 Peace, love, recreation,  
 All chang'd to vexation;  
 This, this is my way,  
 With my pipe and my tabor  
 I laugh down the day,  
 And pity the cares of my neighbour.

While all are designing,  
 Their friends undermining,  
 Reviling, repining,  
 To mischief inclining;  
 This, this is my way,  
 With my pipe and my tabor  
 I laugh down the day,  
 And pity the cares of my neighbour.

80  
**F**ILL your glasses, banish grief,  
 Laugh, and worldly cares despise;  
 Sorrow ne'er can bring relief.  
 Joy from drinking will arise.  
 Why should we with wrinkled care,  
 Change what nature made so fair?  
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,  
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,  
 Some to honour do aspire;  
 Give me freedom, give me health,  
 There's the sum of my desire.  
 What the world can more present,  
 Will not add to my content;  
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,  
 Peace of mind is always best.

Busy brains, we know, alas!  
 With imaginations run,  
 Like sand within the hour-glass;  
 Turn'd and turn'd, and still runs on,  
 Never knowing when to stay,  
 But uneasy every way;  
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,  
 Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,  
 Makes the heart alert and free;  
 Let it rain, or snow, or shine,  
 Still the same thing 'tis with me.  
 There's no fence against our fate,  
 Changes daily on us wait;  
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,  
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

81  
**L**AUGHING-Cepids, bring me roses,  
 And my wreath, ye graces, twine;  
 I'm this night dispos'd for rapture,  
 Having beauty, wit, and wine.  
 Let the sober stoics wonder,  
 And their apathy define;  
 I'll not follow such dull doctrine,  
 While I've beauty, wit, and wine.

## SOCIAL and CONVIVIAL SONGS.

Such old dotards well may censure,  
Call me thoughtless libertine;  
Sour's the grape when we can't reach it,  
So is beauty, wit, and wine.

Come, ye brisk *Arabian* lasses,  
For that heaven you seek is mine.  
Upon beds of roses lolling,  
Bless'd with beauty, wit, and wine.

And when this gay life is over,  
Pour libations on my shrine;  
I've a paradise hereafter,  
Full of beauty, wit, and wine.

82

LET soldiers fight for prey or praise  
And money be the miser's wish,  
Poor scholars study all their days,  
And gluttons glory in their dish.  
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives the soul;  
Therefore give us the charming bowl.

Let minions marshal every hair,  
Who in a lover's look delight,  
And artificial colours wear,  
Pure wine is native red and white.  
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave;  
That lively, which before was dull;  
Opens the heart that loves to save,  
And kindness flows from cup brimful.  
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and others health,  
Some want a wife, and some a punk;  
Some men want wit, and others wealth,  
But they want nothing who are drunk!  
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives the soul;  
Therefore give us the charming bowl.

83

THE wain with his flock by a brook loves to rest,  
With soft rural lays to drive grief from his breast;  
The sun, light as air, loves himself to behold,  
The *Briton* his foe, and the miser his gold;  
The pleasures I chuse yield more joy to my soul,  
The delight of my heart is a full flowing bowl.

The huntsman, fatig'd with the toils of the day  
By the side of a fountain delight to solace;  
At his mistress's feet the fond lover to whine  
The beaux at the play or assembly to shine.

The pleasures, &c.

My *Chloe*'s in rapture to hear herself praise'd,  
The courtier to find that his income is rais'd.  
Some nymphs love the town, and in jewels to pine  
And some spiritless lovers in silence to pine.

The pleasures, &c.

Some cards love, some coffee, some dice, and  
Some talking, some fiddling, some dancing,  
Their choices are dull, there's a spirit in wine,  
Which always enlivens with rapture divine.  
The pleasures I chuse yield more joy to my self  
The delight of my heart is a full-flowing bowl

84

WHILST I am carousing to cheer up my k  
Oh! how I triumph to see a full bowl!

This is the treasure,  
The only pleasure,  
The blessing that makes me rejoice and sing.  
Thus while I am drinking,  
Free from dull thinking  
Then I am greater than the greatest king.

85

WHILE I sigh'd with idle care,  
For a jilting, cruel fair,  
*Ibracia*'s god forbade to pine,  
And prescrib'd his rosy wine.

Quick tormenting *Cupid* flew,  
And to love I bade adieu;  
*Bacchus* came with jolly face,  
And supply'd his vacant place.

Ev'ry joy on earth was mine,  
Social friends, and mirth and wine;  
Then I swore by *Stygian Jove*,  
Ne'er to taste the cares of love.  
But how frail the vow that died  
At a glance of beauty's eyes!  
*Chloe* taught me wine was vain,  
And I turn'd to love again.

**W**INE, wine in the morning  
Makes us frolick and gay,  
That, like eagles, we soar  
In the pride of the day;  
Gouty fots of the night  
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun rises the grape.  
And to drinking gives light;  
We imitate him  
When by noon we're at height;  
They steal wine, who take it  
When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,  
Fill them up now he shines;  
The higher he rises,  
The more he refines;  
For wine and wit fall  
As their maker declines.

**W**ELL met, jolly fellows, well met;  
By this bowl you're all welcome, I swear;  
See where on the table 'tis set,  
And design'd for the grave of our care.  
From this social convention,  
'Twill drive all contention,  
Save only who longest can drink;  
Then fill up your glasses,  
And drink to your lives.  
The head-ach take him that shall shrink.

Do but look at this glass! here boys, hand it around;  
Why it sparkles like *Plinius's* eye;  
But 'tis better by far, boys; for when her eyes wound  
This balm to the wound will supply;  
Then a fig for all thinking;  
Fill, fill, and be drinking;  
Let us drown all our cares and our sorrow;  
Come, the toast, boys, the toast!  
There's no time to be lost,  
For our cares will return with to-morrow.

**I**N history you may read  
Of *Charley* that great *Swede*,  
And many more brave warriors  
That have great conquests made;  
But the *Prussian* most renown'd  
The trump of fame does found;  
We'll all agree, in bravery,  
His match could ne'er be found.

No dangers did him scare  
Amidst the *Austrian* war,  
Where troops of righted heroes  
Stood glittering from afar;  
At the rattling of their drums,  
And thund'ring of their guns,  
He scorns to yield, but braves the field  
And from no danger runs.

His troops they are but few,  
But to their cause are true,  
Stout-hearted, bold and daring,  
As ever weapon drew;  
In the midst of smok and fire,  
He cries, boys, ne'er retire,  
But fight while e'er a vein your blood can  
To free the lost empire!

Then may the great *Jehovah*,  
The God of peace and love  
Protect our *Prussian* hero  
And all his deeds approve;  
And when heav'n does him displace,  
May one of his great race,  
Hold it good, to spare our blood,  
And crown his days in peace.

**T**HE town's a rare show, some say,  
A rare show for projections;  
What pity 'tis, we spoil the play  
For want of better actors.  
But sometimes in, and sometimes out,  
'Tis to upon all stages;  
Folks will not mind what they're about,  
But only mind the wages.

## SOCIAL AND CONVIVIAL SONOS.

the imitative arts,  
 f is an actor's science;  
 ive heads, and feeling hearts,  
 a nature form alliance.  
 the scenes, tho' party rage,  
*ice, and adulation,*  
*ander—but we know the stage*  
 'd represent the nation.

representative indeed !  
 layers make believe, Sir,  
 world's drama, to succeed,  
 as you can deceive, Sir.  
 ay be caught, by face or dress,  
 re you come to know folks;  
 n the counterfeits confess,  
 're all—but merely show-folks.

m great characters to hit,  
 spouts as *public spirit*,  
*lness* is mistook for *wit*,  
*silence* want of merit.  
 udy the informer's arts,  
 power their side espouses;  
 lay the pimps, and flatterers parts,  
 pes to have full houses.

e this same droll we shew,  
*humours of the nation—*  
 ily high, extremely low,  
 mic dissipation.  
*rid ! —What by that word we mean,*  
 f and self's disguises;  
 lazy, lottery scene,  
 e folly fills up prizes.

er we think, whate'er we say,  
 e'er we are pursuing,  
 and o'er the self-same play  
 ing and undoing.  
 egetation ripens and rots,  
*rust to dust returning;*  
*sprinkle well our spots*  
*ak from night to morning.*

90

OH ! what pleasures will abound,  
 When my wife is laid in ground,  
 Let earth cover her,  
 We'll dance over her,  
 When my wife is laid in ground.  
 Oh ! how happy should I be,  
 Would little *Nysa* pig with me,  
 How I'd mumble her,  
 Touze and tumble her,  
 Would little *Nysa* pig with me.

91

ONE day with my friends, all jollity rise,  
 They ask'd me to prove the true medium of life,  
 Thus closely put to't, I determin'd to try,  
 When I thought that I hit it, between you and I;  
 'Twas Punch I averr'd, and I think you will own,  
 Not far from the mark I so much had not flown,  
 Good Punch is the liquor, as sure as a gun,  
 A bowl of that same and the medium are one.

When lemon and sugar together do meet,  
 The acid's corrected by mixing the sweet;  
 While water and spirits most happily blend,  
 And each from extremes does the other defend.  
 All stirr'd up together, the sparkling full bowl  
 Brings smiles on the face from the joy of the soul;  
 With me then you'll join, that, as sure as a gun,  
 A bowl of good punch and the medium are one.

Let us, my good friends, be all jolly and gay,  
 The roots, without wat'ring, will ever decay;  
 So life without liquor must come to rebuff,  
 Then drink while you may and make sure of enough  
 'Twill keep our trail state in a temper that's meet,  
 Contented with taking the four with the sweet;  
 Hang party and faction, spleen, sorrow, and strife,  
 A bumper fill up to the medium of life.

92

THE cards were sent, the muses came,  
 'Twa *Ceres* gave the feast  
 To *Juno Jove's* majestic dame,  
 Fair *Hebe* hail'd each guest.



With *Phœbus*, *Bacchus*, wit and wine,  
Like man and wife, should social shine.  
With I fall, lall, la.

Th' *Olympic* dance, *Minerva* wise,  
With grateful steps mov'd round;  
Blue was the fillet—like her eyes,  
Her sapient temples crown'd;  
That girdle loosen'd, falling down,  
Buck *Bacchus* caught the azure zone.

Upon his breast the ribbon plac'd,  
By *Sisy*, avow'd the truth,  
What had the throne of wisdom grac'd,  
Should grace the seat of truth:  
His robe he instant open threw,  
And on his bosom beam'd *True Blue*.

"Kings, taught by me, shall Garters give,  
"In installation's show;  
"What subjects merits should receive,  
"Their monarchs should bestow.  
"This symbol, lov'd, celestials view,  
"And stamp your sanctions on *True Blue*."

The rosy God, *Urania* prais'd;  
The tuneful sisters join;  
The Sov'reign of the Sky was pleas'd,  
To conkellate the sign,  
Along the clouds loud Pæans flew,  
*Olympus* join'd, and hail'd *True Blue*!  
This order *Iris* bore to earth,  
*Minerva* charg'd the fair,  
Where first she foud out sons of worth,  
To leave the Ribbon there.  
From clime to clime she searching flew,  
And in *Old England* left *True Blue*.

**S**HE tells me with claret she cannot agree,  
And she thinks of a hoghead whene'er she sees me  
For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I  
Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny: [friend,  
Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my  
And I hope will continue so to my life's end?  
Must I leave it for her? 'tis a very hard task;  
'o the devil, bring t'other full flask.

Had she tax'd me with gaming and bid me forbear,  
'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear;  
Had she found out my *Chloris* up three pair of stairs  
I had baulk'd her, and gone to *St. James's* to pray!  
Had she bid me read homilies three times a day  
She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say,  
But at night to deny me a cup of dear red,  
Let her go to the devil, there's no more to be said.

94

**S**INCE you mean to hire for service,  
Come with me yot jolly dog;  
You can help to bring home harvest,  
Tend the sheep and feed the hog.  
With three crowns, your standing wages,  
You shall deintily be fed;  
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbage,  
Butter milk, and oaten bread.  
Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,  
When we get you once at home,  
And when daily labour's over,  
We'll all dance to your hum, strum.

95

**T**HROUGH all the professions in town,  
Each toper his tavern has got,  
The courtier repairs to the crown,  
The summer hanger out for the lot.  
The soldier is found at the gun,  
The mitre, reclainer of evil;  
The cit to the horn will sure run,  
The lawyer he goes to the devil.

96

**T**HERE was a jolly miller once,  
Liv'd on the river *Dee*,  
He work'd and sung from morn till night,  
No lark more blythe than he.  
And this the burthen of his song  
For ever w'd to be.  
I care for nobody, no not I,  
If no one care for me.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear  
From fraud, disguise, and guile,  
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,  
Nor court the harlot's smile.  
The greatness that would make us grave,  
Is but an empty thing;  
What more than mirth would mortals have?  
The cheerful man's a king.

THE man who in his breast contains,  
A heart which no base art arraigns,  
Enchanting pleasure's ground may tread,  
Where love and youthful fancy lead;  
May toy and laugh, may dance and sing,  
While jocund life is in her spring.  
When cynics rail, and pedants frown,  
Their rigid maxims I disown;  
I smile to see their angry brow,  
And hate the gloomy selfish crew;  
In their despite I'll laugh and sing,  
While jocund life is in her spring.

Be mine the social joys of life,  
And let good nature vanquish strife,  
So innocence with me reside,  
And honour reigns each action's guide;  
I'll toy and laugh, and dance and sing,  
While jocund life is in her spring.

Then *Phillis* come, and share those joys  
Which no intemperate use destroys;  
While you remain as kind as fair,  
My heart defies each anxious care;  
With thee I'll toy, and laugh and sing,  
While jocund life is in her spring.

YES, yes, I own I love to see,  
Old men facetious, blith and free;  
I love the youth that light can bound,  
Or graceful swim th' harmonious round;  
But when old age, jocose tho' grey,  
Can dance and frolic with the gay,

'Tis plain to all the jovial throng,  
Tho' hoar the head, the heart is young.

ONE night having nothing to do—nor to drink,  
I began a new practice, and that was to think;—  
What my subject should be, kept me some time in  
I consider'd, at last—what we all were about. [doubt  
Such frauds and such factions, such follies, such fits—  
Such out-of-door clamours & in contradictions [tions  
What must this be owing to? why, or from whence?  
What is it we want—why, we want Common Sense,  
O yes! who can tell us where Common Sense dwells  
Does it burnish gold roofs, or strew rushes in cells?  
Does it beam in the mine? does it swim in the sea?  
Does it wing the wide air? does it blossom the tree?

If folks would accept Common Sense as their guest,  
With *meum* and *tuum* at home they'll be blest'd,  
Not like lunatic lackeys run mad up and down,  
Nor mind any business but what was their own.

But which is the way to find Common Sense out?  
She feasts not on turtle—cuts in at no rout; [pence  
Get the tub cynic's lanthorn, we won't mind ex-  
But look by its light, 'till we spy Common Sense.  
If chance she is seen, tho' for fear we mistake her  
She's natively near, like a lovely young quaker.  
Pure beauty, despising false drapery's aid,  
And Common Sense scorns all pedantic parade.

Let us first call at court, but, perhaps, we intrude,  
'Twas told so by Miss Affectation, the prude;  
There fashion forbids the free use of the mind,  
What can Common Sense say in a place so refin'd?  
Then at church, to be sure, Common Sense there suc-  
Unless superstition should choke it with weeds [ceeds  
And tho' infidelity dares a pretence,  
She's easily vanquish'd by plain Common Sense.

When I mention'd the church, you expected at least  
In the common-place mode, some stale joke 'gainst a  
That a laugh I must traileat the clergy's expense [price  
But he who wou'd wish it, must want Common Sense

As to trade, no accounts can be well kept without her  
The stock jobbers say they know nothing about her.  
Bear witness Change-alley—the *Omniums* declare,  
Common Sense shall for ever be *under par* there.

101

SINCE at last I am FREE,  
Contented I'll be,  
O'er briars barefooted to go,  
Or lost in the rain,  
Upon *Salisbury Plain*,  
Or left without clothes in the snow.  
Or if I should perch  
On top of *Paul's Church*,  
The hottest day, just about noon,  
Astride the cross sat,  
Without hood or hat,  
I'd whistle off pain with a tune.

For now I am FREE,  
No low spirits for me,  
I laugh at all crosses I find;  
I think as I please,  
And reflect at my ease,  
For liberty lies in the mind.

To my fancy I live,  
And what fancy can give,  
I enjoy, tho' it is but a dream;  
Observe the world through,  
Do others pursue  
Ought else than a fanciful scheme?

Some fancy the court,  
Some fancy field-sport,  
The chase of a beauty some chuse;  
The toppers with wine,  
The misers with coin,  
And poets are pleas'd with their muse.

*La Mancha's* mad knight,  
With windmills would fight.  
Like him our attempts are a jest;  
With envy infand,  
And with projects so vain,  
Each sneers at the schemes of the rest.

This extravagancy  
On folly or fancy,  
Appears to be rather too long;  
With something that's shrewd,  
I wish to conclude;  
And make this an epigram song.  
In a Point it must end,  
On a Point I depend,  
And like a staunch pointer I'll stand,  
I appoint you to sing,  
I appoint you to ring,  
And a Scotch Pint of Claret command.

102

BACCHUS, one day, gaily striding,  
On his never failing tun,  
Sneaking *aquapots* deriding,  
Thus address'd each toping son:  
Praise the joys that never vary,  
And adore the liquid shrine.  
All things noble, bright, and airy,  
Are perform'd by generous wine.  
Pristine heroes crown'd with glory,  
Owe their noble rise to me.  
*Homer* wrote the flaming story,  
Fir'd by my divinity:  
If my influence is wanting,  
Music's charms but slowly move;  
Beauty too in vain lies panting,  
'Till I fill the swain with love.  
If you crave eternal pleasure,  
Mortals! this way bend your eyes;  
From my ever flowing treasure,  
Charming scenes of bliss arise;  
Here's the charming, soothing blessing,  
Sole dispenser of all pain;  
Gloomy souls from care releasing,  
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

103

IN good *King Charles's* golden days,  
When loyalty had no harm in't;  
A zealous high churchman I was,  
And so I yet preferment

Oh I never mis'd ;  
 God appointed ;  
 ann'd that do resist,  
 e Lord's anointed.  
 law I will maintain,  
 dying day, sir,  
 soever king shall reign,  
 vicar of *Bray*, sir.

get obtain'd the throne,  
 me in fashion,  
 I hooted down,  
 Declaration,  
 Rome I found would sit,  
 constitution ;  
 e a Jesuit,  
 evolution.  
 his is law, &c.

was our king declar'd,  
 ation's grievance ;  
 wind about I steer'd,  
 him allegiance ;  
 did revoke,  
 e at a distance ;  
 e was a joke,  
 non-resistance.  
 his is law, &c.

*Anne* ascends the throne,  
 of *England's* glory,  
 f things was seen,  
 e a story :  
 formists base,  
 it moderation ;  
 e church in danger was,  
 arication.  
 this is law, &c.

n pudding-time came o'er,  
 te men look'd big, sir,  
 n-pa once more,  
 came a whig, sir,  
 ent I procur'd,  
 faith's defender ;

And always, every day, abjur'd  
 The pope and the pretender.  
 And this is law, &c.

Th'illustrious house of *Hanover*,  
 And protestant succession ;  
 To these I do allegiance swear,  
 While they can keep possession ;  
 For, by my faith and loyalty,  
 I never more can fault,  
 And *George* my lawful king shall be,  
 Until the time shall alter.  
 And this is law, &c.

WHAT a charming thing's a battle !  
 Trumpets sounding, drums a beating ;  
 Cack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle,  
 Ev'ry heart with joy elating.  
 With what pleasure are we spying,  
 From the front and from the rear,  
 Round us in the smoaky air,  
 Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying !  
 Then the groans of soldiers dying,  
 Just like sparrows, as it were.

At each pop,  
 Hundreds drop ;  
 While the muskets prattle  
 Kill'd and wounded,  
 Lie confounded.

What a charming thing's a battle !  
 But the pleasant joke of all,  
 Is when to close attack we fall ;  
 Like mad bulls each other butting,  
 Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting ;  
 Horse and foot,  
 All go to't,  
 Kill's the word, both men and cattle ;  
 Then to plunder,  
 Blood and thunder,  
 What a charming thing's a battle.

WITH swords on their thighs the bold yeomen are  
 For their country they arm, their religion & queen.

How glorious their ardour to lay down their lives,  
In defence of their freedom, their children & wives!  
Ye tyrants, ye know not what liberty yields, [fields;  
How she guards all our shores, and protects all our  
As *Hebe* she's fair, and as *Hercules* strong, [song.  
She's the queen of our mirth, and the joy of our  
To Liberty raise up the high cheerful strain,  
Fill the goblets around to the lords of the main.  
*Eliza* is queen, and her brave loyal band  
Shall drive each invader far out of the land.

WHAT *Cato* advises most certainly wife is,  
Not always to labour, but sometimes to play,  
To mingle sweet pleasure with labour after treasure,  
Indulgent at night for the toils of the day;  
And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser,  
His bags will decrease, while his health does decay  
Our souls we enliven, our fancies we brighten,  
And pass the long evening in pleasures away.

All cheerful and hearty, we set aside party,  
With some tender fair each full bumper is crown'd  
Then *Bacchus* invites us, and *Venus* delights us,  
While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd:  
See here's our physician, we know no ambition,  
But where there's good wine & good company found  
Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,  
'Tis sunshine and summer with us the year round.

BRISK wine and women are  
The source of all our joys;  
A brimmer softens every care,  
And beauty never cloy:  
Then let us drink and love,  
While yet our hearts are gay;  
Women and wine, by all approv'd,  
Are blessings night and day.

BY the gaily-circling glaß  
We can see how minutes pass;  
By the hollow cask are told  
How the waning night grows old:  
How the waning night grows old;

Soon, too soon, the busy day  
Drives us from our sport and play:  
What have we with day to do?  
Sons of care, 'twas made for you;  
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

PUSH the bumpers about, drink my toast &c  
Round the brim let the liquor be flowing;  
We're robbing of life while we drinking delay,  
'So prithee, dear brother, keep doing: [in  
Here's a health to the man who for strength has  
Who values no mortal for riches alone,  
Who ne'er trod on the weak, or gave sorrow a sin  
He he's a true son of the bottle.

The science of drinking is better by half,  
Than the *Ethics* of old *Aristotle*;  
I look at all life, and at all life I laugh,  
Except in the life of a bottle;  
Let scholiasts with scholiasts explain and confute  
The motion of matter, the world's wheeling  
For make them once drunk, and the secret is found  
Such wonders are, work'd by the bottle.

Should sickness, despair, and captivity join,  
I'd equal the ancients in thinking;  
No cordial, no comfort I'd ask for but wine,  
No freedom demand but for drinking:  
Stood death like a drawer to wait on me home,  
Or bailiff-like durst he push into the room,  
I'd try for a moment to tip him the hum,  
'Till I bumper'd the last of my bottle.

WHILE *Whit-frost* & *Winter* with cant & p  
Th' enjoyments of life and its pleasures degra  
And draw from pure nature, men gudgeons by  
By that orthodox humbug—the saving of souls:  
Permit me a wonder most strange to declare,  
Of a youth who but lately fell—out of the firm  
From whose early workings and manner so qu  
The faithful, with pleasure, had mark'd for a  
'Twas past ten o'clock by that watchman old  
When *Satan* wou'd have it who promp

ing open, young *Pious* went in,  
 o the wicked and rail against sin :  
 choice spirits whose only design,  
 then their mirth by the help of good wine  
 tickled and touch'd to the quack,  
 his fore conscience of hell & old nick.  
 g of hymns, he now alter'd his note,  
 of good humour, he soon got by rote :  
 g and groaning young *Pious* thus won,  
 in the glass with good humour & fun :  
 your cant, the new convert now cries,  
 and reason has open'd my eyes :  
 you can, boys, since die we all must,  
 we're sure of—the future—I'll trust

111  
 [IS for landmen to prate,  
 ch trifling I hate,  
 and cajole is their plan :  
 r a licence let's haste,  
 e have no time to waste;  
 that best speak the man.

n a rough, honest tar,  
 st landed from far;  
 cannot change like the weather ;  
 s the needle 'tis true,  
 nd points only to you ;  
 n, then, splice us together.

112  
 man who for life  
 id with a wife,  
 wretched condition ;  
 gs how they will,  
 ks by him still,  
 s his only physician,  
 an, &c.  
 le and toy,  
 ve a man joy,  
 n's promoted by beauty ?  
 ere is the bliss  
 mingal kiss.  
 n is prompted by duty.  
 , &c.

The dog when posses'd  
 Of mutton the best,  
 A bone he may leave at his pleasure;  
 But if to his tail  
 'Tis ty'd, without fail  
 He is harra's'd and plagu'd beyond measure.  
 Poor cur, &c.

113  
 T'HO' envious old age seems in part to impair me,  
 And make me the sport of the wanton and gay ;  
 Brisk wine shall recruit, as life's winter shall wear  
 And I still have a heart to do what I may. [me,  
 Then, *Venus*, bestow me some damsel of beauty,  
 As *Bacchus* shall lend me a cherishing glass ;  
 To *Selena* the Great they shall both pay their duty,  
 We'll first clasp the bottle, and then clasp the lass ;  
 The bottle and lass,  
 The lass and the bottle ;  
 We'll first clasp the bottle, and then clasp the lass ;

114  
 T'HE month of *September*  
 I well shall remember,  
 On account of the flames and the fire,  
 With which *Yu'tet* the nun,  
 Full of frolic and fun,  
 Singe'd the heart of the am'rous friar.

The force of her kisses,  
 And melting caresses,  
 I'll with pleasure and extasy own ;  
 For most certain it is,  
 That one balmy kiss  
 From her lips, would enliven a stone.

Then be silent, ye fools,  
 Who by musty dull roles,  
 Pretend your fierce passions to tame ;  
 For without the blest aid  
 Of a kind-hearted maid,  
 Life is nothing but sorrow and pain.

115  
 T'HE sages of old,  
 In prophecy told,  
 The cause of a nation's undoing ;  
 H b

But our new *English* breed  
No prophecies need,  
For each one here seeks his own ruin.

With grumbling and jara,  
We promote civil wars,  
And preach up false tenets to many ;  
We snarl and we bite,  
We rail and we fight  
For religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,  
That's true to his friend,  
And the church and the senate would settle ;  
Who delights not in blood.  
But draws when he shou'd,  
And bravely stands brunt to the bottle.

Who rails not at kings,  
Nor politick things,  
Nor treason will speak when he's mellow ;  
But takes a full glass  
To his country's success ;  
This, this is an honest brave fellow :

116

To *Phyllis* and *Chloe*, and all the gay throng,  
Too long the soft lay has been rais'd ;  
Too long to their beauty has flow'd the vain song,  
Too long has their beauty been prais'd :  
Great *Bacchus*, repentant, thy pardon I ask,  
Forgiveness I humbly implore ;  
If e'er for a female I quit a full cask,  
May I never enjoy one drop more—great god ;  
May I never enjoy one drop more,

Ye fops and ye fribbles, your title I own  
To sing all the charms of the fair ;  
Their beauties to praise is your province alone ;  
Alone make their beauties your cure :  
For who in his senses what mortal can blame  
Who strives his own merit to raise ?  
For women and fops are so nearly the same,  
In theirs that he sings his own praise—sweet Miss  
theirs, &c.

Tho' wit, sparkling wit, some rare females pos  
Tho' kindness may add to their store ;  
Good-nature and smiles have a bumper no less,  
And sparkles an hundred times more :  
With virtue unfully'd adorn'd tho' she be,  
Tho' modesty blooms in each feature,  
A bottle is not more immodest than she,  
It's virtue ten thousand times greater—dear be  
It's virtue, &c.

Their beauty attracting I freely confess ;  
Their sex, I must own, has it's charms ;  
I own for a moment they're able to bless,  
And melt us away in their arms :  
Yet lasting the pain is, and transient the joy ;  
The raptures are instantly past ;  
But wine, happy juice ! is sure never to cloy,  
It's pleasures till doomsday shall last—brave be  
It's pleasures, &c.

Then adieu to their charms, to their beauties ad  
All thoughts of the sex I resign ;  
I fight in thy cause, to thy int'rest am true,  
And yield me eternally thine :  
And if ever, great master, thy colours I fly,  
If e'er like a rover I pine,  
May (greatest of curses !) my hoghead run dry,  
Nor more be replenish'd with wine—blest wi  
Nor more, &c.

117

ONE day at her toilet as *Venus* began  
To prepare for her face-making duty,  
*Bacchus* stood at her elbow, and swore that her  
Would not help it, but hinder her beauty.  
A bottle young *Semele* held up to view,  
And begg'd she'd observe his directions—  
This Burgundy, dear *Cytherea*, will do,  
'Tis a rouge that refines all complexions.  
Too polite to refuse him, the bumper she sips,  
On his knees, the buck begg'd she'd excuse  
The joy-giving goddess, which wine-moisten'd  
Declar'd she would help him to some more.

# SOCIAL AND CONVIVIAL SONGS.

352

reach wash, paste, & powder, shehurl'd  
od of the grape vow'd to join;  
sign'd & seal'd, then bid fame tell the  
n'twixt BEAUTY and WINE. [world

118

mind methought I through Æther was  
ong spirits of air; [hurl'd,  
s clouds, we look'd down on the world  
hibitions spy'd there.

us was there, bearing *Monarchy's* crown  
n round *Liberty Hall*; [down,  
her rich robe, *Public Spirit* pull'd  
broad grinn'd at her fall.

use plac'd, to denote foul and fair,  
s keep veering about;  
e saw, and smil'd at their glare,  
n'd, with the times, in and out.

s, mask'd with *Hypocrisy's* face,  
thunder'd aloud;  
ing's joke, with distorted grimace,  
heir gudgeons,—the crowd.

our were there, drove from *Dignity's*  
lity's coach might have room; [door,  
w open *Temptation's* base store,  
taint *Simplicity's* bloom.

against *Prudence* was waging a fight,  
e oppos'd *Duty* strong;  
onfess'd *Reason's* dictates were right,  
mselves still resolv'd to be wrong.

roop towards *Westminster* bore;  
lers there are 'mong mankind?  
s *Lawyers* paraded before,  
sice follow'd behind.

nents we saw—but respect shall with-  
nat's pour'd forth on the cloth; [stand  
and *Statesmen* we saw hand in hand,  
lood at *par* between both.

ad lain siege to *Integrity's* head,  
was battering his heart;  
s struck *Humility* dead,  
t *Vanity's* part.

Crafty *Care* and pale *Usury*, two sleepless hags,  
Wealth o'erwhelm'd, yet untired with toil;  
Their heir *Dissipation* we saw at their bags,  
With *Flattery* sharing the spoil.

The myst'ries of trade,—but no longer I'll dwell  
On either the mighty or mean;  
From an emperor's court to a penitent's cell,  
Life's all the same laughable scene.

'Tis a pitiful piece, like a farce in a fair,  
Where shew, noise and nonsense misrule,  
Where tinsel parades, make ignorance stare,  
Where he who acts best is the fool.

119

LET us laugh at the common distinctions of state,  
When merely from title, men hold themselves great;  
If merit wins honours, the wearers we praise,  
But only the mean, homage heraldry's blaze.

If you are a lineal descendant from *Adam*,  
Or spouse can collateral claim from his madam;  
O'er acres of parchment, tho' pedigrees spread, [bred  
Boast not how you're born, Sir, but shew how you're  
You laurels display, which your forefathers won;  
We allow *they* did great things, but what have you  
The cover & stubble, your conquests proclaim, [done  
And your country's preserv'd by the *laws of the game*

Ye lords of large manors, your flatt'ers disband,  
What are ye but tenants for life to the land; [plate,  
Your lakes, gardens, grots, temples, busts, pictures,  
Are things of the inn, where in life's-stage you bait.

Awhile you the labours of luxury bear,  
Till time tells you out, to make room for your heir;  
The same round of riot, he runs for his day,  
His successor's summons, sends him the same way.

But HZ who exists in infinity's state,  
Whose hand holds the sun, and whose fiat is fate;  
To some has sent power, to others give wealth,  
And to us, who are humble, his best blessing, *health*.

To the graces, we nightly, a sacrifice make,  
Wit & humour, the chairs, as our toast-masters take;  
By such social converse, our time we improve,  
While tenderness leads us the daughters of love

H h 2



Jolly welcome attends hospitalier's call,  
Common sense is our cat'ner in liberty-hall;  
For one dish dress'd there, all court treats we resign  
Keep your distance, ye Kings! independent we dine.

— 120 —

**A BUMPER** of good liquor  
Will end a contest quicker  
Than justice, judge, or vicar:  
So fill a cheerful glass,  
And let good-humour pass  
But if more deep the quarrel,  
Why sooner drain the barrel,  
Than be the hateful fellow  
That's crabbed when he's mellow.  
A bumper, &c.

— 121 —

**AGAIN** Britannia smile,  
Smile at each threat'ning foe:  
To save this do'oping isle,  
See Rodney strikes the blow;  
For Rodney quickly will regain  
Thy sov'reign empire o'er the main.  
Against thee treach'rous foes,  
And false allies combine;  
But vainly they oppose,  
If Rodney still is thine:  
For gallant Rodney will maintain  
The British empire o'er the main.  
Long may he plough the main,  
Long may he victor prove,  
Rewards still sure to gain,  
Of king and people's love:  
For gallant Rodney will maintain  
The British empire o'er the main.

— 122 —

**NOW**'s the time for mirth and glee,  
Sing, and love, and laugh with me:  
Cupid is my theme of story:  
Tis his Godship's fame and glory,  
How all yield unto his law!  
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,  
Cupid takes his share of play:  
He makes heroes quit their glory:  
He's the God most fam'd in story;  
Bending them unto his law!  
Ha! ha! &c.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,  
Without pity,—piercing hearts:  
Cupid triumphs over passions,  
Not regarding modes or fashions.  
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law!  
Ha! ha! &c.

Some may think these lines not true,  
But they're facts—'twixt me and you:  
Then, ye maids, and men, be wary,  
How you meet be'ore you marry:  
Cupid's will is solely law!  
Ha! ha! &c.

— 123 —

**NOW** the fun is gone to bed,  
Let each lift his rosy head,  
All our pain is o'er and care,  
Let us haste to better fare;  
Try with nectar to repay  
All the mighty toils of day.  
Who at ill can meanly pine,  
O'er the brimming joys of wine;  
Who can dare a coward prove,  
In the field of war or love,  
Fear and spleen, that shakes the soul,  
All lie drown'd within the bowl.  
Wine then, balm and friend of life,  
Banish thought, and banish strife,  
Arm the mind 'gainst ev'ry ill,  
Make us happy, come what will;  
Taste the present, scorn the past,  
Live as tho' to day's the last.

Here's the charm against despair,  
See it laughs at surly care;  
Come, my boys, and nobly join,  
In the praise of sparkling wine,  
Fill the glass and raise the song,  
Keep the revels all night long.

124 [roam  
 rfts for more knowledge is welcome to  
 a new clime, who is wretched at home,  
 asure or folly has not bad his fill,  
 or *Old England* whenever he will ;  
 shall tempt me to cross the salt main,  
 I'm too steady, and rambling is pain.  
 I, brave boys, good enough is for me,  
 thoughts I can speak, whereby hirthright  
 wish for now comes at my call, [I'm free  
 n the field, or can roar in my hall ;  
 my own, I can do as I will,  
 dren that prattle, a wife that is still.  
 I'm happy, tho' taxes run high,  
 exotice, so easy am I ;  
 my friends, and at peace with the dead,  
 and state I ne'er trouble my head ;  
 I hate, and a bumper love most, toast  
 ge me, I'm sure, for *Old England's* my

125  
 LCOME friendly gleam of night,  
 d for revels and delight,  
 d sublimest joys to prove,  
 chose for wine and love,  
 er still, ye sons of care,  
 'd the toils of life to share ;  
 rs of my social bowl,  
 to bliss th'enchanted soul.  
 ie sparkling goblets higher,  
 , Oh ! rouse the dormant fire,  
 the fleeting minutes shine,  
 with love, and rich with wine.

126  
 UISH the candles, give *Phæbus* fair play  
 re unbolt, let us honour the day ;  
 ucina we've drove from her post,  
 ines upon us, we'll give him a toast.  
 n, the neighbours are passing along,  
 k thro' the fashies & tell us we're wrong :  
 re avant—what is all they can say ?  
 night they slept, whilst we drank it away.  
 disputers, ye dignified doctors,  
 e minors, with prebends and professors.

What sense is it, prithee, which tells us to think,  
 When all our seven senses declare we shou'd drink ?  
 Our patron is *Bacchus*, and *Jove* was his fire,  
 He was born in a burst of celestial fire ; [charme,  
*Mamma* begg'd the god would come worthy her  
 The lightning of love prov'd too much for her arms.  
 From her, in a moment, the baby was snatch'd,  
 And into a buck by Nurse *Jupiter* hatch'd ;  
 Th'immortal to expiate *Semele's* rape,  
 Bestow'd on his foundling the gift of the grape.  
 Ye love-sick who live on the shine of an eye,  
 The red of a cheek, or the tone of a sigh ;  
 Impress'd by the smiles or the frowns of a fair,  
 As weather-glass shews variations of air ;

In country or town, you have seen, without doubt  
 A dancing-bear led by a ring in his snout,  
 While *Pug* plays his tricks if ye shew him some fruit  
 These emblems, ye ladies, will most lovers suit,  
 If girls won't comply why we never run mad,  
 But away to the next, as enough may be had ;  
 If again we're repuls'd, we ne'er hang, nor despair,  
 But in wine comfort seek, we are sure of it there.  
 Draw your bows ye *Crochettis* in music's defence,  
 With sound I'm for having a portion of *sense* ;  
 Give me a bell's tinkle, a far landlord's roar,  
 With a good fellow's bellow, *Bring six bottles more* ;  
 Six bottles ! we'll have them, and bumper away,  
 We've drank up the night & we'll drink down the day,  
 Here's his health who to wine & his word will be join'd,  
 Here's the girl that we love & the friend we can trust.

127  
 As Wit, Joke, and Humour, together were sat,  
 With liquor a plentiful stock,  
 Still varying the scene, with song and with chat,  
 The watchman bawl'd, Past twelve o'clock.

At that hour, I've read, oft spirits do come,  
 And poor timid mortals affright ;  
 Just then, in that instant, one enter'd the room,  
 An ancient, pale-face, meagre spirit.

The phantom appear'd, and the candles burnt blue,  
Wit and humour began for to stare;  
Cries out Joke—Look'e, friends, this is nothing  
Behold!—see, 'tis only old Care. [new;

I know he would tell us, 'twas Time sent him here  
And tell us 'tis time to be gone;  
But we'll tell him this, let him think what he dare  
We'll finish him ere it be one.

They quickly agreed, and about it they went,  
R solving of Care to get free;  
Wit mov'd it—and strait they a'l join'd in consent,  
To lay the ghost in the Red sea.

Whole bumpers of claret they quickly drank off,  
And fav'rite toasts they went round;  
When Humour, well pleas'd, thus set up a laugh,  
Quoth he, How Care looks now he's drown'd!

When loud shouting began, huzza they all cry'd,  
We're rid of this troublesome guest;  
Fill your bumpers aound, let this be our pride,  
To sing, laugh and drink to the best.

Now their blood running high, at a conquest so  
To singing and drinking they fix, [great,  
With the sun they arose, with spirits elate,  
And decently parted at fix.

128

A TRIFLING song you shall hear,  
Begun with a trifle, and ended:  
All trifling people draw near,  
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,  
That lately have come into play,  
The men would want something to do,  
And the women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing;  
Because the ladies, they know,  
Admire, by often possessing,  
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,  
The trifle of trifles to gain,  
No sooner the virgin is rifled,  
But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal man would be able  
At *White's* half an hour to sit?  
Or who could bear a tea table,  
Without taking trifles for wit.

The court is from trifles secure;  
Gold keys are no trifles, we see,  
White rods are no trifles, I'm sure,  
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,  
Where trifles abundantly breed,  
The levee will shew you his grace  
Makes promises trifles indeed.

A coach with six footmen behind,  
I count neither trifles nor sin;  
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find,  
A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of Champagne, people think it  
A trifle, or something as bad;  
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,  
You'll find it no trifle, by gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea;  
A widow's a trifle in sorrow;  
A peace is a trifle to-day,  
Who knows what may happen to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,  
Or to hide it a red may endeavour;  
But if once the army is broke,  
We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say,  
The reason pray carry along,  
Because that at every new play,  
The house they with trifles do throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,  
And to set us all on a foot,  
The author of this is a trifle,  
And his song is a trifle to boot.

129

BACCHUS, god of joys distill'd,  
Be thy pleasures ever fill'd.

on this thy votary's prayer,  
ides not worth my care :  
griefs brisk wine dispels,  
ng ev'ry trouble quells,  
ng ev'ry trouble quells.  
ll our griefs, &c.

the goblet full is fill'd,  
he clust'ring vine distill'd ;  
ndeed I'm truly blest,  
'ry anxious thought's at rest :  
its potent juice I quaff,  
sing, and dance and laugh.

you be for ever gay,  
s, learn of me the way ;  
t beauty, 'tis not love,  
lone sufficient prove ;  
d raise and charm the soul,  
drain the spicy bowl.

130

, he comes, the hero comes,  
d the trumpet, beat, beat the drums,  
o port, let cannons roar,  
ne to the *British* shore.  
epare, your songs prepare ;  
y rend th'echoing air :  
o pole your joys resound,  
his, with glory crown'd.

131

the waiter bring clean glasses,  
h a fresh supply of wine ;  
see by all your faces,  
ny wishes you will join.

ot the charms of beauty  
ch I purpose to proclaim ;  
hile will leave that duty,  
a more prevailing theme.

health I'm now proposing,  
have one full glass at least ;  
here can think't imposing,  
be founder of our feast.

132

SEE *Bacchus* ascending astride on his tun,  
Like *Perseus* of old, who *Andromeda* won,  
To kill the fell monster call'd fobriety,  
That bane to the pleasures of society.

As he lights upon the table,  
Drink, he cries, while you are able ;  
And when you can no more contain,  
Then let it out and fill again.

133

LIVE and love, enjoy the fair ;  
Banish sorrow, banish care ;  
Mind not what old dotards say,  
Age has had his share of play,  
But youth's sport begins to day.  
From the fruits of sweet delight  
Let no scare-crow virtue fright ;  
Here, in pleasure's vineyards, we  
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree  
Careless, airy, gay and free.

134

ONCE the Gods of the *Greeks* at ambrosial feast,  
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,  
Merry *Momus* among them appeared as a guest,  
*Homer* says the celestials lov'd laughing.

This happen'd fore Chaos was fix'd into form,  
While Nature disorderly lay ;  
While elements adverse engender'd the storm,  
And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On ev'ry Olympic the humourist droll'd,  
Hence none cou'd his jokes disapprove,  
He sung, repartee'd, many sage stories told,  
And at length thus address'd father *Jove*.

Sire,—Mark how yon matter is heaving below,  
Were it settled 'twould please all your court,  
'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless, you know,  
Pray people it just for our sport.

*Jove* nodded assent, all *Olympus* bow'd down,  
At his fiat creation took birth ;  
The cloud-mantled deity smil'd on his throne,  
And announc'd the production was Earth.

## SOCIAL AND CIVILIZED SENSE.

*Never* these few words that I've gave a man;  
*Spain* affords us nothing;  
 The goddess of truth and resistance a moon,  
 To lower the banner of Spain.

The quest of life is then for *Spain's* fair women  
 Learning within us her name in vain;  
 True is it, yet we cannot see without a pain,  
 In the *Spain* that the more and the less.

From our heart, all is given, the *Golden* by Spring;  
 In *Spain's* name, we cannot see in vain;  
 The time of the *Golden* the *Golden* is long,  
 As *Spain's* *Golden* *Golden* they cannot.

For *Spain's* mind can't not *Spanish* land,  
 In *Spain's* name, we cannot see in vain;  
 The *Spanish* of *Spain's* is the *Golden* in his name,  
 And *Spain's* of *Spain's* mind can't not *Spanish*.

From the land of *Spain's* *Golden* *Golden* it was *Spain's*  
 He was *Spain's* with the *Golden* of the *Golden*,  
 But his *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* of the *Golden*,  
 And the *Golden* of *Spain's* *Golden* in his name.

His *Spanish* with the *Golden* *Golden* the *Golden* *Golden*  
 See with *Spanish* *Spanish*, *Spanish* and *Spanish*;  
 The *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* in an *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
*Spanish* by *Spanish*, *Spanish*, and *Spanish*.

With *Spain's*, *Spanish*, *Spanish*, the *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 From the *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* to *Spain's*,  
 We *Spanish* of *Spain's* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 And *Spain's* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*.

The *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* the *Spanish*,  
*Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*;  
 My *Spanish*, *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*, your *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 But *Spanish* *Spanish*, one thing is *Spanish*.

His *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 Unless *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*;  
 The *Spanish* of *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 And on *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*.

Four *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 A *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 The *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 And *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*.

True *Spanish*, and true *Spanish*, by a *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 Or *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 We will *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 And *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*.

**T**HE *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 From all *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 For *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 And the *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 Each *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 Thought *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 But *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 The *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 But *Spanish*, *Spanish*.

**T**O tell you the truth,  
 In the *Spanish* of my *Spanish*,  
 As *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 I *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 And I *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 And I *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 But now I *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 With *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 I *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*;  
 At *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 I *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 A *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*.

**MASTER** *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 Pray what *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 If I'm not *Spanish*,  
*Spanish* *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
*Spanish*, before you *Spanish*,  
 Of the *Spanish* *Spanish*,  
 Look before you *Spanish*,  
 Or else you'll play the fool,  
 If I take a wife,  
 Whether he be,  
 That he prove an angel,  
 Still she's wife to me,  
 Bye, &c.

me money,  
forgot ;  
me nothing,  
ill the pot ?  
Sc.

cauty,  
*Spaniards say,*  
gadding,  
she may.  
Sc.

beaux to ogle,  
its to prate .  
lam's frisking,  
*de Tete.*  
Sc.

it,  
mercy then ;  
ongue is silent,  
loy her pen.  
Sc.

c and silly,  
l to blame,  
folly,  
e the shame.  
Sc.

nessice,  
no fool ;  
t I'm lectur'd,  
at school.  
Sc.

*Tommy married,*  
all in vain ;  
me freedom,  
'll maintain.  
Sc.

I've run over,  
arriage state ;  
e discover,  
unicate.  
Sc.

— 138 —

**T**His world is a fair, where theeround is bent wholly  
On gew-gaws and rattles, noise, nonsense, and folly,  
Where higgledy-piggledy, peil-mell, and confusion,  
We're born, take a peep, die, and lose the illusion.  
And there we see whirligigs, round-abouta,  
Ups and downs, ins and outs,  
Fal-lals, drums, trumpets, globes, sceptres, and  
Hot spiced gingerbread & merry-go rounds, [crowns  
With wonders wonders & wonders enough to make a  
O don't you think it a wonderful fair [blind man stare  
Here are all sorts of toys for all ranks & gradations,  
Gilt ribbons for ladies, for Lords—infallations ;  
Wigs first worn at *Westminster*, after on *May days*,  
On judges & chimney-sweeps high-days & play-days  
And there you shall see mask'd faces, false noses,  
castenets, and salt boxes ; [doxies ;  
Jack-puddings, with grisirons, dukes, devils, and  
With a strange medley of tythe-pigs and bishops,  
lawyers, bailiffs, and prisons ; [reasons ;  
Fanatical preachers, who have many more words than  
Wise dogs, learned horses, illiterate asses, and many  
other strange beasts there.

O, don't you think it a wonderful fair ?  
In this fair you will find, Sir, the worst wares are  
As knav'ry is getting what folly is spending [vending  
Here titles and honours are trades most prolific,  
And gold is the one universal specific. [speeches ;  
And here you hear many fine promises in many fine  
But if you love liberty and property beware of such  
leeches ; [and be gone,  
With their legerdmain tricks, hey, Presto, fly quick  
They are here, there, and every where, on all sides,  
and on none ; [rant, cant, stamp and stare  
Then they squeeze their hats, beat their breasts, rave  
Oh ! don't you think it a wonderful fair.

— 139 —

**W**HEN *Britain* on her sea-girt shore,  
Her white rob'd Druids erst address'd,  
What aid (the cry'd) shall I implore,  
What best defence, by numbers press'd !

"Tho' hostile nations round thee rise,  
 (The mystic oracles reply'd)  
 "And view thine isle with envious eyes,  
 "Their threats defy, their rage deride;  
 "Nor fear invasion from your adverse *Gauls*,  
 "Britain's best bulwarks are her *Wooden Walls*.  
  
 "Thine osks descending to the main,  
 "With floating forts shall stem the tides,  
 "Asserting *Britain's* liquid reign  
 "Where'er her thund'ring navy rides;  
 "Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd,  
 "Where commerce opens all her stores,  
 "In social bands shall league mankind,  
 "And join the sea-divided shores:  
 "Spread then thy sails where naval glory calls,  
 "Britain's best bulwarks are her *Wooden Walls*.  
  
 "Hail happy isle! what tho' the vales  
 "No vine empurpled tribute yield,  
 "Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,  
 "Nor crops spontaneous glad the field;  
 "Yet liberty rewards the toil  
 "Of industry, to labour prone,  
 "Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,  
 "And reaps the harvest she has sown:  
 "While other realms tyrannic sway intralle,  
 "Britain's best bulwarks are her *Wooden Walls*."

Thus spake the bearded seers of yore,  
 In visions wrapt of *Britain's* fame,  
 Ere ye *Iberia* felt her pow'r,  
 Or *Gallia* trembled at her name;  
 Ere ye *Columbus* dar'd explore  
 New regions rising from the main;  
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
 Bear then, ye winds, the solemn strain!  
 The sacred truth an awe-struck world appals,  
 Britain's best bulwarks are her *Wooden Walls*

CEASE, rude Boreas, blustering railer,  
 Lest, ye landsmen all to me,  
 Mates hear a brother sailor,  
 Sing the dangers of the sea;

Form bounding billows, first in motion,  
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,  
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,  
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsly bawling,  
 By top-sail-sheets, and haulyard stand  
 Down top-gallants quick be hawling,  
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, ha!  
 Now it freshens, set your braces,  
 The top-sail-sheets, now let go,  
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,  
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,  
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;  
 Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,  
 Safe from all but love's alarms:  
 Round us roars the tempest louder,  
 Think what fears our minds enthral!  
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,  
 Now again the boatswain calls.

The top-sail-yards point to the wind, so  
 See all clear to reef each course;  
 Let the fore sheet go, don't mind, boys,  
 Tho' the weather should be worse;  
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail-yard get,  
 Reef the mizen, see all clear;  
 Hands up each preventer brace set,  
 Man the fore yard, cheer, lads, cheer

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,  
 Peal on peal contending clash;  
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash:  
 One wide water all around us,  
 All above us one black sky;  
 Different deaths at once surrounds us,  
 Hark! what means that dreadful cry.

The fore-mast's gone! cries every tongue  
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;  
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung o  
 Call all hands to clear the wreck!

yards cut to pieces,  
hearts, be stout and hold !  
well, the leak increases,  
water in the hold !

he ship wild waves are beating,  
ives or children-mourn ;  
hence there's no retreating,  
hence there's no return :  
t is gaining on us,  
pumps are choak'd below ;  
mercy here upon us,  
hat can save us now.

beam is the land boys,  
ns o'er board be thrown,  
come ev'ry hand, boys,  
izen-mast is gone,  
ve found, it can't pour fast,  
tnd' her a foot and more ;  
jury fore-mast,  
, the rights, boys, wear off shore.

ore on joys we're thinking,  
l fortune sav'd our lives ;  
an, boys, let's be drinking  
eethearts and our wives :  
out ship wheel it,  
our lips a brimmer join ;  
tempest now, who feels it,  
danger's drown'd in wine.

141

fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,  
my sweet *Shakespeare*, was planted by  
kiss it, and bow at thy shrine, [thee ;  
from thy hand must be ever divine ;  
from thy hand must be ever divine.

ield to the mulberry tree,  
ield to the mulberry tree ;  
ee, blest mulberry,  
ee, blest mulberry ;  
was he who plant'd thee,  
like him immortal shall be,  
ike him immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest rampant and high, [the sky ;  
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep  
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,  
To root out the natives at prices so dear.

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is *Britain's* great boast,  
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast ;  
Of her we make ships we have thousands can fight,  
But one, only one, like our *Shakespeare* can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let *Venus* delight in her gay myrtle bowers,  
*Pomona* in fruit trees, and *Flora* in flowers ;  
The garden of *Shakespeare* all fancies will suit,  
With the sweetest of flowers and the fairest of fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch  
Supplies law and physic, and graces the church ;  
But law and the gospel in *Shakespeare* we find,  
And he gives the best physic for body and mind,

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,  
For him and his merits this takes its degree ;  
Give *Phebus* and *Bacchus* their laurel and vine,  
The tree of our *Shakespeare* is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As a genius of *Shakespeare* outshines the bright day,  
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;  
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,  
Has the laurel and bays and the vine all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relique of this hallow'd tree,  
From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;  
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,  
To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.

142

PUSH about the brisk bowl 'twill enliven the heart,  
While thus we sit round on the grass :  
The lover, who tastes of his lusty songs and smart,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ale, an ale ;  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ale.



The wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,  
And wishes to add to the mass,  
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;  
Deserves, &c.

The beau, who so smart with his well-powder'd hair  
An angel beholds in his glass,  
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;  
Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,  
Of *Cæsus* the wealth to surpass;  
And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home  
Claps the horns of an ox on the ass, the ass;  
Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,  
With forehead well fronted with brass,  
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;  
There you, my good friend, are an ass, an ass;  
There you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,  
Shall last be produc'd in this class;  
The sick man a while may confide in his skill,  
But death proves the doctor an ass, an ass;  
But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,  
By turns take our bottle and lass;  
For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

143  
WITH woman and wine I defy ev'ry care,  
For life without these is a bubble of air;  
For life without these, &c.  
Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,  
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul;  
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,  
I never shall alter my conduct for them;  
I care not how much they my measures decline,  
Let 'em have their own humor, & I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve  
'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the seal of  
And *Venus* ne'er look'd with a smile more  
As when *Mars* bound his head with a sprig!

Then come, my dear charmer, thou girl!  
First pledge me with kisses next pledges me  
Then giving and taking, in mutual return  
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn

But should'st thou my passion for wise  
My bumper I'll quit, to be blest with my  
For rather than forfeit the joys of my life,  
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my

144  
A Master I have and I am his man,  
Galloping dreary dun,  
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,  
With a haily, Gaily,  
Gambo raily,  
Giggling,  
Niggling,

Galloping galloway, draggle tail dreary  
I saddled his steed, so fine and so gay,  
Galloping dreary dun:  
I mounted my mule, and we rode away,  
With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,  
Galloping dreary dun;  
The nightingale sung instead of the lark,  
With her haily, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our  
Galloping dreary dun;  
By the lord, says the friar, you are both  
With your haily, &c.

Our Journey, I fear, will do us no good,  
Galloping dreary dun;  
We wander alone, like the babes in the  
With our haily, &c.

My master is fighting and I'll take a peep  
Galloping dreary dun;  
But now I think on't—'Tis better to  
With my haily, &c.

745  
of the sun, see the mists disappear,  
its beams brighten day;  
the trees and the hill-tops are clear,  
of the year, it is *May*.  
aways, puff disturb'd from her seat  
and doubles the Wold,  
he sheep their loud echoes repeat,  
it free'd from the fold.  
guage, the voice of the foul,  
it, upon earth, in the sea;  
here the most distant Worlds roll,  
would not be free?  
we're free; but when liberty wanes  
prisoning breath;

As slaves shall we sigh, or escape from our chains,  
And follow our freedom to death.

We dare, even dying, our birthrights defend,  
Our last shall be liberty's call;  
Like *Sampson*, we'll nobly exstency end,  
And our tyrants o'erwhelm with our fall.

Good subjects will government ever obey,  
Into air toss magninity's tale;  
But honour forbid, fraud should e'er come in play,  
And *England* be set up to sale.

While will without law, scourges *Gallia's* coast,  
Let us, in our honesty bold,  
First drink to the *King's* health, then add to the toast,  
May *Englishmen* scorn to be sold.

SC E L L A N E O U S S O N G S.

O N G 1.  
rocks sweet and yellow broom  
nest the banks of *Tweed*,  
its a sweeter bloom,  
its charms exceed,  
erry fields of hay,  
*Fockey* wi' a sigh,  
, sa young and gay,  
nd some lad deny.  
the white and red,  
lily join'd;  
assy hung her head,  
laddy pin'd.  
erry fields of hay,  
arest last he'd cry;  
, sa young and gay,  
nd some lad deny.  
*Fields and broomy land,*  
*a to chide,*

Then *Sandy* press'd her lily hand,  
And ask'd her for his bride;  
Then o'er the merry fields of hay,  
Said she, my dearest lad we'll hie;  
For wha sa fast, sa young and gay,  
Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny.

2  
A H! tell me why should silly man  
Thus misapply his short sojourn,  
Thus waste his life that's but a span,  
And minutes that shall ne'er return  
If he, with thankful lip, wou'd taste  
The pleasures that around him play,  
No gloom cloud should overcast,  
But sun-shine deck his happy day.  
'Tis not the biting wintry blast;  
'Tis not the scorching summer day;  
'Tis not the coast on which he's cast,  
Or where he's born, or where he shall die;

No, independent quite of these,  
Life's pain or pleasure he must find,  
No sun can scorch, no frost can freeze,  
The joys of a contented mind.

## 3

VIRTUE bids us conquer passion,  
Hard the victory we obtain;  
Hard to vanquish inclination,  
But the pleasure pays the pain.  
If a moment virtue waver,  
She, restor'd to former peace,  
Proud that vice could not enslave her,  
Feels her energy increase.

## 4

WHEN swallows lay their eggs in snow,  
And geese in wheat-ears build their nests;  
When roasted crabs a hunting go,  
And cats can laugh at gossip's jests;  
When law and conscience are akin,  
And pigs are learnt by note to squeak;  
Your worship then shall stroke your chin,  
And teach an owl to whistle Greek.

Till when let your wisdom be dumb;  
For say man of Gotham,  
What is this world?  
A tetotum,  
By the finger of folly twirl'd;  
With a hey go up, and about we come;  
While the sun a good post-horse is found,  
So merrily we'll run round.

## 5

WE three archers be,  
Rangers that rove throughout the North country,  
Lovers of ven'ison and liberty,  
That value not honours or money.

We three good fellows be,  
That never yet ran from three times three,  
Quarter staff, broadsword, or bow-manny,  
But give us fair play for our money.

We three merry men be,  
At a lase or a glase under green wood tree;  
Jocondly chaunting our auncient glee,  
Though we have not a penny of money.

ON *Thames'* fair bank, a gentle youth  
For *Lucy* sigh'd with matchless truth,  
Even when he sigh'd in rhyme;  
The lovely maid his flame return'd  
And would with equal warmth have burn'd  
But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd, with eager feet,  
In secret shades his fair to meet;  
Beneath the accusom'd lime;  
 Oft times the maid wou'd meet him there  
 But when he begg'd she'd ease his care,  
 She said she had not time.

It was not thus, inconstant maid,  
You acted once, the shepherd said,  
When love was in its prime.  
 She griev'd to hear him thus complain,  
 And wish'd she could have eas'd his pain,  
 But still she had not time.

Then pointing to the church, he cry'd,  
This day I'll make young *Jane* my bride,  
Since you think love a crime;  
 No, no, the f-ild, my gentle youth,  
 I've try'd your faith and constant truth,  
 And now f-r love have time.

## 7

AT the peaceful midnight hour,  
Every sense and ev'ry pow'r,  
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep,  
Then our careful watch we keep,  
While the wolf in nightly proul  
Bays the moon with hideous howl;  
Gates are barr'd, and vain resistance,  
Females shriek, but no assistance.  
 Silence! silence! or you meet your fate;  
 Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate;  
 Locks, bolts, and bars, soon fly aunder  
 Thus to rise, rob, and plunder.

8  
The foot of valour goaded,  
tim'd, and carbines loaded,  
th' strikes on hearts of steel;  
th' spark thro' the dark gloom of night,  
leer and chearing light,  
fear or doubt can feel?

ent's now thro' thickets creeping,  
our prey like lions leaping;  
o the onset lead us,  
weary traveller dread us;  
ith terror and amaze,  
r swords with lightning blaze,  
to our carbines roaring,  
clouds in torrents pouring,  
sanguine dagger's blade,  
ee, and roving trade;  
nset let's away,  
alls, and we obey!

9  
Fountain is a fountain of honour and fame,  
it are the waters that flow;  
f your throats, or this water's to blame,  
drink, the more thirsty we grow?  
e court to be sure is a fine place,  
polite, a divine place:  
e the man can tell you how,  
e you'd wish to rise,  
h your ever step a bow!  
r tongue a thousand lies;  
miffive be your file!  
t man's frown's a rod,  
ension in h's smile,  
on in his nod,  
st care and close economy,  
ake a mighty brag on,  
set to guard the golden tree,  
gobble like a dragon!

10  
R wife men all declare  
: thing so strange and rare,  
tiful sublime in great nature's law,

A woman bears the belle;  
And why they cannot tell;  
'Tis the mystical charms of "*Je ne scai quoi*."

The lovely town-bred dame,  
Dear cause of many a flame,  
Each smart swears he ne'er such a beauty saw,  
Say what the lovers prize,  
Coral lips or brilliant eyes?

No; the mystical charms of the "*Je ne scai quoi*."

Behold the vi'lage maid,  
By nature's hand array'd,  
With her stockings green, and her hat of straw.  
Is love in dimple sleek,  
Or the roses of her cheek?

No; the mystical charms of the "*Je ne scai quoi*."

11  
WHEN first an *Arragonian* maid  
Is brought to *Saragossa*.  
Of all she sees, and hears afraid,  
Her air is coarse and gross—a;  
Stiff, formal, starch, reserv'd, and coy,  
She seems a very prude—a;  
And while the courtier tempts to joy,  
Cries, "sie! you shan't be rude—a!"

But soon as cast in fashion's mould,  
She's made a dame of honour;  
Politely frank, genteely bold,  
No thyness rests upon her;  
She paints, coquettes, and flirts her fan;  
For now (the case revers'd, Sir,)  
She's grown a match for ev'ry man,  
And cries, "pray do your worst, Sir!"

12  
WHEN a lover's in the wind,  
Tho' wife is coy, we always find  
At last she turns out wood'rous kind,  
Nor thinks a man so shocking;  
A woman's frowns are but a jest,  
She's angry only to be prest,  
And then she grants her friend's request,  
To let them throw the stocking.  
11 a

While pudding-sleeves unites their hands,  
 And fetters both in marriage bonds,  
*John* grins and *Molly* foolishly stands,  
 To see the neighbours flock in;  
 But after supper *John* is led,  
 With love and liquor in his head,  
 Tuck'd with his *Molly* into bed,  
 Then hey, to throw the stocking!

The night soon past, the morning come,  
 The couple looking queer and tum;  
 He says but little, she is dumb,  
 The chamber door unlocking.  
 But *Molly*, who was once so coy,  
 No longer now conceals her joy;  
 She vows all day—for her dear boy—  
 She'd trudge without a stocking!

ERE round the huge oak, that o'er shadows my mill,  
 The for'd ivy had dar'd to entwine;  
 Ere the church was a ruin, that nods on the hill,  
 Or a rook built her nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time, a much earlier date,  
 Since my forefathers toil'd in yon field;  
 For the firm I now hold on your lordship's estate,  
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.  
 He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,  
 Which unfully'd descended to me;  
 For my child I've preserv'd it, uncrimson'd with  
 And it still from a spot shall be free. [shame,

I Travers'd *Judab's* barren sand,  
 At beauty's altar to adore;  
 But here the *Turk* had spoil'd the land,  
 And *Sion's* daughters were no more.  
 In *Greece*, the bold imperious mien,  
 The wanton look the leering eye,  
 Bade love's devotion not be seen,  
 Where constancy is never nigh.  
 From thence to *Italy's* fair shore,  
 I bent my never-ceasing way,  
 And to *Loretta's* temple bore  
 A mind devoted still to pray.

But there, too, superstition's hand  
 Had sicklied ev'ry feature o'er,  
 And made me soon regain the land.  
 Where beauty fills the western shore  
 Where *Hymen* with celestial powers  
 Connubial transport doth adorn;  
 Where purest virtue sports the hour  
 That offers in each happy morn.  
 Ye daughters of old *Albion's* isle,  
 Where'er I go, where'er I stray,  
 O charity's sweet children smile,  
 To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

THE great folks are noble, and proud  
 Of title, of honour, and wealth;  
 That I am a *Briton* is title to me,  
 And I'm rich in a stock of good he  
 Lads, stop the mill,  
 Be the hopper still;  
 When low the sun,  
 Our work is done;

Then we'll sit to our homely board w  
 For sweet is the bread of industry.  
 Tho' in summer I copied the providen  
 For winter some grains to provide:  
 Yet, what I could spare to a friend v  
 I ne'er was the friend who denied.  
 Lads, stop the mill,  
 Be the hopper still;  
 When low the sun,  
 Our work is done;

Then we'll sit to our homely board w  
 For sweet is the bread of industry.

IN greenwood shade, or winding dell  
 We merry maids and archers dwell;  
 In quiet, free from worldly strife,  
 We pass a cheerful rural life,  
 And by the moon's pale quivering be  
 We frisk it near the chrysal streams.  
 Our station's near the King's highwa  
 We rob the rich, the poor to pay;

## MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

The woe-worn wretch, we still protect,  
The widow— orphan— ne'er neglect—  
Fat churchmen, proud, we chuse to stand  
And whistle for our steady band.

17  
AS burns the charger when he hears  
The trumpet's martial sound;  
Eager to scour the field he rears,  
And spurns th' indented ground—  
He snuffs the air, crests his flowing mane,  
Scent's the big war, and sweeps along the plain.

Impatient thus, my ardent soul  
Bounds forth on wings of wind,  
And spurns the moments as they roll  
With lagging pace behind.

*Da Capo.*

18  
TURN gentle hermit of the dale,  
And guide our lonely way,  
To white yon taper chere the vale  
With hospitable ray

For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
With fainting steps and slow,  
Where wilds, unthinkably spread,  
Seem length'ning as they go.

19  
YE beauties, or such as would beauties be fam'd,  
Lay patches and washes and painting aside,  
Go burn all the glasses that ever were fram'd,  
The gewgaws of fashion, & knickknacks of pride,  
A nostrum to call from the toilet of reason  
'Tis easy, 'tis cheap, and 'tis ever in season,  
By all to be found, and with all to be pleasing.  
When art has in vain her cosmetics applied.

Good nature, believe me, 's the smoothest of varnish,  
Which ever bedimples the beautiful cheek;  
No time nor no tint can its excellence tarnish,  
It holds good so long, and it lies on so sleek.  
'Tis more than the blush of the rose in the morn-  
The white of the lily is not so adorning, [ing,  
All accident proof, and all scrutiny scorning;  
'Tis safe to the witty, and wit to the weak,

'Tis surely the girdle that *Venus* was bound w  
The graces, her handmaids, all proud put  
'Tis surely the radiance *Aurora* is crown'd w  
Who, smiling, arises, and waits for the sun  
Oh! wear it, ye ladies, on every occasion,  
'Tis the noblest reproof, 'tis the strongest pest  
'Twill keep, nay, 'twill almost retrieve reput  
And last, and look lovely, when beauty is

20  
SOFTLY sound the martial trumpet,  
Now the din of war is o'er;  
Peace, fair maid, prepares a banquet,  
Laurell'd heroes pant no more.

A calm retreat, where myrtles twine,  
With mossy rose, and sweet woodbine,  
Shall recompence your toil and care,  
You've sheath'd the sword, now guard the

21  
WHAT is a poet, Sir? you, Sir? no, Sir  
'Tis this, Sir, I'd have you to know—  
Constantly writing, Sir,  
And his nails biting, Sir,  
Oh, he's a wondrous fellow!

Now in the garret, Sir—high, Sir—high, Sir  
Now in the cellar below;  
Sunshine and vapour, Sir—  
Pen, ink, and paper, Sir,  
Oh, he's a wondrous fellow!

His pockets to fill, Sir—still, Sir—still, Sir—  
His noddle he empties—O ho!  
Scribbling and scrawling, Sir,  
Starting and bawling,  
Oh, he's a wondrous fellow!

22  
HOW impa our art is,  
We hide with a paltry  
No quams of the chance await us;  
For an author well paid,  
If he's true to the trade,  
Will stand in *strange parais*,

With deliberation  
 We mark reputation;  
 Our shafts never squandered  
 We can mend it again  
 With a dash of the pen  
 There is praise and abuse of all writers;  
 The rogue to applaud,  
 And make virtue of fraud,  
 For a trifle we always are willing;  
 We ne'er run a man down  
 For less than a crown,  
 But give a fly-cue for a shilling.

THE little bark by tempest tost,  
 With joy regains the shore,  
 But we by sorrows almost lost,  
 Enjoy this calm no more.

Misfortune hence, with all thy train;  
 Of cares and jealousies, and pain;  
 Henceforth the purest joys we'll prove,  
 Springing from virtue, truth and love.

LITTLE muses come and cry,  
 Put your finger in your eye;  
 Join the macaroni kind,  
 Damn the weather, damn the wind.

Winds that rumple powder'd hair,  
 Winds that fright the feather'd fair,  
 Winds that blow our hats away,  
 And rudely with our tresses play.

Winds that drown the gentle note,  
 Fritter'd through a gentle throat;  
 Winds that clouds around us throw,  
 And spoil the glitter of our show.

Damn the winds that us have stir'd,  
 On Friday June the twenty-third,  
 To plague the macaroni kind;  
 Damn the rain, and damn the wind.

YOU gave me last week a young linnet,  
 Shut up in a fine golden cage;

Yet how sad the poor thing was  
 Oh how did it flutter and rage  
 Then he mop'd, and he pined  
 That his wings were confined  
 'Till I open'd the door of his cage  
 Then so merry was he,  
 And because he was free,  
 He came to his cage back again.

WHY, John, Ralph, Sam—why  
 Are all the servants deaf and dumb  
 We won't obey—we have our cue  
 We're masters all, as well as you.  
 But some must rule, while some must  
 And some must work, lest all should

FIRE flies your eyes, and your  
 To beetles, as black as my hat,  
 Softer than moss is your skin, and  
 Can your teeth, that are whiter than  
 My rattlesnake, my coal  
 My little bird of Paradise  
 My fossil of ten thousand  
 My pretty box of butter

You are more precious than *Ophion*  
 Your features may vie with a moon  
 Unique is your form, than an *Orion*  
 And a true dilettante must make you  
 My rattlesnake, my coal  
 My little bird of Paradise  
 My fossil of ten thousand  
 My pretty box of butter

TO a stage-coach we aptly may  
 Where passengers seldom are pleas'd  
 But wrangling, & jangling, & jostling  
 The inside-folks grin & the outside  
 The inns they are in, and the out  
 To be in is the riddle, which makes  
 The cuts call the ministry infamous  
 And the inns, when they're out,  
 themselves.

credulity ever enslaves;  
 as hot-bed, to raise fools and knaves;  
 in that way, sometimes pull together;  
 sense scorns to go partner's with either.

my freedom, and oh, my religion!  
 the ear, faith, like *Mahomet's* pigeon;  
 it's cant, the farce, the finery of all ages  
 the best store of, get the best wages.

—but hold, Sir, on which side the  
 your words, if ye dianna tak heed. [T'woud  
 use one's side, the other abuse,  
 born their place of nativity chide

ce, off, to oblivion's cave;  
 are Britons, as Britons behave  
 that side of a stream alter nature?  
 those reflections away in the water.

the cry now, and get all ye can;  
 it, get honestly; get, though's the plan.  
 g, and ev'ry thing else you'll obtain;  
 are now humble servants to gain.

slave-dealers some may think base;  
 must they think—if at home 'tis the case?  
 trade here keeps a market 'tis certain;  
 it's bought & sold; more's the misfortune  
 it's enjoy'd by a man of the town,  
 next last week on, this week he'll disown  
 hers thus, become those people's scoff,  
 turn them prostitutes, then turn them off.  
 turn'd off, who those dealings befriended  
 for folks have been sometimes suspended  
 as they liv'd by all good men abhorr'd.  
 begeth thee to bear us; god, Lord.

29.

re; and reputation walk'd  
 v'ning out of town,  
 they laugh'd, they toy'd, they talk'd  
 night came darkling on.  
 needs would be their guide,  
 m'd at last of day,  
 kindred pair reled,  
 it with her their way.

Damp fell the dew, the wind blew cold,

All bleak the barren moor,  
 Across they toid, when love, grown bold,  
 Knock'd loud at labour's door.

Awhile within the reed-roof'd cot  
 They stood, and star'd at care,  
 But long cou'd not endure the spot,  
 For poverty was there.

The twain propos'd next morn to part,

And travel different ways;  
 Quoth love, I soon shall find a way;  
 Wit went to look for praise;

Rat reputation, fighting, spoke,  
 " 'Tis better we agree,

" Though love may laugh, and wit may joke,  
 " Yet friends take care of me.

" Without me beauty wins no heart,

" Without me wit is vain;

" If, headstrong, here, with me you part,

" We ne'er can meet again.

" Of me you both shou'd take great care,

" And shun the rambling plan,

" No calling back, my friends, I'll bear,

" So keep me while you can."

Love stopt among the village youth,

Expecting to be crown'd,

Enquiring for her brother truth,

But truth was never found.

She sought in vain, for love was blind,

And bade her guidance crost;

'Tis said, since truth she cou'd not find,

That love herself is lost.

30.

GOOD people all, both great and small,

And eke, and aye, and also;

Pray lend an ear, and you shall hear,

And then I need not bawl so.

There was a time, when times were good,

The antient bard in rhyme sings;

So use time well, 'tis time we should

We should so, did we time things.



But out of time, and out of tune,  
 We helter skelter go forth;  
 Sometimes too late, sometimes too soon,  
 Good lack-a-day, and so forth,  
 We give gr at folks the greatest crimes,  
 They can afford to father 'em,  
 But so impartial are the times,  
 We're guilty, *omnium gatherum*.  
 For fox-hunting boldly bucks embrace,  
 But sportsmen of discernment,  
 Abroad will chu se a *Nabob's* chace,  
 Or hunt at *hottie* preferment.  
 To hunt the Statesman who's in play,  
 When patriots cast about Sir,  
 A pension steps the hawk-away,  
 And so the fiels's hung out Sir.  
 In such place-tempting times as these,  
 Upright be our intentions;  
 Ill fare the loon who first took fees,  
 And him who first paid pensions.  
 Yet sinectures we'll not abuse,  
 Nor their illustrious givers,  
 We quarrel now, 'cause we can't chuse  
 Who shou'd be the receivers.  
 Dear *Englishten* and country-folks,  
 Don't give yourselves uneas'ness,  
 Nor mind the shouts, the shouts, the jokes,  
 But only mind your bus'ness.  
 Wou'd one mind one, the kingdom thro',  
 And work within his station,  
 At home he'll find enough to do,  
 And not undo the nation.  
 So to conclude, and make an end,  
 Of this nice diction'd ditty,  
 Indeed 'tis time, the times shou'd mend,  
 In country, court, and city.  
 For our good *Queen* our song we'll sing,—  
 May she ne'er wake nor sleep ill;  
 And next my lads,—God bless the King,  
 And all his faithful people.

TO excel in *bon ton* both as genius and critic,  
 And be quite the thing, Sir, *immanse* scientific;

On all exhibitions give sentence by guess  
 With shreds and stolen phrases that sentenc  
 Sing tantarara

The mussy you squander your judgment  
 You need not know science, repeat buth  
 The labour of learning belongs to the po  
 Do but pay—that's enough for a true one

As to *Shakespeare*, or *Parcell*, why you m  
 They were *cash-entries* on ce—but they will  
 Admit *Newton* clever,—just clever,—th  
 And formerly, faish, we might fancy *W*

When lord of the feast, 'midst your para  
 You're the slave of conceit, and low for  
 All artists (but *English* ones) praise and  
 By your band of bear-leaders you're dubb'd

For words when you're lost, fill the blank  
 And pantomime scorn by your power of f  
 If merit dares speak, and he's known to  
 Knock him down with a bet & your trium  
 With high- varnish'd masters, & bronz'd bu  
 Your house, like a toy-shop, is lumber'd  
 All, all are antiques, *Ciceronis* proceures,  
 For who dares deceive such compleat Ca  
 The worth of a man, say the wise, is hi  
 'Twas said so, and so it will centuries be  
 Then money's *the thing*; the grand pim  
 Full work for the wits, when the forms

Sing tantarara

THAT the world is a stage, & the stage  
 Where some study knave's parts, and sa  
 Was said, and again so we say  
 For as the world's round, and rolls roun  
 Old fashions come in, and new fashions  
 As vanity dresses the play.

Do not seriously think of these whimsic  
 But sing or say something in whimsical  
 The world's but a whim, and  
 I mean not the world which revolves or  
 But the animal world, made up of odd  
 The Gums and the daughters of

tion their portraits we'll plan;  
likenesses sketch if we can,  
all may their semblances see;  
— breeding, immensely polite,  
finish with rouge and flake white,  
ave no employment for me.

ke off those masks, and their cures  
sing such caricatures

*virtuosity's* hall;  
finer shou'd wince at a line,  
he fellow! the picture's not mine."  
ime-secutant painter we'll call.

me, my project is new.—  
grinning, his range of reads blew,  
is was his symphony's song:—  
f these times, or in prose or in verse  
it not wicked ones I shou'd rehearse  
edley betwixt right and wrong.

uch too insipid for me,  
in practice I see,  
'orthy one stroke of my lash;  
folly, let folly go on,  
sublides, and true taste to *bon ton*,  
genius is banish'd for trash."

his brow, redd'ning rage his eyes  
countenance spread as he past, [C. A  
re dissipation he'd school;  
ie thing then, as life's but a toy,  
ch we can only enjoy  
easure of playing the fool.

— 33 —  
but with him what have we to do?  
s, or *Trojans*, to me or to you?  
heroes no more I'll invoke,  
ft me, attend hearts of oak.

*Durry down.*

v'd handmaid of science and art,  
our petitioners' art;  
ig, 'tis the best I can do—  
please ye—my service to you.

Perhaps my address you may premature think;  
Because I have mention'd no toast as I drink;  
There are many fine toasts, but the best of 'em all  
Is the toast of the times; that is *Liberty-Hall*.

That fine *British* building by *Alfred* was fram'd;  
Its grand corner-stone *Magna Charta* is nam'd;  
Independency came at integrity's call,  
And form'd the front pillars of *Liberty Hall*.

This manor our forefathers bought with their blood  
And their sons & their sons sons have prov'd the deeds  
By that title we live, with that title we'll fall, [good  
For life is not life out of *Liberty-Hall*.

In mantle of honour, each star-spangled fold,  
Playing bright in the sun-shine, the burnish of gold  
Truth beams on her breast I see, at loyalty's call,  
The genius of *England* in *Liberty-Hall*.

Ye sweet smelling courtlings of ribbon and lace,  
The spaniels of power, and bouny's disgrace,  
So supple, so servile, so passive ye fall,  
'Twas passive-obedience lost *Liberty-Hall*.

But when revolution had sett'd the crowns,  
And natural reason knock'd tyranny down,  
No frowns cloath'd with terror appear'd to appall,  
The doors were thrown open of *Liberty Hall*.

See *England* triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,  
Her standard is justice, her watch word be free;  
Our king is our countryman, *Englishmen* all,  
God bless him, and bless us, in *Liberty-Hall*.

On *verts* is *des* all—monst'rous wants to know,  
'Tis neither at *Marti*, *Verfailles*, *Fontainebleu*;  
'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art,  
For *Liberty-Hall* is an *Englishman's* heart.

— 34 —  
A Wonder! a wonder! a wonder I'll show,  
You'll wonder indeed when this wonder you know  
We are wonderful high, and as wonderful low.

*Which nobody can deny.*

We always are wonder'ing at ev'ry thing new,  
The good things we wonder at rich people do;  
'Tis a wonder indeed if such wonders are true.

Some

Some wonderful folks make a wonderful rout;  
While some blunder in, other folks blunder out,  
We wonder what blunderers can be about.

One side says the times are so good they are glad;  
The times, says the other side, ne'er were so bad;  
No wonder if this side or that side is mad.

For the time I some patriot changes propose,  
That our taxes be less, and we wear plainer cloaths  
And that ev'ry wearer may pay what he owes.

Imprimis—reflect on the taxes on wheels,  
On cards, and the claret we waste at our meals;  
These grievances both parties equally feels.

To be sure we must own it is cursed provoking,  
To see how some people their vices are cloaking,  
While virtue—but neighbours don't think I am joking

For my grandfather said, and his name is rever'd,  
That his father's father had oftentimes heard,  
How virtue, when he was a school-boy, appear'd.

She fled without leaving behind her directions,  
'Twas in vain she observ'd to oppose such connexions  
As turtle-feasts, cuckoldoms, cards, and elections.

You may think me severe, but indeed you think  
I promis'd a wonder at first in my song, [wrong,  
And the wonder is—How cou'd you listen so long?

*Which nobody can deny.*

————— 35 —————

SOFT breathing, the zephyrs awaken the grove,  
Now, now, is the season for pleasure and love;  
Yet let no delights on our moments intrude,  
But such as are simple, and such as are good.

Far hence be the love that's by wantonness bred  
Far hence be the pleasures by vanity led!  
But joys, which both reason and virtue approve,  
Such, such are the glory and pride of the grove.

————— 36 —————

THOUGH from place to place I'm ranging,  
No relief my breast can find,  
Though each day the scene I'm changing,  
*Restless thoughts disturb my mind.*

How can I be peace enjoying,  
Or in valley or on hill?  
Love his power is yet employing,  
Passion is my master still.

37

BEHOLD on the brow the leaves play in the hill  
While cattle calm feed in the vale;  
The church-pipe tapering, points thro' the mist  
As lord of the hill and the dale.

The playful colts skip after lambs to the brook,  
The brook slow and silently glides;  
The surface so smooth, and so clear, if you look  
It reflects the gay green on its sides.

By his feather'd seraglio in farm-yard care'd,  
The King of the Walk dares to crow,  
No Nabob, nor Nimrod enslaving the east,  
Such prowess with beauty can shew.

Beneath the still cow, *Nancy* presses the teat;  
Her face like the ruddy fac'd morn;  
Loud strokes in the barn the strong threshing  
Or winnow for market the corn.

Industrious, their wiver, at the doores of their  
Sit spinning, dress'd neatly, though coarse,  
To their babes, while unheeding the travellers  
They shew the fine man and his horse.

At the heels of the sled bark the base village  
Each puppy rude echo befire;  
Eut the horse too high bred, bounds away from  
Disregarding the clamour of cure.

Illiberal tailors thus envy betray,  
When merit above them they view;  
But Genius disdains to turn out of his way,  
Or afford a reply to the crew.

To contempt and despair such infames we count  
But to generous rivals, a toast—  
May rich men reward honest fellows of wit,  
Here's a health to those dunces that mock.

38

HITHER turn thy wand'ring eyes,  
Here the vale of pleasure lies;

ing flute, and warbling grove,  
melting soul to love.  
taste the golden hours,  
mountains, mossy bow'rs,  
noise, nor raking noise,  
nor thy peaceful joys,  
thought, nor fear you'll see,  
g-eyed hope and liberty;  
wisdom, more than fame,  
pleasure is my name.

39

politeness, pow'r divine,  
we bend beneath thy shine,  
is of the true bon,  
of the Cotillon.  
politeness, &c.

ing belles, and powder'd beaux,  
wives dress'd in Sundays cloaths,  
mechanics, old and young,  
to dance the cotillon.

s, doctors, leave your fees,  
I but to dance with ease,  
how they trip along,  
charming cotillon.

nd low, and rich and poor,  
on humble joys no more,  
in dancing mad'ness stun,  
pon the cotillon.

nd *Tunbridge Wells*, adieu!  
e more we think on you;  
oligarchs is our own,  
we've leas'd the cotillon.

40

air prospect, how lovely it seems,  
on the river shines Sp's silver beams,  
cert is here with the lark and the thrush  
is that warble and sing from each bush?  
ay they warble, and nature look gay,  
in was wedded to *Phillis* to day.

ist a month, that as crossing the plain,  
s first saw, and was seen by the swain

Some glances they chang'd, the youth saw her home,  
And soon, very soon, did they lovers become;  
He press'd her to marry, she bid him to stay,  
If she found him in earnest, she'd fix on a day.

She prov'd he was faithful, both tender and kind,  
For shepherds are not like the great, false inclin'd;  
Not like a coquet, void of feeling and sense, peace;  
The nymph scorn'd to keep him too long in suspense.  
The next time he ask'd her, she did not say nay,  
So *Damon* and *Phillis* were wedded to-day.

'Tis here in the village true peace reigns alone,  
Here only the sweets of contentment are known;  
The swains are sincere, the nymphs all are kind,  
True love only wins them, to interest they're blind;  
Whene'er that invites them, its call they obey,  
Uniting like *Damon* and *Phillis* to-day.

41

WHEN once love's subtle poison gains,  
A passage to the female breast,  
Rushing, like lightning, thro' the veins,  
Each wish, and ev'ry thought's possess'd.

To heal the pangs our minds endure,  
Reason in vain its skill applies;  
Nought can afford the heart a cure,  
But what is pleasing to the eyes.

42

WHAT are outward forms and shows,  
To an honest heart compar'd;  
Oft the rustic, wanting those,  
Has the nobler portion shar'd.

Oft we see the homely flow'r,  
Bearing, at the hedge's side,  
Virtues of more for'ign pow'r,  
Than the garden's gayest pride.

43

YOUNG *Lubin* was a shepherd boy,  
Fair *Rosal*'s a rustic maid;  
They met, they lov'd each other's joy,  
Together o'er the hills they stray'd.

# MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

2  
 their parents saw, and bless'd their love,  
 Nor would their happiness delay;  
 To-morrow's dawn their bliss should prove,  
 To-morrow be their wedding-day.

When as at eve, beside the brook,  
 Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,  
 One luckless lamb the current took,  
 'Twas *Rosalie*'s—the started wild.

Run, *Lubin*, run, my fav'rite save;  
 Too fatally the youth obey'd:  
 He ran, he plung'd into the wave,  
 To give the little wanderer aid.

But scarce he guides him to the shore,  
 When faint and sunk, poor *Lubin* dies;  
 Ah *Rosalie*! for ever more,  
 In his cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank—Oh! still be seen,  
 Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid;  
 And with sad wreaths of cypress green,  
 For ever sooth thy *Lubin*'s shade.

44  
 OH! never be one of those sad silly fellows,  
 Who always are snappish, suspicious, and jealous,  
 Who live but to doubt,  
 To pine and to pout,  
 To take one to task,  
 Examine, and ask

A hundred cross questions, to pick something out.  
 Oh! never, &c.

If by chance he shou'd come,  
 And not find her at home,  
 'Tis, "Madam, why so late,  
 "Where the devil could you wait?  
 "What's been done? what's been said?  
 "Zounds! I feel it on my head."  
 Oh! never, &c.

45  
 AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
 Though but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 The lulling song in the grove

'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,  
 While his harp rung symphonious a Hermit began  
 No more with himself or with nature at war,  
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man,

Ah why! all abandon'd to darkness and woe,  
 Why, alone *Philomela*, that languishing fall?  
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom intral.

But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay, [mourn  
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to  
 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,  
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
 The moon half extinguish'd her crescent display,  
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high,  
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her beam  
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again!  
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew!  
 Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more  
 I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for  
 For morn is approaching your charms to restore  
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance and glittering  
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;  
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering  
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the

46  
 HIS form by nature's hand was cast,  
 In beauty's manly mould,  
 His heart a costly jewel was,  
 Cas'd in a shrine of gold.  
 The gods in heav'nly synod met,  
 And each a blessing gave,  
 Wife, valiant, virtuous, he became,  
 But ah! he was a slave.

He serv'd as slave yet never serv'd,  
 A proud unworthy dame;  
 He lov'd as youth ne'er lov'd before,  
 But fed a hopeless flame;

For hard the heart of her he lov'd,  
And stubborn was her pride,  
One day she drove him from her sight,  
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

And never shall his mournful tale,  
Soft pity fail to move;  
Nor was there one who saw the youth,  
That ever fail'd to love.  
And was it then that fortune's blind,  
Or was it fortune's spite,  
Oh! take away her pow'r, ye gods!  
Or give her back her sight.

47

**W**HAT a lover is he that has nothing to give,  
But a look, and a vow, and a sigh! [live,  
Illy maid, take my word, you should know how to  
Before you're so ready to die.

How stupid a pair are the bridegroom and bride,  
Who wed but for cooing and billing;  
h! how dull will they be, as they sit side by side,  
If it happens they're not worth a shilling.

At first, by good luck, every hour of the day,  
'Tis my darling, my soul's dearest pleasure;  
at last, says the wife, I want money to pay,  
Come, give it, my heart's richest treasure!  
But I have it not, sweating!"—This theme may  
"Come let us be cooing and billing" [breed strife  
io, barbarous husband—go, termagant wife—  
So it happens when not worth a shilling.

48

**Y**E fair, ye lovers, at my call,  
Young, grave, and gay, come hither,  
All take me, take me while ye may,  
Fortune comes not ev'ry day.  
Ye fair, &c.

I know you a child pursue,  
Who from her tyrant father flew,  
Go on to find her rack your brains,  
And wear the fools-cap for your pains.  
I know, &c.

You to his schemes assistance lend,  
But little think how things may end;  
Regard but in this magic glass,  
You see a goose, and you an ass.  
An ass, &c.

**N**IGHT and day the anxious lover,  
Is attentive to the fair,  
'Till the doubtful courtship's over,  
Is she then so much his care?

Warm as summer, his addresses,  
Hope and ardour's in his eyes;  
Cool as winter, his caresses,  
When she yields his captive prize.

Now the owner of her beauty,  
Sees no more an angel's face;  
Half is love, the rest is duty:  
Pleasure sure is in the chase.

50

**L**ET court lovers pay adoration to crowns,  
That man is a monarch for me,  
Who cheerful improves the few acres he owns,  
Unenvying, industrious, and free.

At night, in high health, from his labour he rests,  
His household surrounded in a row,  
Wife, children, and servants; domestical guests,  
Such circles in town can ye shew,

He smiles on his babes, as some strive for his knee  
And some to their mother's neck cling,  
While playful the prattlers for place disagree,  
The roof with their shrill trebles ring.

Those cynics who brood o'er a single life's spleen,  
The offspring they have dare not own,  
But happy-wed pairs can enjoy the scene  
To you wretched mortals unknown.

His dame the good man of the house thus address'd  
" 'Twas so with us when we were young."  
Her hand within his he with gentleness press'd,  
While sentiment prompted his tongue.

K k

"J

" I remember the day of my falling in love,  
 " How fearful I first came to woo ;  
 " I hope that these boys will as true-hearted prove  
 " And our ladies, my dear, look like you."

A tear of joy starting, he kiss'd from her cheek,  
 Love gratefully glowing her face,  
 Too full her fond heart, not a word cou'd she speak  
 But, sighing, return'd his embrace.

'Tis by such endearments affection is shewn,  
 In silence more nobly express'd.  
 Than all the cant phrase, the *Bon Tom* of the town,  
 Where Love is a Monmouth street guest.

Go on, ye high births, and pretend to despise,  
 Those scenes which to you are unknown ;  
 But laugh not too long, rather aim to be wise,  
 And compare such a life with your own.

Vain jesters be mute, I'll a sentiment give,  
 A toast which esteem will not scorn ;  
 May they who can taste them, Love's kisses receive,  
 And tenderness meet a return.

51  
**F**AIR Sally lov'd a bonny seaman,  
 With tears she sent him out to roam ;  
 Young *Thomas* lov'd no other woman,  
 But left his heart with her at home.  
 She view'd the sea from off the hill,  
 And as she turn'd her spinning wheel,  
 She sung of her bonny seaman.

The wind blew loud, and she grew paler  
 To see the weather-cock turn round,  
 When lo ! she spy'd her bonny sailor  
 Come tripping o'er the fallow ground,  
 With nimble haste he leapt the stile,  
 And *Sally* met him with a smile,  
 And hugg'd her bonny sailor.

This knife the gift of lovely *Sally*,  
 I still have kept it for her sake ;  
 A thousand times in am'rous folly,  
 Thy name I've carv'd upon the deck :  
 Again this happy pledge returns  
 To shew how truly *Thomas* burns.

How truly burns for *Sally*.

This thimble did'st thou give to  
 While this I see I think on ;  
 Then why does *Tom* stand shilly  
 While yonder *Sleepie* is in view  
*Tom*, never to occasion blind,  
 Now took her in the willing mood  
 And went to church

52  
**Y**E virgins attend,  
 Believe me your friend,  
 And with prudence adhere to my plan  
 Ne'er let it be said,  
 There goes an old maid,  
 But get married as fast as you can.

As soon as you find  
 Your hearts are inclin'd  
 To beat quick at the sight of a man ;  
 Then choose out a youth  
 With honour and truth,  
 And get married as fast as you can.

For age, like a cloud,  
 Your charms soon will shroud,  
 And this whimsical life's but a span ;  
 Then, maids, make your hay,  
 While *Sol* darts his ray,  
 And get married as fast as you can.

The treacherous rake  
 Will artfully take  
 Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan ;  
 But baffle their snare,  
 Make virtue your care,  
 And get married as fast as you can.

And when *Hymen's* bands  
 Have join'd both your hands,  
 The bright flame still continue to far  
 Ne'er harbour the flings  
 That jealousy brings,  
 But be constant, and blest while you

53  
**T**HE mind of a woman can never I  
 You never can guess it aright ;

reason—she knows not her own;  
often 'ere night,  
puzzle *Apoll*,  
isies to follow;  
'd be a jest  
when she's kind,  
ly you'll find,  
e with the wind,  
abuses  
that she chuses,  
she refuses

54  
ave all creatures arms,  
from hostile harms;  
brood defend,  
at wide distend;  
refissile force;  
vig'rous horse;  
e fearful hare;  
e birds of air.  
wiles ordain,  
t the sylvan train;  
the grunting twine,  
ul porcupine;  
the wat'ry kind;  
s of the mind;  
ng her store,  
an had she more?  
n l to be fair  
woman's share;  
r wants or fears  
ies, or shields, or spears;  
aid afford,  
an shields or swords;  
an swords or shields;  
e beauty yields,

55  
he maid whom we love, no entrea-  
a life of pining; [ties can move,  
will excuse the fond rashness you use,  
dle whining;

Never stand like a fool with looks sheepish and  
Such bathful love is teasing; [cool,  
But with spirit address, and you're sure of success  
For honest warmth is pleasing, &c.

And tho' wedlock's your view,  
Like a rake if you woo;  
Girls sooner quit their coyneſs,  
They know beauty inspires,  
Less respect than desires;  
Hence love is prov'd by boldneſs,  
So ne'er stand like a fool, &c.

56  
COME come, bid adieu to fear,  
Love and harmony live here:  
No domestic jealous jars,  
Buzzing slanders, words and wars,  
In my presence will appear;  
Love and harmony reign here;  
Sighs to am'rous sighs returning,  
Pulses beating, bosoms burning:  
Bosoms with warm wishes panting,  
Words to speak those wishes wanting  
Are the only tumults here,  
All the woes you need to fear;  
Love and harmony reign here.

57  
THIS is a petit maitre's day—  
Awake at noon,  
Or scarce so soon,  
See him to his sofa creep,  
Sipping his tea—half asleep—  
Curſe the vapours!  
Reach the papers—  
What's the opera?—damn the play.  
Air my boots, I think I'll ride—  
Tho' rot it, no!  
It shakes one so—  
Let them bring the vis-à-vis:  
Lounging there, his lordship see,  
With vacant air,  
And sullen stare,  
Born of dullneſs, rais'd by pride!  
K. k 2



Stop at *Betty's*!—what's the news?—  
 A battle they say,—  
 Have you pines to day?—  
 Yes, my lord—we've beat the *Dutch*.  
 Ha—some ice—I thought as much;  
 What, and nothing more?  
 Th' t's a monstrous bore!  
 Well, drive to *Issachar* the *Jew's*.

Last at *Brookes's*—deep at play;  
*Issachar's* debt,  
 At *Faro* set.

Win or lose, serenely sad,  
 Calm he sits, nor vex'd, nor glad;  
 'Tis half alive,  
 He cuts at five—

*This is a petit-maitre's day.*

58  
**Z**OUNDS Sir! then I'll tell you without any jest,  
 The thing of all things, which I hate and detest;

A coxcomb, a fop,  
 A dainty milk sop;  
 Who, stenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top,  
 Looks just like a doll for a milliner's shop.

A thing full of prate,  
 And pride and conceit;  
 All fashion, no weight;  
 Who shrugs and takes snuff,  
 And carries a muff;  
 A minikin,  
 Finikin,

*French powder puff*;

And now, Sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.

59  
**Y**E mortals who search for content,  
 And yet the sweet path never find,  
 Come learn how your cares to prevent  
 And give trouble and care to the wind.  
 Give, &c.

They tell me no man e'er was blest  
 With spirits so even before;  
*That grief has no place in the breast.*  
*I am happy and can be no more.*

Why 'tis true, and I tell you the cause  
 That make me thus; your appear;  
 Tho' my plan may not meet with applause,  
 'Tis useful and I am sincere.

My bliss is not founded on wealth,  
 For that would my pleasure destroy;  
 The great are but happy by stealth,  
 And few are the sweets they enjoy.

It is not from love that I boast,  
 A life that's unclouded with woe;  
 Ah! that is a dangerous coast,  
 And love is felicity's foe.

*Hygieia*, sweet goddess! from thee  
 Our delights are made firm and secure;  
 Yet thousands are healthy as me,  
 Who lament what they all might endure.  
 Employment's the charm that will please,  
 Embrace it and ever be glad;  
 For surely that mind is at ease,  
 Which never has time to be sad,

60

**I**F a daughter you have, she's the plague of  
 No peace shall you know tho' you've buried you  
 At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught  
 O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter,  
 Sighing and whining, dying and pining,  
 O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter.

When scarce in her teens, they have wit to part  
 With letters and lovers, for ever they vex us,  
 While each still rejects the fair suitor you've set  
 O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter,  
 Jangling and wrangling, flouting and post  
 O! what a plague, &c.

61  
**W**HEN a tender maid is first essay'd  
 By some admiring swain;  
 How her blushes rise if she meets him  
 While he unfolds his pain!

If he takes her hand she trembles quite!  
 Touch her lips and she swoons outright;  
 While a pit a pit a pit a pat a pit  
 Her heart avows her fright.

it in time appear fewer signs of fear;  
The youth the boldly views:  
her hand he grasp, or her bosom clasp,  
No mantling blush ensues!  
o church well pleas'd the lovers move,  
her smiles her contentment prove,  
And a pit a pat, &c.  
Her heart avows her love!

62

wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,  
etence in life to gain;  
ted braves the stormy seas,  
at last content and ease;  
pes, when toil and danger's o'er,  
chor on his native shore.  
rinds blow hard, and mountains roll,  
nders shake from pole to pole;  
athful waves surrounding foam,  
t'ring fancy wafts him home;  
pes, when toil and danger's o'er,  
chor on his native shore.  
ound the bowl the jovial crew  
ly scenes of youth renew;  
ch his fav'rite fair will boast,  
the universal toast!  
we, when toil and danger's o'er,  
anchor on our native shore!

63

as the busy day is o'er,  
evening comes with pleasant shade,  
doliars from shore to shore,  
ly ply our jovial trade.  
ile the moon shines on the stream,  
is soft music breathes around;  
thering oar returns the gleam,  
tips in concert to the sound.  
/ some convent's mould'ring walls  
e hear the enamour'd youth;  
e watchful fair he calls,  
whispers vows of love and truth.  
And while the moon, &c.

And oft where the rialto swells,  
With happier pairs we circle round;  
Whose secret sighs fond echo tells,  
Whose murmur'd vows the bids resound.  
And while the moon, &c.  
Then joys the youth, that love conceal'd,  
That fearful love must own its sighs;  
Then smiles the maid, to hear reveal'd  
How more than ever she complies.  
And while the moon, &c.

64

YOUNG *Colin* having much to say,  
In secret to a maid,  
Persuaded her to leave the bay,  
And seek th' embow'ring shade;  
And after roving with his mate  
Where none could hear or see,  
Upon the velvet ground they sat  
Under the greenwood tree.  
Your charms, says *Colin*, warm my breast,  
What must I for them give?  
Nor night nor day can I have rest,  
I can't without you live.  
My flocks, my herds, my all is thine,  
Could you and I agree,  
O say, you to my wish incline  
Under the greenwood tree.  
Too late you tempt my heart, fond swain,  
The wary lass replies,  
A lad who must not sue in vain,  
Now for my favour tries;  
He bids me name the sacred day,  
In all things we agree;  
Then why should you and I now stay  
Under the greenwood tree.  
All this but serv'd to fire his mind,  
He knew not what to do;  
'Till to his suit she would be kind,  
He would not let her go;  
His love, his wealth, the youth display'd,  
No longer coy was she;  
K k 3

At church the seal'd the vow the made  
Under the greenwood tree.

————— 65 —————  
WHAT's a poor simple clown  
To do in the town,  
Of their freaks and vagaries I'll none;  
The folks I faw there  
Two faces did wear,  
An honest man ne'er has but one.  
  
Let others to *London* go roam,  
I love my neighbour  
To sing and to labour,  
To me there's nothing like country and home.

Nay the ladies, I vow,  
I cannot tell how,  
Were now white as a curd, and now red;  
La! how would you fcare,  
At their huge crop of hair,  
'Tis a hay-cock o'top of their head.  
Let others, &c.

Then 'tis so dizen'd out,  
And with trinkets about,  
With ribbands and flippets between;  
They so noddle and tofs,  
Just like a fore horse,  
With tassels, and bells in a team  
Let others, &c.

Then the fops are so fine,  
With lank waisted chine,  
And a little skimp bit of a hat;  
Which from sun, wind and rain,  
Will not shelter their brain,  
Tho' there's no need to take care of that.  
Let others, &c.

Would you the creatures ape,  
In looks and their shape,  
Teach a calf on his hind legs to go;  
Let him waddle in gait,  
A skim dish on his pate,  
And he'll look all the world like a beau,  
Let others, &c.

IN the city of *Phæbu*:  
Of her honour so n  
It was clear as the sun  
She'd no feeling for

For she flouted and poi  
On her knees she v  
Her blood was as cold  
When other young  
This widow a challen  
On her pride she ha  
Sly *Cupid* stood by wh  
And smil'd at her i

In a moment an arro  
Then aim'd at her  
Let no widow he erie  
One and all from t

MY name's *Ted Bl*  
And man and boy upo  
Full twenty years I've  
Crying, *Vauxhall* v  
And as that time's a l  
With some small folks  
To be sure I have no  
Crying, *Vauxhall* v  
Oh! of pretty wench  
And macaronies, wha  
Of a moon-light me  
Crying, *Vauxhall*

YOUNG man,  
Be this your pla  
Wisdom get whe

See, see, the hur  
Draws wealth from t  
Then he his av  
With his precio  
No passion his prude:

passion and truth  
 r agree;  
 ge,  
 m old age,  
 tumble bee.

Be prudent, &c.

— 69 —  
 once renown'd in fame,  
 m and a laurel'd brow,  
 di, vict, came,  
 the world with his row dow dow.  
 And conquer'd, &c.

vaunting enemies come,  
 waves their course allow,  
 we'll beat our drum,  
 at the found of our row, dow, dow.  
 Row, dow, &c.

ada our glory share,  
 hearts B itish valour avo,  
 o camp repair,  
 e beat of my row, dow, dow.  
 Row, dow, dow, &c.

— 70 —  
 urne and thro' the mead,  
 ke way'd o'er his brow,  
 m'd his reed,  
 p'd her bonny mou',  
 the well known song.  
 y, blithe and bonny,  
 aise the whole day long.  
 Down the bourne, &c.

he had but few,  
 d jewels nae great store,  
 fair, her love was true,  
 y wisely with'd no more;  
 arl. the shepherd's p'ize,  
 in, near the fountain,  
 its the shepherd's eyes.  
 Down the bourne, &c.  
 es give not health,  
 y cou'd nae these impart;

Youthful *Mary's* greatest wealth  
 Was still her faithful *Johnny's* heart;  
 Sweet the joys the lovers find!  
 Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure  
 Where the heart is always kind.  
 Down the bourne, &c.

— 71 —  
 THE miser thus a shilling sees,  
 Which he's oblig'd to pay;  
 With sighs resigns it by degrees,  
 And fears 'tis gone for aye.  
 The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,  
 The bird in silence eyes;  
 But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,  
 Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

— 72 —  
 THERE was a maid, and she went to the mill,  
 Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo.  
 The mill turn'd round, but the maid stood still.  
 Oh oh! did she so? did she so? did she so?  
 The miller he kiss'd her, away she went;  
 Sing trolly, &c.  
 The maid was well pleas'd, and the miller content  
 Oh ho! was he so? &c.  
 He danc'd and he sung, while the mill went clack;  
 Sing trolly, &c.  
 And he cherish'd his heart with a cup of old sack.  
 Oh ho! did he so? &c.

— 73 —  
 THE sweets of peace shall be our own,  
 And smiling plenty crown the plains;  
 'Tis peace adorns the monarch's throne,  
 And cheers the cottage of the swain.  
 The rising sun shall bless the mead,  
 And fair the mountain olive spring;  
 The vine its richest clusters spread,  
 When glory crowns a patriot king.  
 — 74 —  
 WHEN the head of poor *Tummas* was broke  
 By *Roger*, who play'd at the wake,  
 And *Kate* was alarm'd at the stroke,  
 And wept for poor *Tummas's* sake;

When his worship gave noggins of ale,  
And the liquor was charming and stout;  
O these were the times to regale,  
And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,  
And we all were as happy as kings;  
Each lad in his holiday clothes,  
And the lasses in all their best things:  
What merriment all the day long!  
May the feast of our *Colin* prove such;  
Odzooks! but I'll join in the song,  
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

75

A Fond father's bliss is to number his race,  
And exult on the bloom that just buds on their face;  
With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,  
And read in their smiles their lov'd mother again.  
Men of pleasure be mute, this is life's lovely view;  
When we look on our young ones our youth we renew  
Thus living we love, and thus loving enjoy;  
No deceit here distracts, no debauches destroy;  
From the may-morn of youth unto winter's white age  
Hand in hand, with contentment, we sing 'hro' life's  
When death bids up stop we end our easy song, [stage]  
And give the Gods thanks that we liv'd well so long.

76

THE poachers for fortune who damsels ensnare,  
With dross and addresses deceive;  
To lasses of wealth how those miscreants swear,  
And, alas! how the lasses beieve.

Nay, some ladies seem to expect being lost,  
They trust whom they know are forsworn;  
They listen to him who has ruin'd the most,  
And hope to be ruin'd in turn.

Can this be believ'd?—no!—the song-maker jokes,  
'Tis the tale of a slanderous crew;  
A sigh!—then I fear that there may be some folks  
Who are sorry to say it is true.

But when love for love is receiv'd on each side,  
How tender's smiles on the pair;  
*This, this is a triumph, and this is my pride,*  
*I enjoy such a favourite fair.*

No paint on her face,—no art in her mind,  
Her thoughts are explain'd by her eyes;  
From *principle* faithful from *gratitude* kind,  
And scorns the deceit of disguise.

All along on the slope, by the side of a stream,  
Our hours we happily pass;  
My head on her lap, while my love is her theme,  
And my looks I lift up to my lass.

Enjoying the breeze from the fields of new hay,  
We gather the summer's sweet pride;  
Or point to the brook where the small fishes play,  
And count them beneath the clear tide.

In rooms rich embellish'd with luxury's store,  
Let wealth-pamper'd indolence yawn;  
Let wantonness act her deliriums o'er,  
'Till dupes to her dungeon are drawn.

Let common-place fondness her blandishment  
And tempt by the toilet's parade; [speak]  
The squeeze, the soft sigh, wanton glance, and  
Are pantomime tricks of her trade. [crow]

I have try'd, and can tell,—I have frolick'd away,  
And follow'd the fashion of fun;  
The same farce have acted that's play'd at this day,  
And while the world wheels will be done.

77

HOW brim full of nothing's the life of a beau  
They've nothing to think of, they've nothing to do  
And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know:  
Such, such, is the life of a beau,  
Such, &c.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air;  
Spend the morning in nothing, but curling their hair  
And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter and stare  
Such, such, is the life of a beau,  
Such, &c.

For nothing, at night, to the playhouse they crowd  
To mind nothing done there, they always are proud  
But to bow, and to grin, and talk *nothing* aloud:  
Such, such, is the life of a beau,  
Such, &c.

## MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

othing they run to th' assembly and ball;  
or nothing, at cards, a fair partner they call;  
ey still must be basted, who've nothing at all  
such, is the life of a beau,  
&c.

othing, on sundays, at church they appear;  
have nothing to hope for, and nothing to fear,  
can be nothing no where, who nothing are  
such, is the life of a beau, [here:  
&c.

78  
IFEN daisies py'd, and v'lets blue,  
cuckow buds of yellow hue,  
lady-smocks all silver white,  
in the meadows with delight;  
cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,  
is marry'd men; for thus sings he:  
ow! cuckow! oh! word of fear,  
tasting to a marry'd ear,  
casing, &c.

1 shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
merry larks are ploughmen's clocks;  
n turtles tread, and rooks and daws,  
maidens bleach their summer smocks;  
cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,  
is marry'd men; for thus sings he:  
ow! cuckow! oh! word of fear,  
casing, &c.

79  
IF E, thou source of every blessing,  
rent of each joy divine,  
y balmy sweet possessing,  
ery promi'd bliss be thine.

ft friend to heart-felt anguish,  
nd, O! lend thy powerful aid;  
he lover cease to languish,  
icer the fond despairing maid.

80  
ME live with me, and be my love,  
we will all the pleasures prove  
t vallies, groves, or hill, or field,  
rood, or steepy mountain yeld.

There will we sit upon the rock,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown, made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Slippers lin'd with choicely fur for the cold;  
With buckles of the purest gold.

A holt of straw, and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,  
As precious as the gods do eat,  
Shall, on an ivory table, be  
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

81  
IF all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.  
But time drives flocks from field to fold;  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
And *Philomel* becometh dumb,  
The rest complain of cases to come.

The flowers that bloom in wanton field,  
To wayward winter reckoning yield;  
A honey-tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

hy belt of straw, and ivy buds;  
hy coral clasps, and amber studs;  
If these in me no mind can move,  
'o come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,  
If better meat than's fit for men?  
These are but vana: that's only good  
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed;  
Had joy no date, and age no need;  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love,

YE fair, be advised by a friend,  
Whose council proceeds from the heart,  
On beauty no longer depend,  
Or fly to the efforts of art;  
If a sphere you'd gain to your arms,  
Let virtue each action approve,  
Her charms the fond bosom alarms,  
And softens the soul into love.

To day be not nice as a bride,  
To-morrow untimely severe;  
Let prudence and truth be your guide,  
Nor caprice nor folly appear:  
Unless you thus govern your mind,  
And banish deceit from your breast,  
Too soon by experience you'll find,  
Inconstancy ne'er can be blest.

Neglected, you'll wither and fade,  
Till beauty, by age, shall decay;  
Then lonely retreat to the shade,  
And mourn the sad hours away:  
How desperate will then be your fate,  
How great your sad loss to deplore;  
Repentance, alas! is too late,  
When the power to charm is no more.

WHY should we of humble state,  
Vainly blame the pow'rs above,  
Or excuse the will of fate,  
Which allows us all to love?

Love (impartial gentle boy)  
Deals his gifts as free as air,  
Love is all the shepherd's joy,  
Love is all the damsel's care,

Hope, that charmer of the soul,  
Hope, in love should ever live,  
Could our years for ever roll,  
Love would blessings ever give:  
Youth, alas! too swiftly flies,  
Nor can *Cupid* bid him stay;  
Beauty like a shadow dies,  
Love has wings and will away.

THE shepherd who roves the wood thro'  
To hear the sweet warblers in *May*,  
If by chance there's a songster that's new,  
He listens a while to the lay.  
Tho' the thrush and the nightingale's throat  
Are sweeter by far than the rest,  
He better is pleas'd with the note  
That suits with the tune of his breast.

So I, tho' the least of the choir,  
May win for a moment your ear,  
Love and pleasure my voice would inspire,  
And pleasure and love can endear.  
Tho' slender my pipe and my song,  
There are who may list to my strain;  
My fame is to please the gay throng,  
Nur sing in the grove all in vain.

THE prospect clear'd around is heard  
The music of the hive;  
The blossoms blow, the spirits flow,  
And nature's all alive:  
In ev'ry grove the work is love,  
The word is, "Sing and play;"  
From eve to morn the fays warn,  
"Ye maids, beware of *May*!"  
Each lively scheme, each am'rous theme,  
Our nymphs and poets chuse;  
The dance delights, the song invites,  
A mirth provokes the muse:

no more, our chief's come o'er ;  
 a the grave ones say,  
 e'er we tread, temptations spread,  
 ware the ideo of *May* !"

86

ize and bloom of beauty,  
 de mind to be sincere ;  
 rtue, 'tis your duty,  
 ie nymph has nought to fear.  
 sight whate'er you mention,  
 ooks your suit approve ;  
 ows no base intention,  
 s love's reward is love.  
 e, &c.

87

the god of soft affection,  
 air-ones, touch your hearts,  
 tue your protection ;  
 in repel his darts.

gen'rous be the passion,  
 keep the youth in pain ;  
 his inclination,  
 : love for love again,

&c.

88

cho ! sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
 hy airy cell,  
 ander's margin green,  
 n the violet embroider'd valse,  
 : the love-lorn nigh'ingale  
 : to thee her sad song mourneth well,  
 not tell me of a gentle pair,  
 thy *Narcissus* are.  
 ! if you have  
 lid them in some flow'ry cave ;  
 but where,  
 een of parley, daughter of the sphere ;  
 on be translated to the skies,  
 ounding grace to all heaven's harmonies,

89

SHEPHERD, would you here obtain  
 Pleasure unalloy'd with pain,  
 Joy that suits the rural sphere,  
 Gentle shepherd lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delights,  
 Verdant vales and fountains bright,  
 Trees that nod on sloping hills,  
 Caves that echo murmur'ing rills.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy,  
 Banish each tumultuous joy,  
 All but love, for love inspires  
 Tender wishes, fiercer fires.

See, to sweeten thy repose,  
 Blossoms bud, the fountain flows :  
 Lo ! to crown thee, at thy word  
 All that music can afford.

90

BUSY, curious thou fly,  
 Drink with me and drink as I,  
 Freely welcome to my cup,  
 Cou d'st thou sip and sip it up :  
 Make the most of life you may,  
 Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,  
 Hast'ning quick to their decline,  
 Thine's a summer mine's no more,  
 Tho' repeated to threescore ;  
 Threescore summers when they're gone,  
 Will appear as short as one.

91

HOPE and fear alternate rise,  
 Strive for empire o'er my heart,  
 Ev'ry peril now despising,  
 Now at ev'ry breath I start.  
 Teach, ye learned sages, teach me,  
 How to stem this beating tide ;  
 If you've any rules to teach me,  
 Haste and be the weak one's guide.

Thy



84

'hus our trials, at a distance,  
Wisdom's science promise aid;  
Yet, in need of their assistance,  
We attempt to grasp a shade.

92  
COME list to me, ye gay and free,  
And ye whom cares molest,  
War, wine, and love but tend to prove,  
That *Second Thoughts are best*.

The queen of charms, the god of arms,  
Gay *Bacchus*, and the rest,  
When ask'd, ne'er flounce, yet all pronounce  
That *Second Thoughts are best*.

The jealous boy, in *Daphne's* coy,  
'Gainst *Cupid* will protest,  
His nymph certain, then think again;  
For *Second Thoughts are best*.

The fair one too, and 'd to woo,  
Drive *Strephon* from her breast;  
Then seeks in self, makes love herself,  
For *Second Thoughts are best*.

And *Mars* who darts on scarlet coats,  
I'm sure will stand the test,  
Nor frown on her who dares aver,  
That *Second Thoughts are best*.

Ev'n *Neptune* too, our fleet in view,  
Kept *Gallia's* fleet in *Bress*;  
They meant to fight, he put them right;  
Their *Second Thoughts were best*.

Again! but mark the tipping spark,  
When seized as a guest,  
At first resign his sparkling wine,  
But *Second Thoughts are best*.

And you, I see, will side with me,  
Some louder than the rest,  
Will cry, "no more" and then "encore!"  
But *Second Thoughts are best*.

93

LONG time had *Lyfander* told *Daphne* his pain,  
And his passion again and again;

The obdurate fair one said,  
That all her reply was, *Pardonnez-moy*.

In vain he intreated, implor'd, and caress'd,  
Of all his pretensions he made but a jest;  
Tho' his life he declar'd her disdain would delay,  
Yet regardless the answer'd him *Pardonnez-moy*.

But finding his sighs no impression could make,  
He determin'd another expedient to take;  
And artifice now he resolves to employ,  
To make her forget to say, *Pardonnez-moy*.

He swore that her eyes like bright *Phæbus* did shine  
That her air was majestic, her form all divine:  
With such fond delusions he purchas'd the toy  
And stat'ry prevail'd over *Pardonnez-moy*.

94

AND did you not hear of a jolly young wail  
Who at *Black friars' bridge* us'd for to ply  
He feather'd his oars with such skill and des  
Winning each heart and delighting each  
He look'd so neat and row'd so steadily,  
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so read  
And he eyed the young rogues with so cheer  
That this waterman ne'er was in want of

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in!  
'Twas clean'd out so nice and so paint  
He was always first oar, when the fine  
In a party to *Ranelagh* went, or *Vaux*  
And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling  
But 'twas all one to *Tom* their jibing as  
For loving or liking he little did care,  
As this waterman ne'er was in want o

And yet, but to see how strangely this  
As he row'd along, thinking of no  
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely:  
That she smil'd, & so stray way in  
And would this young damsel but b  
He'd woo'd her to night before it was  
And how should this waterman ev  
When he's marry'd and never in w

95  
*Down-bill* there dwell an old pair,  
 may be they dwell there still,  
 yet indeed didn't fall to their share;  
 ept a small farm and a mill;  
 contented with what they did get,  
 new got of guile or of arts;  
 hter they had, and her name it was *Be*.  
 was the pride of their hearts.

n were her locks, her shape it was strait,  
 ey were as black as a doe; [gait  
 were milk white, full smart was her  
 ek was her skin as a doe;  
 were the clouds, and the rain it did pour  
 of true blue could be spy'd,  
 wet and cold, came and knock'd at the door  
 n it had lost, and it cry'd.

it was as mild as the mornings of *May*,  
 be she hugg'd close to her breast;  
 'd him all over, he smil'd as he lay,  
 f'd him and lull'd him to rest;  
 do you think she had got for her prize,  
*Love*, the fly master of arts;  
 r he wak'd, but he dropp'd his disguise,  
 ew'd her his wings, and his darts.  
 , I am *Love*, but yet be not afraid,  
 ll I make shake at my will,  
 and so kind, have you been, my fair maid,  
 m shall you feel from my skill;  
 er ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,  
 nd you shall find in me still,  
 r quiver and shoot, be greater than she,  
*anus of Tetterdown bill*.

96  
 a silent evening hour,  
 and lovers in a bower,  
 ght their mutual bliss,  
 gh her heart was just relenting,  
 gh her eyes seem'd just consenting,  
 the fear'd to kiss.  
 this silent shade, he cried,  
 hose rosy blushes hide,  
 y will you resist?

Since no tell-tale spy is near us,  
 Eye nor sees, nor ear can hear us,  
 Who would not be kiss'd?

*Celia*, hearing what he said,  
 Gently lifted up her head,  
 Her breast soft wishes fill:  
 Since, she cried, no spy is near us,  
 Eye nor sees, nor ear can hear us,  
 Kiss—or what you will.

97  
 AS t'other day young *Damon* came,  
 Where *Chloe* sat demure,  
 He sigh'd and gaz'd to own his flame,  
 For love had struck him sore,  
 His awkward mien amaz'd the fair,  
 Which he no doubt seem'd shy at;  
 And when he prais'd her shape and air,  
 She answer'd, Swain, be quiet.

My dear, he cry'd, O! be not coy,  
 Nor deem my meaning rude;  
 Let love like mine thy mind employ,  
 True love can ne'er intrude.  
 Her hand he then essay'd to kiss,  
 Which, frowning, she cry'd fye at;  
 And when he struggled for the bliss,  
 'Twas be a little quiet.

The swain perceiv'd her alter'd tone,  
 And boldly grasp'd her hand;  
 The nymph was forc'd to own the flame,  
 And join'd in *Hymen's* band,  
 Alas! how chang'd each wedded pair!  
 The power of words they try at;  
 Now *Damon* has not one to spare,  
 But, Pray, dear wife, be quiet.

98  
 COME listen, and laugh at the times,  
 Since folly was never so ripe.  
 For ev'ry man laughs at those thimes  
 That give his own follies a wipe:  
 We live in a kind of disguise;  
 We flatter, we lye and protest,  
 While each of us artfully tries,  
 On others to lessen the jest.

The virgin, when first she is woo'd,  
Returns ev'ry sigh with disdain;  
And while by her lover pursu'd,  
Can laugh at her folly and pain:  
But when from her innocence won,  
And doom'd for her virtue to mourn,  
When she finds herself lost and undone,  
He laughs (though unjust) in his turn.

The fools who at law do contend,  
Can laugh at each other's distress,  
And while the dice suit does depend,  
Ne'er think how their substance grows less;  
Till hamper'd by tedious expence,  
Altho' to compound they are loth,  
They'll find, when restor'd to their sense,  
The lawyers sit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the fashion  
For each fool to laugh at the other,  
Let us strive, with a generous compassion,  
To correct, not condemn, one another.  
We all have some follies to hide,  
Which, known, wou'd dishonour the best;  
And life, when 'tis thoroughly tried,  
Like friendship, will seem but a jest.

THOU soft flowing *Aven*! by thy silver stream,  
Oribje immortal thy *Shakspear* wou'd dream:  
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed  
For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.  
Here swains shall be fam'd for their love & their truth  
And cheerful old age feel the transports of youth;  
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,  
For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.  
The love-stricken maiden, the sighing young swain,  
Here rove without danger and toy without pain;  
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,  
For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.  
Flow on, silver *Aven*, in song ever flow,  
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow,  
Ever full be thy stream like his fame may it spread  
Ever full be thy stream like his fame may it spread

VIRGINS are like the fair flower in its bloom,  
Which in the garden enamels the ground;  
Near it the bees in play flutter and clow;  
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.  
But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,  
To *Covent-garden* 'tis sent, as yet sweet;  
There fades and shrinks, and grows past all esteem  
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under foot.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds, too late, that men betray;  
What charms can soothe her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?  
The only art, her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom—is to die!

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind,  
Thou art not so unkind,  
Thou art not so unkind,  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Altho' thy breath be rude,  
Altho' thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh,  
As benefits forgot;  
Tho' thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp,  
Tho' thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp,  
As friends remember'd not,  
As friends remember'd not.

WHEN bick'ings hot,  
To high words got,  
Break out at gamiorum;

o cool,  
rile  
about the jorum.

1 jug,  
can lug?  
me that glib speaker,  
d rag,  
wag,  
mouth full of liquor.

104

ivites, in crowds we fly,  
vial routful cry;  
om cares and plagues all day,  
midnight Hark-away!  
r pain, nor griefs, nor care,  
ufbands enter there;  
bold, the young, the gay,  
midnight Hark-away.

kes the morning clock,  
archmen iuly knock;  
peeps, we sport and play,  
e jolly Hark away.  
th sport to bed we creep,  
ecious day with sleep,  
welcome call obey,  
he midnight Hark away.

105

all nature was sweet *Willy O*,  
nature was sweet *Willy O*,  
of all swains,  
n'd the plains,  
ke to the sweet *Willy O*.  
ly, did sweet *Willy O*,  
ly, &c.  
l each maid,  
he play'd,  
pip'd like the sweet *Willy O*.  
him, the sweet *Willy O*,  
him, &c.  
he came,  
had a name,  
follow'd the sweet *Willy O*.

He would be a soldier, the sweet *Willy O*,  
He would be a soldier, &c.

When arm'd in the field,  
With sword and with shield,  
The laurel was won by the sweet *Willy O*.  
He charm'd them while living, the sweet *Willy O*,  
He charm'd them, &c.

And when *Willy* dy'd,  
'Twas nature that sigh'd  
To part with her all in the sweet *Willy O*.

106

THE lark proclaim'd return of morn,  
When *Dolly* tript across the lawn,  
Young *Colin* follow'd with his flail,  
She went to fill her milking pail;  
He lov'd and begg'd she'd hear him now,  
She answer'd she must milk her cow.

He sighing vow'd he lov'd her more  
Than ever youth did nymph before,  
With rapture prais'd her blooming charms,  
And press'd the fair one in his arms;  
She bade him keep his distance now,  
Nor hinder her to milk her cow.

Fair maid, he cry'd, could you approve  
An artless shepherd's honest love,  
Yon little farm, yon flocks are mine,  
Al', with their master's heart, is thine,  
Then begg'd she wou'd his flame allow,  
She answer'd, she must milk her cow.

Not so repuls'd, the comely youth,  
With kisses, prayers, and vows of truth,  
So pleas'd the nymph, she smil'd consent,  
And to the church they instant went;  
His flame she did not disallow,  
But quite forgot to milk her cow.

107

WATER, parted from the sea,  
May increase the river's tide,  
To the bubbling fount may flee,  
Or, through fertile valleys glide,

L 1 2

Thou

# MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Though, in search of lost repose,  
Through the land 'tis free to roam,  
Still it murmurs as it flows,  
Till it reach its native home.

108  
**W**HOD know the sweets of liberty?  
'Tis to climb the mountain's brow;  
Thence to discern rough industry  
At the harrow or the plough:  
'Tis where my sons their crops have sown,  
Calling the harvest all their own.  
'Tis where the heart to truth ally'd,  
Never felt unmanly fear;  
'Tis where the eye, with milder pride,  
Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear,  
Such as *Britannia* yet shall see,  
'These are the sweets of liberty.

109  
**O**H! how vain is every blessing,  
How insipid all our joys,  
Life how little worth possessing,  
But when love its time employs!  
Love the purest, no blest pleasure,  
That the gods on earth bestow,  
Adding wealth to ev'ry treasure,  
Taking pain from ev'ry woe.

110  
**I**N infancy our hopes and fears  
Were to each other known;  
And friendship in our riper years,  
His twin'd our hearts in one:  
O! clear him then from this offence;  
Thy love, thy duty, prove:  
Restore him with that innocence  
Which first inspir'd my love.

111  
**B**EHOOLD on *Lebe's* dismal strand  
Thy father's troubled image stand!  
In his face what grief profound!  
See he rolls his haggard eyes!  
"Look! " Revenge! Revenge!" he cries,  
"...all bleeding wound."

112  
**O**ONS! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like!  
What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss?  
The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace)  
Would do the same thing were they in the same place  
No age, no profession, no station is free;  
To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:  
That power, resistless, no strength can oppose;  
We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

113  
**F**AREWELL, the smoky town, adieu  
Each rude and sensual joy;  
Gay, fleeting pleasures, all untrue,  
That in possession cloy.  
Far from the garnish'd scene I'll fly,  
Where folly keeps her court,  
To wholesome, sound philosophy,  
And harmless rural sport.  
How happy is the humble cell,  
How blest the deep retreat,  
Where sorrows billows never swell,  
Nor passion's tempests beat!  
But safely thro' the sea of life,  
Calm reason wafts us o'er,  
Free from ambition, noise, and strife,  
To death's eternal shore.

114  
**L**OVE's a gentle gen'rous passion!  
Source of all sublime delight;  
When with mutual inclination,  
Two fond hearts in one unite.  
What are titles, pomp, or riches,  
If compar'd with true content?  
That false joy which now bewitches;  
When too late, we may repent.  
Lawless passions bring vexation,  
But a chaste and constant love,  
Is a glorious emulation  
Of the blissful one above.

115

YE! sweet poison, torment pleasing,  
 re delight in pain you give,  
 ling anguish, flattering, teasing,  
 from grief or rapture ceasing,  
 I'll love, or cease to live;

116

H me, ye nine, to sing of tea,  
 ful green, of black'bohea;  
 rk! the kettle softly singing,  
 in it bubbles o'er;  
 ckly *John, Black Susan*, bring in,  
 the tea pot pour.

read and butter thinly slice,  
 spread it delicately nice;  
 e toast be crisp and crumpling,  
 oils as doughy as a dumpling;  
 ating, sipping, snuffing up the steam,  
 and 'midst a motley chaos seem  
 and saucers, butter, bread, and cream.

117

*Dan's*, when fair and young,  
 ace has divinely sung)  
 at be kept from *Jove's* embrace  
 of steel, and walls of brass.

myfterious husband, tell us,  
 myfterious, why so jealous?  
 h restraint, the bolt, the bar,  
 ee secure, thy wife less fair?

abroad, and let her see  
 this world of pageantry,  
 he, forbidden, longs to know,  
 r, pocket-glass, and beau.  
 r virtues ever kind,  
 r faults—a little blind;  
 er ways be unconfin'd,  
 your Padlock—on her mind.

118

he *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,  
 mers waving in the wind,  
 -ey'd *Susan* came on board,  
 e shall I my true love find?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
 If my sweet *William* sails among your crew?

*William*, who high upon the yard,  
 Rock'd with the bil ows to and fro,  
 Soon as 'her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;  
 The cords fly swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,  
 And drops at once into her nest;  
 The noblest captain in the *British* fleet,  
 Might envy *William's* lips those kisses sweet:

O *Susan, Susan*, lovely dear!  
 My vows shall ever true remain;  
 Let me wipe off that falling tear;  
 We only part to meet again.  
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;  
 They'll tell thee sailors when away,  
 In ev'ry port a mistress find:  
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
 For thou art present where'er I go,

If to fair *India's* coast we sail,  
 Thine eyes are 'een in di'monds bright;  
 Thy breath is *Africa's* spicy gale;  
 Thy skin is ivory so white:  
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,  
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely *Sus*.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn;  
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms  
*William* shall to his dear return:  
 Love turns away the balls that round me fly,  
 Left precious tears should drop from *Susan's* eye.

L 13

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosom spread;  
No longer must she stay on board;  
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head;  
Her leaping boat unwilling rows to land;  
Adieu! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

TO *Anacreon* in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,  
A few sons of harmony sent a petition,  
That he their inspirer and patron would be;  
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old *Grecian*

"Voice, fiddle and flute,

"No longer be mute,

"I'll lend you my name, and inspire you to boot,  
"And besides I'll instruct you with mirth-twenty twice  
"The myrtle of *Venus* with *Bacchus*'s vine."

This news through *Olympus* intimately flew,  
When old *Thunder* pretended to give himself airs  
"If their mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue  
"The devil a goddess will stay above stairs,

"Hark! already they cry,

"In transports of joy,

"Away to the sons of *Anacreon* we'll fly;  
"And there with good fellows we'll learn to entwine  
"The myrtle of *Venus* with *Bacchus*'s vine.

"The yellow hair'd god & his nine lusty maids,  
"From *Helicon*'s banks will incontinent flee,  
"Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,  
"And the biforked hill a meer desert will be.

"My thunder, no fear on't;

"Shall soon do its errand,

"And dam'me, I'll swing the singleaders I war-  
"I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine  
"The myrtle of *Venus* with *Bacchus*'s vine."

*Apollo* rose up, and said, "Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,  
"Good king of the gods, with your votaries below  
"Your thunder is useless!" Then showing his laurel  
Cry'd, "See! *evitable* fustians, you know;

"Then over each head,

"My laurels I'll spread,

"So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall  
"While they sing in their club-room they jovially twine  
"The myrtle of *Venus* with *Bacchus*'s vine."

Next *Morus* got up,  
And swore with

"The full tide of h

"But the song an

"When *Jove*,

"Of these hor

Cry'd *Jove*, "We re

"And swear by old

"The myrtle of *V*

Ye sons of *Anacreon*

Preserve unanimi

'Tis yours to support

You've the sancti

While thus we

Our toast let it

May our club flourish

And long may the

The myrtle of *Venus*

IN the golden b

Down the silver

Eternally pick

Cold-ham and

Ladies smiling

Common-cour

Ladies joking,

Smoking, jok

Puff! puff!

With flute, d

And serpent to

Hum! hum!

With flats!

French horn

And sometime

Grecs, canons

They sing and

*Bebbiamo tu*

*Bebbiamo,*

And the city

Up the river

While Cheapside

And Aldgate

Eat White

# MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

— 121 —

I languish,  
passion vain;  
It anguish,  
no pain.  
ning,  
It  
like the fo:  
its tormenting,  
int's ease.

— 122 —

ention on this little song,  
it is not very long;  
er son here grudges  
—you're monstrous good judges.  
Still low'rs on the times,  
ringing the chimes;  
blows old quidnunc despise,  
ces—they're monstrously wise.  
atures, mean all for the best;  
ome they will find us well dress'd;  
diers, hair powder'd & frizzled,  
which, 'hey'd be monstrously puzz  
rd deride their intention, [zled.  
m could vanquish a Frenchman;  
s invade, what with women and  
glad to get fast back again. [men

who service have known;  
: spirit enough of their own;  
ern, our fair ladies room,  
e monstrously better at home;  
ock, let pleasure invite,  
and Bacchus delight;  
ay smiles of this throng.  
mine is a monstrous good song.

— 123 —

ope the fancy warms,  
om beauty's charms,  
with a scene  
nd serene.

is rosy red,  
: skies o'erspread,

So love, that seems at once so fair,  
Its joys oft changes to despair.

— 124 —

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends & ye  
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay  
Forget all your sorrows, your care, and your  
And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to—  
Ye vot'ries all, attend to my call,  
Come revel in pleasures that never can el  
Come, see rural felicity,

Which love and innocence ever enjoy,  
Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,  
Still croud to, and beat at the breast of  
To such wretched passions we give no adm  
But leave them alone to the wife ones of  
We boast of no wealth, but contentment and  
In mirth and in friendship our moments  
Come, see rural felicity, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart stirring;  
With reason we drink of the full-blown  
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure  
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul  
Then come at our bidding to this happy w  
No care shall intrude, here, our bliss to a  
Come, see rural felicity, &c.

— 125 —

COME hither my country squire,  
Take friendly instructions from me

The lords shall admire

Thy taste in attire,

The ladies shall languish for thee.

Such sauntering, gallanting, and jaunting,

And frolicking thou shalt see,

Thou'rt like a clown,

Shall quit London's sweet town,

To live in thine own country.

A skimming dish hat provide,

With little more brim than lace

Nine hairs on a side,

To a pigtail ty'd,

Will set off thy jolly broad face,

Such sauntering, &c.



Go get thee a footman's frock,  
A cudgel quite up to thy nose;  
Then frize like a block,  
And plisiter thy block,  
And buckle thy shoes at thy toes.  
Such flaunting, &c.

A brace of ladies fair  
To pleasure thee shall strive;  
In a chaise and pair  
They shall take the air,  
And thou on the box shalt drive.  
Such flaunting, &c.

Convert thy acres to cash,  
And saw thy timber trees down;  
Who'd keep such trash,  
And not cut a flash,  
Or enjoy the delights of the town?  
Such flaunting, gallanting, and jaunting,  
And frolicking thou shalt see,  
Thou ne'er, like a clown,  
Shall quit London's sweet town,  
To live in thine own country.

WHO has e'er been at *Paris* must needs know the  
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave, [*Greve*,  
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute  
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet,

Derry down, down, hey derry down. [put on,  
There death breaks the shackles which force had  
And the hangman compleats what the judge but begun  
There the squire of the pad, & the knight of the post  
Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes  
Derry down, &c. [no more cross.

Great claims are there made, many secrets are known  
And the king, & the law, & the thief has his own:  
But my hearers cry out, what a duce dost thou ail?  
Cut off these reflections, and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,  
And for want of false witnesses to back a bad cause,

A Norman of late was oblig'd to appear,  
And who to assist, but a grave cordelier.

Derry down, &c.

The squire, whose good grace was to open the case,  
Seem'd not in great haste, that the show should last  
Now fitted the halber, now travers'd the cart,  
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son, says the priest  
You murder'd are sorry, and have been confest?  
O, father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon,  
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c.

Poh! pr'ythe, ne'er trouble thy head with such fear  
Rely on the aid you shall have from *St. Francis*:  
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,  
You have only to die, let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?  
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:  
Courage, friend; to day is your period of sorrow,  
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our hero reply'd, in a fright; [sigh  
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of it  
Tell your beads, quoth the priest, & be fairly try'd  
For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup. [cry

Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the squire, how'er sumptuous the treat  
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat:  
I should therefore esteem it a favour and price,  
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.

Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the father, & thank you to boot  
But our actions, you know, with our duty must meet  
The feast I propose to you I cannot taste,  
For this night by our order is mark'd for a fast.  
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about, to the hangman he said,  
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade!

rd, and my cord both equally tie,  
e by the gold for which other men die.  
wn, &c.

127  
one day, in angry mood,  
rilla, whom he lov'd,  
his flame, and mock'd his sighs,  
ntly to *Jove* applies:  
! thou sov'reign god above,  
r'st the pains of slighted love;  
r mortal's pray'r, and take  
sole sex for pity's sake;  
we men might live at ease,  
appiness and peace.

ly heard, (he pray'd not twice;) )  
the woman in a trice:  
saw the coast was clear,  
single girl was near,)  
with himself, 'twas kind,  
o gratify my mind;  
hy passion's o'er, O! *Jove*,  
*Sylla* back, thy love;  
th her on earth be blest,  
in heaven all the rest.

128  
E listen, ye fair,  
: reason declare;  
int much your answer befitting)  
e words of a fool,  
sten are told.  
y pathetic and moving?  
e reason's soon shown;  
ere ever man known,  
see, would tarry to hear her?  
ere needs little proving  
rds must be moving.  
: who can move will stay near her.

129  
ll ye shepherds of the plain,  
y nymph, and ev'ry swain,  
our work, and haste away,  
e weds his *Phyllis*,  
and pleasure then go round,  
heart with joy abound;

And we'll be merry, brisk, and gay,  
For *Damon* weds his *Phyllis*.

The swains shall pipe in pleasing strains,  
The nymphs shall dance blithe o'er the plains,  
In honour of this happy day.  
That *Damon* weds his *Phyllis*.  
No melancholy shall be seen,  
All shall be happy on the green;  
For we'll cast all our care away,  
When *Damon* weds his *Phyllis*.

The rose and lily we'll entwine,  
And ev'ry pleasing flower we'll join,  
And make a chaplet fair and gay,  
To deck the lovely *Phyllis*.  
Beneath their feet we flowers will strow,  
And garlands hang on ev'ry bough;  
And all to grace the wedding-day  
Of *Damon* and his *Phyllis*.

130  
FAIREST isle, all isles excelling.  
Seat of pleasure and of love,  
*Venus* here will chuse her dwelling,  
And forsake her *Cyprian* grove;  
*Cupid*, from his favourite nation,  
Care and envy will remove,  
Jealously that poisons passion,  
And despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,  
Sighs that blow the fire of love,  
Soft repulses, kind disdainings,  
Shall be all the pain you prove.  
Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,  
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove,  
And, as these excel in beauty,  
Those shall be renown'd for love.

131  
FAIR *Kitty*'s charms young *Johnny* took,  
So eager he for billing,  
When lo! the nymph the swain forbok,  
To show her pow'r of killing:  
The shepherd briskly chang'd his tune,  
And cry'd, coquette, remember.

The lover you refuse in *June*,  
You'll with for in *December*.

Young *Johnny* soon met *Philomel*,  
Good-natur'd, blithe and bonny,  
She loath'd the love-sick swain so well,  
Proud *Kate*'s forgot by *Johnny*.  
Coquettes take warning, change your tune,  
This woeful truth remember,  
The lover you refuse in *June*,  
You'll with for in *December*.

Alas! poor *Kate*! with scythe so sharp,  
Time o'er her forehead struck her,  
And now her charms begin to warp,  
She's in a piteous pucker.  
Coquettes, take warning, change your tune,  
This woeful truth remember;  
The lover you refuse in *June*,  
You'll with for in *December*.

132  
FROM silent shades and the *Elysian* groves,  
Where sad departed spirits mourn their loves;  
From crystal streams, and from the country where  
*Jove* crowns the fields with flow'rets all the year;  
Poor senseless *Bess*, in tatters cloth'd and folly,  
Is come to cure her love sick melancholy:  
Bright *Cynthia* kept her revels late,  
While *Mab*, the fairy queen did dance;  
And *Oberon* did sit in state,  
When *Mars* at *Venus* ran his lance.  
In yonder cowslip lies my dear,  
Intomb'd in liquid gems of dew;  
Each day I'll water it with a tear,  
Its fading blossom to renew.  
For, since my love is dead,  
And all my joys are gone,  
Poor *Bess*, for his sake,  
A garland will make.  
My music shall be a groan:  
I'll lay me down and die within some hollow tree,  
The raven and cat, the owl and bat,  
Shall warble forth my elegy;  
*Did you not see my love as he pass'd by you,*  
*two flaming eyes, if he come nigh you*

They will scorch up your hearts.  
Ladies, beware ye,  
Lest he should dart a glance that may ensnare;  
Hark! hark! I hear old *Charon* bawl,  
His boat he will no longer stay;  
The furies lash their whips and call,  
Come, come away, come, come away:  
Poor *Bess* will return to the place whence she came  
Since the world is so mad she can hope for none  
For love's grown a bubble, a shadow, a name,  
Which fools do admire and wise men endure.  
Cold and hungry am I grown,  
Ambrosia will I feed upon.  
Drink nectar still, and sing  
Who is content, does all sorrow prevent,  
And *Bess* in her straw, whilst free from the law,  
In her thoughts, is as great as a king.

133  
HONEST lover, whose'er,  
If in all thy love there ever  
Was one wav'ring thought; if thy flame  
Were not still even, still the same:  
Know this;  
Thou lov'st amiss;  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.  
If when she appears in th' room,  
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb;  
And in striving this to cover,  
Dost not speak thy words twice over:  
Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss;  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.  
If fondly thou dost not mistake,  
And all defects for graces take;  
Persuad' thyself that jests are broken,  
When she hath little or nothing spoken:  
Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss;  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

appear't to be within;  
 Not men ask and ask again;  
 Or answer't, if it be  
 Ask'd thee properly:  
 'Tis this,  
 'Tis amidst;  
 Love true,  
 Begin again, and love anew.  
 Stomach calls to eat,  
 Not fingers 'stead of meat,  
 Much gazing on her face  
 Hungry from the place:  
 'Tis this,  
 'Tis amidst;  
 Love true,  
 Begin again, and love anew.  
 Thou dost discover  
 No perfect lover,  
 To love true,  
 Begin to love anew:  
 'Tis this,  
 'Tis amidst;  
 Love true,  
 Begin again, and love anew.

134

the bosom is to sigh!  
 Weep, the human eye!  
 Painful life we steer,  
 The sigh and tear.  
 Heart with sorrow griev'd,  
 Effusions are receiv'd,  
 Comfort that can cheer;  
 It virtue's grateful tear.  
 Sorrowing pang is o'er,  
 As absent meet once more,  
 Delight, and love sincere;  
 Friendship's joyful tear.  
 D lovers, doom'd to part,  
 Not invade their hearts;  
 Object each holds dear;  
 Ah! the parting tear.

When wretches, on the earth reel'd,  
 Their doom of condemnation sign'd,  
 (The end of earthly being near);  
 'Tis then soft pity's gentle tear.

If on some lovely creature's face,  
 Rich in proportion, colour, grace,  
 A pearly drop should once appear;  
 'Tis then the lovely, beauteous tear.

When mothers, (O! the grateful sight)  
 Their children view with fond delight;  
 Surrounded by a charge so dear,  
 'Tis then the fond, maternal tear.

When lovers see the beauteous maid,  
 To whom their fond attention's paid,  
 With conscious blushing looks draw near;  
 'Tis then the lovely, pleading tear.

When two dear friends, of kindred mind,  
 By every generous tie conjoin'd,  
 Behold their dreaded parting near,  
 'Tis then, O then! the bitter tear.

But when the wretch, with sins oppress'd,  
 Strikes in an agony his breast;  
 When torn with guilt, remorse, and fear;  
 'Tis then the best, the saving tear.

AH! why should fate, pursuing

A wretched thing like me,  
 Heap ruin thus on ruin,  
 And add to misery.  
 The griefs I languish'd under,  
 In secret let me share,  
 But this new stroke of thunder,  
 Is more than I can bear.

136

How pleasant a sailor's life passes,  
 Who roams o'er the watery main!  
 No treasure he ever amasses,  
 But cheerfully spends all his gain.  
 We're strangers to party and faction,  
 O honest and honest true,

And would not commit a base action,  
For power or profit in view,  
Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
Or any such glittering toys?  
A light beast, and a thin pair of breeches,  
Goes thorough the world, my brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,  
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,  
The toiler with plenty rewarding,  
Which plenty too often breeds strife.  
When terrible tempests assail us,  
And mountainous billows affright,  
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
But skillful industry keeps right.  
Then why, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,  
Who rules at the helm of the state,  
Than we, that to politicks strangers,  
Escape the snares laid for the great.  
The various blessings of nature,  
In various nations we try;  
No mortals than us can be greater,  
Who merrily live till we die.  
Then why, &c.

137  
If you at an office solicit your due,  
And would not have matters neglected,  
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,  
To do what his duty directed.

Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,  
She, too, has this palpable failing,  
The perquisite softens her into content;  
That reason with all is prevailing.

138  
If she whispers the judge, be he ever so wise,  
Tho' great and important his trust is;  
His hand is unsteady, a pair of black eyes  
Will kick up the balance of justice.

If his passions are strong, his judgment grows weak  
For love through his veins will be creeping;  
And his worship, if near to a round dirt-p'd cheek,  
Though he ought to be blind, will be peeping.

139  
WHEN the rosy morn appearing,  
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,  
Bees on banks of thyme disporting,  
Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming  
Carol sweet the lively strain  
They forsake their leafy dwelling,  
To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,  
'Takes the scatter'd ears that fall  
Nature, all her children viewing  
Kindly bounteous cares for all.

140  
HOW happy a state does the miller possess,  
Who would be no greater, nor fawn to be less;  
On his mill and himself he depends for support  
Which is better than servilely cringing at court  
What tho' he all whiteh'd and dusty appears,  
The more he is powder'd, the more like a bear;  
A clown in his dress may be honest far  
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and  
Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to  
The hands of his betters are not very clean;  
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal  
Gold, in handling, will stick to the finger-like  
What tho' if a pudding for dinner he lacks,  
He cribb, without scruple, from other men's stacks  
In this, of right noble example he brags,  
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.  
Or should he endeavour to keep an estate,  
In this too he mimicks the tools of the state;  
Whose aim is along his own coffer to fill,  
As all his concern's to bring gifts to his mill  
He eats when he's hungry, & drinks when he's  
And down when he's weary contented does lie  
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing  
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king!

## MISCELLANEOUS SONGS:

141

HEN Britain's queen on *Albion's* strand  
 It landed from the *German* main,  
 We, the guardian of our land,  
 With *Naiads* join'd, and sung this strain :

Hail, happy isle ;  
 Whose sun has seldom seen,  
 So gracious, so  
 Belov'd a queen.

Freedom dreads no galling-chain,  
*George* and *Charlotte's* love secure ;  
 While the laws his will restrain,  
 A mild commands our hearts allure.

*Britons* with glory,  
 With glory crown the day,  
 From whence sprung *George*  
 And *Charlotte's* sway.

For the power to charm is seen,  
 With unaffected wit and sense ;  
 Mildly great, yet humble mien,  
 Volgent truth and innocence.

When no more these virtues shine,  
 We in the bright historic page,  
 In her own illustrious line,  
 Along'd by heav'n from age to age.

Still *Britannia*  
 Her grateful voice shall raise,  
 In joyful strains,  
 To *Charlotte's* praise.

142

'E breed came forth frae the barn,  
 She was diting her cheeks ;  
 How can I be married to-day,  
 Ha' neither blankets, ne sheets ?  
 Ha' neither blankets, ne sheets,  
 And wants a covering too ?  
 Breed that has aw things to borrow,  
 As e'en right muckle to do,

Woo'd and marry'd and aw ;  
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw ;

And was she not very weel off,  
 To be woo'd and marry'd and aw ?

What is the matter? quoth *Wally*,  
 Though we be scant o' clathrs,  
 We's creep the claiser together,  
 And drive away the flics.  
 The summer is coming on,  
 And we's get pickles of woo ;  
 We's see a laist of our ain,  
 And she'll spin blankets enow.

Then up spake the breed's mother,  
 The deil sick aw this preed !  
 I had na a plack in my pocket,  
 The day I was made a breed.  
 My gown was linsy winsy,  
 And ne'er a fark at aw ;  
 Ane you ea' gowns and buskins,  
 Mair than ane or twa.

Then up spake the breed's fether,  
 As he came frae the plough :  
 Hawd your tongue, my daughter,  
 And yese get geer-enough ;  
 The skirk that gaus in the terker,  
 And our brawd bassen yade,  
 To lade your corn in harvest ;  
 What wad ye ha', ye jade ?

Then up spake the breed's brother,  
 As he came home frae the kye ;  
*Wally* wou'd ne'er ha' had you.  
 Had he known you as well as I,  
 For you're baith proud and saucy,  
 Ne fit for a poor mon's wife ;  
 Gin I ne'er ha' a better than you,  
 I se ne'er ha' ane in my life.

Then up spake the breed's sister,  
 As she sat down by the fire :  
 O, gin I married to neet,  
 'Tis aw that I'd desire ;  
 But I, poor girl, must live single,  
 And do the best I can ;

M m

I did not care what came o' me,  
So I had but a gude man,  
Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

143  
WHEN Fanny to woman is growing apace,  
The rose-bud beginning to blow on her face;  
For mamma's wife precepts she cares not a jot,  
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,  
Than, among the gay youths, a tyrant she reigns;  
And finding her beauty such power has got,  
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

Tho' all day in splendour she flaunts it about,  
At court, park, and play, the ridotto and rout;  
Tho' flatter'd, and envied, yet pines at her lot,  
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye,  
From him she likes best, makes her ready to die;  
Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,  
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

Ye fair, take advice, and be blest while you may;  
Each look, word, and action, your wishes betray  
Give ease to the heart by the conjugal knot, [what.  
Tho' they pant e'er so much, you'll soon know for

144  
THEY say there is an echo here,  
I'll try, I'll try, I'll try;  
Ha! 'tis not here—ha!—nor is it there,

You'll find it by-and-by.  
Pray try again—ha!—try again,  
Perhaps this place more likely is;  
We'll find it by-and-by.

Ha! — — Ha!  
ECHO. — ha! — ha!

That's it—that's it:

By Jove, you've hit it to a T,

ECHO. — — — Tea;

The echo calls for tea.

ECHO. — — — tea.

It calls for tea—'tis very droll,

ECHO. — — — roll.

The echo calls for tea and roll,  
ECHO. — — — roll.  
It seems to be in a humour to cram,  
ECHO. — — — ham.  
To cram — cram, cram, cram, cram,  
ECHO. — ham — — ham, ham, ham.  
As I hope to live, it calls for ham.

145  
THERE was an old man, & tho' it's not common  
Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman;  
And tho' its incredible, yet I've been told  
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old  
Whene'er he was hungry, he'd long for some me  
And, if he could get it, 'tis said he would eat;  
When thirsty he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,  
And his liquor, most commonly ran down his throat  
He seldom or ever could see without light,  
And yet, I've been told, he could hear in the night  
He has often been awake in the day time, 'tis said  
And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he tal  
And he stirr'd both his arms & his legs when he wal  
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him y  
For one leg or t'other would always be stiff. [b  
His face was the oddest that ever was seen,  
For if 'twas not wash'd, it was seldom quite cle  
He shew'd most his teeth when he happen'd to  
And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose & his e [s

Among other strange things that befel this good  
He was married poor soul, & his wife was a wom  
And unless by that liar, *Miss Fame*, we're begu  
We may roundly affirm he was never with chi  
At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,  
And then, as folks say, he was not very well;  
But what was more strange, in so weak a condi  
As he could not give fees, he could get no phyfi  
What pity! he died; yet, 'tis said that his dea  
Was occasion'd at last by a stoppage of breath;  
But peace to his bones that in ashes now mou  
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day old

# MISCELLANEOUS SONGS:

146

**W**ITH a cheerful old friend, & a merry old song,  
And a tankard of porter, I could sit the night long,  
And laugh at the follies of those that repine, [wine  
Tho' I must drink porter, while they can drink

I envy no mortal, be he ever so great;  
Nor scorn I the wretch for his lowly estate;  
But what I abhor, and deem as a curse,  
Is meanness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then let us, companions, be cheerful and gay,  
And cheerfully spend life's remainder away;  
Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll despise,  
For, the more we are envied the higher we rise.

147

**T**HE farmer's dog leapt over the stile,  
His name was little *Bingo*.

The farmer's dog leapt over the stile,

His name was little *Bingo*.

B with an I—I with an N,

N with a G—G with an O;

His name was little *Bingo*:

B—I—N—G—O!

His name was little *Bingo*.

The farmer lov'd a cup of good ale,

He call'd it rare good *bingo*.

The farmer lov'd, &c.

S—T with an I, &c.

And is not this a sweet little song?

I think it is—by jingo.

And is not this, &c.

J with an I, &c.

148

**Y**OU know I'm your priest, and your conscience is  
But if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign, [mine  
So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,  
And then, my dear *Darby*, you're settled for life.

Sing *Ballynamono*, ors,

A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,

The bride & the bridegroom in coats white as snow

So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,  
You out with your ring, and I pull out my bo  
Sing *Ballynamono*, ors,  
A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,  
She blushes at love, and she whispers, obey.  
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,  
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.  
Sing, &c.

That snug little guinea for me.

149

**S**INCE *Kathleen* has prov'd so untrue,  
Poor *Darby*! ah, what can you do?  
No longer I'll stay here a clown,  
But sell off, and gallop to town:  
I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,  
The barber shall frizzle my hair.

In town I shall cut a great dash;  
But how for to compass the cash.  
At gaming, perhaps, I may win;  
With cards I can take the flats in,  
Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd;  
If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But first for to get a great name,  
A duel establish my fame;  
To my man then a challenge I'll write;  
But first, I'll be sure he won't fight.  
We'll swear not to part till we fall,  
Then shoot without powder, and the devil a!

150

**D**EAR *Kathleen*, you, no doubt,  
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis;  
Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,  
You never dream how late 'tis.

This morning gay,

I post away,

To have with you a bit of play.

On two legs rid

Along, to bid

Good morrow to your night-cap.

M m 2



Last night a little bowfy  
 With whiskey, ale, and cyder,  
 I ask'd young *Betty Blowzy*,  
 To let me sit beside her.  
 Her anger rose,  
 And four as floss,  
 The little gypsie cock'd her nose:  
 Yet here I've rid'  
 Along, to bid

Good-morrow to your night cap.

- " Beneath the honey-suckle,
- " The daisy and the violet
- " Compose so sweet a truckle,
- " They'll tempt you sure to spoil it,
- " Sweet *Sal* and *Bell*
- " I've pleas'd so well——
- " But hold, I mustn't kiss and tell,
- " So here I've rid,
- " Along, to bid
- " Good-morrow to your night cap."

151  
 OUR reck'ning we've paid, here's to all *bon repos*,  
 The decks we have clear'd, & 'tis time we should go  
 A coach did you say? no, I'm sober and strong,  
 Waiter! call me a link boy, he'll light me along.

Obsequious the dog with his dripping-torch bows,  
 Your honour, poor *Jack*, sir, your honour, *Jack* knows  
 For the sake of the peace, has he'll honour me on,  
 Gold-dust strows the race-ground where all honours  
 [won.]

Hold your light up! what half-naked objects here lie,  
 Thus huddled in heaps? good your honour, they cry;  
 To poor creatures, your honour, some charity spare  
 Honour's phrase is necessity's common-place prayer

Your perishing out-casts thus nightly are found,  
 No parishes care, they're too poor to be own'd.  
 For he, in these times, wou'd be policy's scorn,  
 Who distress wou'd assist, yet expect no return.

With courtier-like bowing the shoe cleaners call.  
 And offer their brush, stool, & shining black ball  
 naming, your honour, these colourit's plan,  
 really, some honours may want a japan.

To varnish the taste is,—as cases from dust,  
 Each picture now glares with a transparent crust  
 Nay, some ladies faces are colour'd like blinds,  
 While men use jspanning, which masquerades mis  
 Of honour, of freedom, yet *England* can boast,  
 And honour and freedom's an *Englishman's* toast  
 May infamy ever deserters attend,  
 But honours crown those who our honours desert

152.  
 JOCKEY said to *Jenny*, *Jenny* wilt thou do't?  
 Ne'er a whit, quoth *Jenny*, for my fortune good,  
 For my fortune good, I wianna marry thee,  
 E'en's ye like, quoth *Jockey*, ye may let me be.  
 I ha'e gold and gear, I ha'e land enough,  
 I ha'e seven good oxen ganging in a plough,  
 Ganging in a plough, and wand'ring o'er the lea  
 And gin ye wianna take me, I can let ye be.  
 I've ain geud house and barn, and eke a bier,  
 A peat stack fore the door, will make a ranting!  
 I'll make a ranting fire, and merry we will be,  
 And gin you will not ha've me, ye may let me  
*Jenny* said to *Jockey*, gin ye wianna tell,  
 Ye shall be the last, I'll be the last myself;  
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,  
 Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be.

153  
 AS you mean to set sail for the land of delight,  
 And in wedlock's soft hammocks to swing ev'ry night  
 If you hope that your voyage successful should be  
 Fill your sails with affection, your cabin with love  
 Let your heart, like the mainmast, be ever upright  
 And the union you boast like our tackle be tight  
 Of the sheals of indifference be sure to keep clear  
 And the quicksands of jealousy never come near  
 If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives, [v]  
 They must reckon themselves, give the helm to  
 For the everer we go, boys, the better we sail,  
 And on ship-board the helm is still rul'd by the

Then list to your pilot, my boy, and be wise;  
 If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise  
 A brace of good anchors your bows will strain  
 And a hundred to one but you double can

154  
CE comes it, neighbour *Dick*,  
with youth uncommon,  
d the girls this trick,  
dded an old woman?  
*Happy Dick!*

condemns the choice  
uth so gay and sprightly;  
our friends, rejoice,  
u have judg'd so rightly:  
*Happy Dick!*

dd to some it sounds,  
a threescore you ventur'd,  
i thousand pounds  
ousand charms are center'd:  
*Happy Dick!*

re know, will fade,  
a the short liv'd flower;  
he fairest maid  
her bloom an hour:  
*Happy Dick!*

ely you resign,  
ty, charms to transient;  
rious value coin  
ore for being ancient:  
*Happy Dick!*

your spouse shall see  
ding beauties round her;  
herself still be  
me that first you found her:  
*Happy Dick!*

e married state  
jealousies attended;  
ce, through soul debate,  
uptial joys suspended:  
*Happy Dick!*

with such a wife,  
dous fears are under;  
ars alone, for life,  
sch we all shall wonder:  
*Happy Dick!*

Her death would grieve you fore,  
But let not that torment you;  
My life! she'll see fourscore,  
If that will but content you:  
*Happy Dick!*

On this you may rely,  
For the pains you took to win her;  
She'll ne'er in child-bed die,  
Unless the devil's in her:  
*Happy Dick!*

Some have the name of hell  
To matrimony given;  
How falsely you can tell,  
Who find it such a heaven:  
*Happy Dick!*

With you, each day and night  
Is crown'd with joy and gladness;  
While envious virgins bite  
The hated sheets for madness:  
*Happy Dick!*

With spouse long share the bliss  
Y' had mis'd in any other;  
And when you've buried this,  
May you have such another:  
*Happy Dick!*

Observing hence, by you  
In marriage such decorum,  
Our wiser youth shall do  
As you have done before 'em:  
*Happy Dick!*

155  
MY wife she died last *Saturday* night,  
I buried her on the *Sunday*;  
I courted another, in coming from church,  
And I married again on *Monday*.

On *Tuesday* after, I stole a horse;  
On *Wednesday* apprehended;  
On *Thursday*, I was tried and cast,  
And To-morrow the work will be made.

M m 3

# NEW SONGS sung at Public Places in 1784.

## SONG I.

WHEN I was of a tender age,  
And in my youthful prime,  
My mother oft wou'd in a rage,  
Cry, girl take care in time;  
For you are now so forward grown,  
The men will you pursue,  
And all the day his was her tone,  
Mind, hussy, what you do!

Regardless of her fond advice,  
I hasten o'er the plain,  
Where I was courted in a trice,  
By each young sylvan swain;  
Yet by the bye, I must declare,  
-I virtue had in view,  
Altho' my mother cry'd beware,  
Mind, hussy, what you do.

To *Damon*, gayest of the green,  
I gave my youthful hand;  
His blooming face and comely mien  
I could not well withstand;  
But trait to church we tript away,  
With hearts both firm and true,  
Ah! then my mother ceas'd to say—  
Mind, hussy, what you do!

Ye lasses all attend to me,  
And hence this lesson learn,  
When to your mind a man you see,  
Ne'er look morose or stern;  
But take him with a free good will,  
Should he have love for you,  
Altho' your mother's crying still,  
Mind, hussy, what you do!

LET poets praise the flow'ry mead,  
The moss-clad hill, the dale;  
The shepherd piping on his reed,  
The maid with milking pail;  
The lark who soars on pinions high,  
Or sweetly purling rill,  
While I breath forth a tender sigh  
For *Molly* of the Mill.

In vain to sing her charms I try,  
And all her beauties trace;  
Such brilliancy informs her Eye,  
Such excellence her face,  
Her easy shape, engaging air  
My breast with transport fill;  
No nymph so pleasing or so fair  
As *Molly* of the Mill.

'Tis not her person charms alone,  
The beauties of her mind;  
Wit, sense, and sentiment, we own,  
In her are all combin'd;  
Such is the nymph who sways my heart,  
And makes my bosom thrill,  
Adorn'd by nature more than art,  
Sweet *Molly* of the Mill.

FOR the brook and the willow forsaking the  
Young *Celia* came mournfully speaking her pain;  
Soft zephyrs and willow, kind brook lend you  
Regard the complaint of a wretched fond maid  
To the willow, the willow complain.  
While echo repeats the sad cause of my pain  
If the man that I love should here change to  
In murmuring sounds, let the brook say

Every shepherd she us'd with disdain,  
*bon*, alas, is a false-hearted swain.  
 willow, &c. [ensnare  
 like of the nymph, whom your wit did  
 r to the brook, add a sigh to the air;  
 ur hard heart doth relentless remain,  
 love as I love, and like me love in vain.  
 willow, &c.

— 4 —

I first my sage mother began to advise,  
 t *Nancy* (said she) to be virtuous and good,  
 erous man shut your ears and your eyes.  
 'd for certain I wou'd if I cou'd. [fair,  
 een when I danc'd, and the lads call'd me  
 ighting and flat'ring on tip-toe they stood,  
 g'd I'd believe them their Vows were fin-  
 em I certainly wou'd if I cou'd. [cere;

n my dear *Jockey* appear'd on the plain,  
 lerly maiden and ill-natur'd prude,  
 e beware of the blooming young swain.  
 ith a sigh I wou'd if I cou'd. [maid;  
 ach'd with delight, and call'd me sweet  
 hisper'd with all the respect that she wou'd  
 'd my hand, you'd refuse, I'm afraid;  
 hing, reply'd, I wou'd if I cou'd.

iles are propitious, the shepherd then cry'd  
 eaning, tho' humble, be soon understood,  
 et in the morn, & I'll make you my bride,  
 is'd, with blushes, I wou'd if I cou'd.  
 his blest morning, and hasten'd away.  
 hepherd is honest, and faithful, and good  
 mple I, said I'd love and obey;  
 tainly meant, that I wou'd if I cou'd.

— 5 —

EN dewy morn on moon beams bright,  
 e our nymphs to sport and play;  
 their songs give no delight,  
 tunes my sad and mournful lay;  
 And all the day long  
 I long, this, I long,  
 rn to my arms, my dear swain.

O love bring him here,  
 To banish my care,  
 Or—give me my heart back again,  
 He promis'd he soon wou'd return,  
 While tender sighs bespake his truth;  
 Yet still my *Jemmy* do I mourn,  
 I still lament the absent youth.  
 And all the day long, &c.

Thus *Jenny* sung among the broom,  
 Where list'ning stood her constant swain;  
 The lad came forth, she ken'd him soon,  
 And carroll'd sweet her alter'd strain.  
 Now all the day long,  
 Love and joy claims my song;  
 For *Jemmy* once more cheers our plain;  
 Fond love brought him here,  
 To banish my care,  
 Not to—give me my heart back again.

— 6 —

I Told a sweet damsel a tender soft tale,  
 Each eve as we sat in the shade,  
 In hopes that in time my fond suit might prevail,  
 For she was a delicate maid.  
 I said that my love was so ardent and true,  
 That nothing my passion cou'd cure,  
 But she only answer'd, ah! what will you do?  
 'Tis a pity indeed to be sure.  
 I play'd on my pipe, and sung a soft song,  
 The sentiments warm from my heart:  
 She listen'd attentive, but then ere 'twas long,  
 Declar'd it was time to depart.  
 I press'd her white hand with a languishing smile,  
 And said, pity the pangs I endure,  
 But no other answer cou'd gain all the while,  
 Than, pity indeed to be sure.  
 At length little *Cupid* assisted my plan,  
 To soften the nymph to my mind,  
 My wishes to crown, and my heart more trepan,  
 She soon became tender and kind;  
 To church the next day she consented to go,  
 Suspense I no longer endure,  
 For *Wallack's* the greatest delight we can endure.  
 'Tis charming indeed to be sure.

7  
**COME**, and crown your *Billy's* wishes,  
 Vain's the talk you now pursue;  
 Leave, O leave, those pewter dishes,  
 Think not they can shine like you.

What, tho' curling streams around thee,  
 Quick in circling eddies play,  
 Beauty's lustre might confound me,  
 Did not those obscure its ray.

While you scour that radiant pewter,  
 Which reflects your rosy hue;  
 Who'd not wish to be a suitor  
 To its bright reflexion too.

8  
**FORTUNE's** like a tight—or slip shoe,  
 As I've heard that poets say;  
 If tight it galls—if loose it trips you—  
 So I'll keep the middling way.

Tight shoe nips you—  
 Loose shoe trips you.—  
 Nips you,  
 Trips you;

So I'll keep the middling way.

9  
**SINCE** I feel I am growing old,  
 Let me not united prove  
 Fire and water—heat and cold—  
 The scythe of time and shaft of love.

But would you know the art  
 Of possessing the heart,  
 Unrival'd fix'd—constant and kind,  
 That loves you—not your self,  
 Fall in love—with yourself,  
 And the devil a rival you'll find.

10 [fluffy beaux.  
**BILLY** *Brifle* scorns to rank with those flimsy  
 Who with heeliepie'd constitution, and with never  
 Yawn out a life of pleasure: [paid for clothes,  
 They faintly squeeze the hand, while I boldly  
 Squeeze the toe; [cry out oh!  
*But 'tis all in the way of business, tho' the ladies*  
*Of the foot and the heart I take measure.*

Like a double channel pump, &  
 skin shoe,  
 Tho' I don't much look the t  
 Who yawn out life a plea  
 And faintly squeeze the han  
 squeeze the toe,  
 For 'tis thus I fit the ladies,  
 Of the foot and the heart.

11  
**T**HE flag through the forest,  
 Sore frightened, high-bounding. fl  
 Quick panting heart bursting, th  
 Speed doubles! speed doubles!  
 But 'scaping the hunters again  
 Forgetting past evils, with free  
 Not so in his soul who from ty  
 The shaft overtakes him, despi

12  
**BEAT** on my heart, eyes por  
 Corroding grief consumes my  
 As thou, my girl, I once was  
 But now a widow ever sad.

Love made me happy for a whi  
 And then, like thee, I'd cheer  
 Now like the willow droops a  
 I mourn a lover husband dead.

**W**HEN cruel parents fill  
 And loud complaints and chid  
 I cry, "alas! if I'm undo  
 " 'Tis love, dear love! that h  
 Oh how happy, happy e'en  
 What pleasures flow from my  
 My parents, friends, were a  
 When once my true love came

No terrors from the worl  
 No fear of babblers I  
 Talk on, gay world! the  
 Is my dear constant, c

Can ye, ye old, refuse co  
 Oh let not rigid rules

ans prudence, but content ?  
content, but to be happy ?  
Oh how happy, happy ! &c.

14  
e red-breast took his stand,  
g upon *Eliza's* hand ;  
en with a wishful eye,  
ly mistress strove to fly ;  
ght him quickly to her breast,  
liff flutt'ring bird address'd :

when morning gilds the plain,  
's songsters crowd the spray,  
l your love-taught strain,  
o the bright'ning day :

mate, thou ne'er shalt know  
a lover's breast invade,  
ale of tender woe  
k forest's dreary shade."

non, who had seen him sip  
nce from *Eliza's* lip,  
st his plaintive notes prolong,  
ith his soft enchanting song,  
friend this lesson did impart,  
ll'd and fix'd his wand'ring heart :  
ird, contented rest,  
ive still remain,  
nd endearment blast—  
to wear her chain.

r her thy little throat,  
ne thy sweetest lay ;  
ill inspire each note,  
thy labour well repay."

15  
my *Damon*, ye songsters, ah where !  
occasion his stay ?  
go with him once to the fair,  
m it must be to day :  
ny consent, I agreed with a smile,  
e settled the plan,  
wait for me here at the stile,  
in he'll come if he can.

But 'tis not the crowd of the village I feel,  
Nor does *Damon* delight in such joys ;  
For well I remember he told me last week,  
Content fled from tumult and noise :  
His heart is a stranger to falshood and guile  
No virgin he strives to trepan ;  
He promis'd to wait for me here at the stile,  
And I'm certain he'll come if he can.

Though great folks, to make me a wife may be  
Though *Damon* no riches can boast, [glad,  
From his childhood he shar'd with me all that he  
And his kindness shall never be lost. [had,  
As a boy I partook of his sports and his toil,  
So his fortunes I'll share as a man ;  
He promis'd to wait for me here at the stile,  
And I'm certain he'll come if he can.

16  
W HEN o'er the downs, at early day,  
My lowland *Willy* hi'd him  
With joy I drove my cows that way,  
In milking to abide him ;  
My bonny bonny lowland *Will*,  
My bonny lowland *Willy* ;  
My bonny bonny, &c.  
O love, to shew thy pow'r divine,  
Make the lowland laddy mine,  
My bonny bonny, &c.

'Twas o'er the downs he first began  
To tell how well he lov'd me ;  
Cou'd I refuse the charming man  
Ah ! no, his passion mov'd me.  
My bonny bonny, &c.

My *Willy's* love to me is joy,  
I own'd it soon believe me ;  
To Kirk I'll hie me wi' the boy,  
For he will ne'er deceive me.  
My bonny bonny, &c.

17  
W HAT virgin or shepherd in valley or grove,  
Will envy my innocent lays,  
The song of the heart and the offspring of love,  
When sung in my *Corydon's* praise. O'er

O'er brook and o'er brake as he hies to the bow'r,  
How lightsome my shepherd can trip,  
And sure when of love he describes the soft power,  
The honey dew drops from his lip.

How sweet is the primrose the violet how sweet,  
And sweet is the eglantine breeze,  
But *Corydon's* kiss when by moonlight we meet,  
To me is far sweeter than these.  
I blush at his raptures, I hear all his vows,  
I sigh when I offer to speak  
And oh what delight my fond bosom o'erflows,  
When I feel the soft touch of his cheek.

Responsive and shrill be the notes from the spray,  
Let the pipe thro' the village resound,  
Be smiles in each face O ye shepherds to day,  
And ring the bells merrily round :  
Your favours prepare my companions with speed,  
Assist me my blushes to hide,  
A twelvemonth ago on this day I agreed,  
To be my lov'd *Corydon's* bride.

18  
WHILE absent from the swain I love,  
Tho' dull each season of the year,  
I know his mind can never rove,  
And still to him I'll prove sincere,  
While absent, &c.

What are all the beaux of pleasure,  
That around the city rove,  
Or the misers wealth or treasure,  
To the shepherd I approve,  
He has ev'ry charm to please me,  
He alone is my desire,  
Cease ye coxcombs then to tease me,  
*Damon* only I admire.  
*Damon, &c.*

19  
IN search of some lambs from my flocks that had  
One morning I roam'd o'er the plain, [Stray'd,  
But alas, after all the enquiries I made,  
I found it was labour in vain.

Then vex'd and fatigu'd I reclin'd in the shade,  
And sung how young *Colin* the swain,

My love to obtain with endearments essay'd  
But he sigh'd and he sooth'd me in vain.

Ah me ! silly fool thus I chid my coy heart,  
Who cou'd let him unpitied complain,  
And suffer a bosom unsatisfied with art  
To despair and still labour in vain.

From the copse full of rapture my *Celia* flew lip  
Where he lurk'd and had heard my fond strain  
Now, said he, *Phæbe* my passion requits  
And no more let me labour in vain.

A blush gave my hand and my heart to the youth  
While he thank'd me and thank'd me again,  
And now to deny a return to his truth  
Lack a day, it were labour in vain.

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 20 

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RECITATIVE.

AH *Celia* why affect disdain,  
To vex the heart you most approve,  
Why wou'd you give the shepherd pain,  
Because he's true to thee and love,  
Coquetish airs and pride give o'er,  
In time sweet maid, in time relent,  
The swain tir'd out may sue no more  
And you too late, too late repent.

AIR.

*Celia* let not pride undo you,  
Love and life fly swiftly on,  
Love and life fly swiftly on,  
Let not *Damon* still pursue you,  
Still in vain till love is gone,  
Let not, &c.

When your beauties are decay'd,  
You'll repent and die a maid.  
You'll repent, &c.

See how fair the blooming rose is,  
Once by all so justly prais'd,  
When the rose its fragrance loses,  
See the wither'd thing despis'd.  
When the rose, &c. Da

21  
WHAT soft pretty things both by night  
Was it not your fond custom to promise and

ou prest me,  
rest me,  
able to answer you may.  
&c.

u cou'd go, and to others be kind,  
y other maidens as much to your mind,  
rest them,  
nd prest them,  
ur falsehood, for love made me blind.

my fondness is turn'd into hate,  
y revenge you shall feel 'tis from *Kate*,  
ll haunt ye,  
o daunt ye,  
and suspicions thro' life be your fate.

22  
at one time three young maids ye bold  
nust you think of that creature yourself  
of us might very well do,  
me enough of all conscience for you.

d you have done if all three had complied  
as one shepherd can have but one bride,  
en rated the third of a wife,  
I had made you be tried for life.  
ge, &c.

cou'd do without love and the men,  
not be cozen'd again and again,  
our errand, and swains speak their mind  
e more sheepish we might be too kind.

23  
N you knelt at my feet,  
i'd me so sweet,  
I to think or to do?  
y and with pain,  
y dear swain,  
I not been in love but for you.  
I'd not, &c.

worth so much art,  
a poor heart,  
its young owner to grieve,  
lupe to your charms,  
'e from your arm,  
ongue that was made to deceive.

Get you gone you false lout,  
Your tricks are found out,  
Be hooted for this off the plain:  
May the nymph ne'er be true,  
Who is courted by you,  
May you love, and be lov'd not again.

24  
I'M not to be flinted in love,  
Nor yet to be flinted in ladies,  
I thought I cou'd bill like a dove,  
And courting my pleasure and trade is d  
I lik'd one for the charms of her face,  
For wit and for wisdom another,  
The third for a nameless soft grace,  
Then why is so mighty a pothor?  
Put all these perfections in one,  
To one only one I'll be steady,  
But surely the swain you won't shun,  
Who for beauty at all times is ready:  
Who for, &c.

25  
LET us fly to cooling bowers,  
From the hot and sultry hours,  
From the hot and sultry hours;  
Let us seek the sheltering shade,  
Where the sun beams can't invade,  
Where the sun beams can't invade.  
Let us, &c.

All our passions may be still,  
Near the gently purring rill,  
Ev'ry tumult of the breast,  
Silent groves can lull to rest.  
Farewel then to strife and noise,  
Welcome sweet and tranquil joys,  
Silent groves, &c.

Farewel sweet and tranquil joys,  
Sounds of riot charm no more,  
Rural scenes can peace restore,  
Rural scenes can peace restore.  
Rural, &c.



26  
**W**HEN the trumpets shrill notes call'd the fold-  
 Each youth left soft pleasure for war's rude alarms.  
 The trumpets shrill notes led to conquest & fame,  
 And each youth is return'd with a hero's great name.  
 And each, &c.

Fair beauty now invites the swain,  
 Where peace and pleasure ever reign,  
 To fragrant wood and shady grove,  
 Sacred to friendship and to love.

Sacred to, &c.

[arms,  
 When the trumpets shrill notes shall again call to  
 Again our protectors shall shield us from harms,  
 When the trumpets shrill notes shall again lead to fame  
 Bright conquest their valour and worth shall pro-  
 Bright conquest, &c. [claim.

27  
**A** SOLDIER, a soldier, a soldier for me,

His arms are so bright,  
 And he looks so upright,  
 So gallant and gay,  
 When he trips it away,

Who is so nice and well-powder'd as he.  
 Sing rub a dub rub a dub rub a dub a dub a dub dub  
 Thunder and plunder, [dub

A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me.

Each morn when we see him upon the parade,  
 He cuts such a dash,  
 With his gorget and sash,  
 And makes such ado,  
 With his gaiter and queue,  
 Sleeping or waking, who need be afraid,  
 Sing, rub a dub, &c.

Or else when he's mounted to trim  
 With broad sword in hand,  
 The whole town to command,  
 Such capers, such prances,  
 Such ogling, such glances,  
 Our hearts gallop off, and are left at  
 Sing taran tantaran tantaran tataran t  
 Trumpet and thump it,  
 A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me  
 A soldier, &c.

28  
**Y**OUNG *Pattie* blames me ev'ry day  
 For having 'gin my hand away.

For, having, &c.  
 Unto a care that's dim and sould,  
 Because that he had store of gold,  
 Yet *Pattie* must by me be taught,  
 It was not mine but Mither's fault.

I was too young to think of love,  
 Which made me then her choice a  
 But had I then my *Pattie* seen,  
 Auld *Gilpin's* wife I ne'er had been,  
 By charms of gold I then was caught  
 Yet 'twas not mine but Mither's ta

Yet since I'm wedded I'll be true,  
 And keep my word and honour too,  
 Perhaps Auld *Gilpin* soon may die,  
 Then *Pattie* may his place supply,  
 But if by age again I'm caught,  
 It shan't be my Mither's fault.











